

HEAVISIDES.
THE YOUNGER.



MEMORIAL EDITION

To my dear mother
- from
Bert.

Nov. 6th 1942



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The Works of
HEAVISIDES, THE YOUNGER.

Memorial Edition.

HEAVISIDES, THE YOUNGER.

THE
POETICAL AND PROSE WORKS
OF
EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES.

WITH A MEMOIR BY HIS SISTER,
MRS. JANE ANN HEAVISIDES SIMPSON.

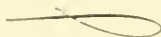
Memorial Edition.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES :
HEAVISIDES & SON, 4, FINKLE STREET.

—
1911.

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1911
HEAVISIDES, THE YOUNGER.

MEMOIR BY HIS SISTER,

MRS. JANE ANN HEAVISIDES SIMPSON.

Oh, wakeful memory ! the power is thine
To store past thoughts, and marshal them in line ;
To shew the distant scenes we loved in youth,
With all of Nature's vivid force and truth.

HENRY HEAVISIDES'S *Pleasures of Home.*

BESIDES four sisters, named respectively Evereld, Maria, Charlotte, and Mary ; three brothers, Henry Heavisides, Edward Marsh Heavisides, and John Marsh Heavisides, with the beloved of us all, the author of the above quotation, are those I remember as having lived in the house where I was born, viz., on the Green, at Stockton-on-Tees. Memory takes me back to "harmless childhood's pure and dreamy hours" and my three brothers, and the happy days I spent with them are an ever present reality. My brothers were quite different from one another in character and natural tendencies, alike only in being affectionate to "little mouse," as I was wont to be called ; except by my father, who always called them by their proper Christian names. My brothers were addressed by us as Harry (the eldest), Ned (next), and Jack, the youngest. Jack was born on the 18th of October, 1822. My birthday being October 28th, 1826.

Jack and I were great comrades, and I loved him dearly (as every one who knew him did). He was a

carpenter by trade, and a *Mark Tapley* in the geniality of his nature. It was to him that I came sixty years ago, and coming from the North by sea found him awaiting me at Deptford, whence we wended our way to "Merrie Islington," and thence to the house of a Mrs. Sears, who lived at Holloway, and with whom Jack lodged. He was a great lover of music and I accompanied him to Julien's Concerts, and Sadler's Wells Theatre, where Mr. Samuel Phelps was producing Shakespere's plays and some of Beaumont and Fletcher. It was a joyful time and one never to be forgotten, but alas ! in a few short months an accident that befel him at his work obliged my brother to return to his native air at Stockton, where he died a few years later. My father's testimony of him was that "he had a heart like a lion," though he died as peacefully as a lamb. Here let me say that as from the poets I have ever turned for delight and instruction ; to them I am indebted for confirming me in the belief that death is an ecclesiastical superstition. "There is no death,"—says the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "what seems so is transition;" while our own illustrious poet, Shelley, declared in language of fiery revolt against the supposition of Byron, that Keats was killed by one critique :

"He is not dead, Adonais is not dead,
He hath awakened from the dream of life."

"He is gathered to the kings of thought,
Who waged contention with their times decay."

So it is that all my brother Jack was in his generosity and devotion is enshrined in my "heart of hearts." It was, however (next to my father), to the subject of this memoir that I have to acknowledge indebtedness for such mental attainments as I possess.

My father has referred to a study that was fitted up for my brother Ned at home ; that room it was my proud distinction to be allowed the key of, and to have full sanction to read any of the books there ; some old tomes were there of antique make that Mr. Thomas Jennett was said to have given Ned when he finished his apprenticeship, the English poets were there in all their glory and many a mental feast I had after tidying up the room and making the fire ready for lighting. Unlike Jack, my brother Ned was reserved and stately ; nevertheless, he would point out to me the beauties of the various works on his book-shelves. Well I remember how he explained to me the meaning of *The Ancient Mariner*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and that it inculcated the lesson of humaneness by showing what sufferings were the result of one wanton act of cruelty. My father said truly that my brother's muse was pure and gentle ; that is exemplified in his first poem, the "Meeting of the Minstrels," where the contest is a bloodless one, and not the din of arms, but the melody of harps charm the ear. One verse always seemed to me peculiarly characteristic of its author, viz. :

I would not that my harp were left,
To hang on walls like worthless lumber ;
When falls the hand that swept its strings,
Its music too in death must slumber.

He and I could never agree about Burns and Byron. Though my brother sang with the greatest gusto (and a most expressive singer he was), "Green Grow the Rashes, O," and himself, wearing an old grey coat the while, would go about humming—

What though on tamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey and a' that,
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

Yet Byron at this time was his idol ; and there was a Byronic tinge in some things that he wrote for his *Songs of the Heart*. This little volume he transmitted to me, then kitchen-maid at Lee House, North Kent, in the service of Forbes Stuart, an alderman, I believe, of the Corporation of London ; at any rate a member of the Fishmongers' Company, having offices in Billingsgate. Because I had told Ned to address to me when writing with my name only as it was said there was only one miss in the house in the person of Miss Walmsley, the sister of Mrs. Stuart, he rebelled against the caste displayed, and wrote upon the title page of the "Songs," To Miss Jane Ann Heavisides. No such objection would now be taken I fancy, and truly may it be said that "Time works wonders." From that kitchen I wrote what occurred to me about the "Songs," and the sentimental strain was duly noted, and taken in good part, for my brother being himself honest in his criticisms, liked honesty in others. Moreover, he owned to profiting by what he called my quiet perception of truth from error ; that such a gift should be mine is not to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that both father and mother were determined supporters of that Reform Bill of the Whigs, which so changed the political world of Britain, and that I was born in 1826. My brother Ned, however, deplored what he was pleased to call, my unfeminine habit of discussing politics, and attending political meetings. "A Thought" embodies his ideal of what a woman should be as follows :

I sat upon a river's brink,
And watched the stream, like childish dream,
Glide musically by,
I looked upon its surface bright,
Its smiling face, with many a trace
Of fadeless purity.

Thus thought I should fair woman be,
With voice as sweet, and noiseless, fleet
Her happy days pass by,
With no dark frown upon her face ;
But like the river, bright for ever,
Gliding to eternity.

Despite this natural defect, and my detestation of what were called feminine accomplishments, such as making samplers, patches for quilts, and the eternal stitching of "seam and gusset and band," I was ever a favourite sister, and much was forgiven me because I loved poetry and music. To Ned I was indebted for introducing to my notice Shelley and Keats ; the "bird-like warblings" of the first named poet, and the "delicate beauty" of the last he extolled, and made me wishful to get the works of these twins of the 19th century family of poets ; and then as to music what did I not owe him ! His taste was exquisite, and his mastery of the flute quite equal to that of the best players in the professional world of flautists, though he was, as my father averred, but little instructed in technique ; and given to depend upon his own natural resources. To his flute playing I owe my knowledge of the ballad music of Scotland and Ireland, and to this day can recall how he would touch our hearts with the pathos of "Gramachree Molly," or set us laughing over "Judy Callaghan." To those who would not be disposed to regard what I have written as sober truth, I commend his essay "On the cultivation of Music," wherein he complains of the "want of musical education in England."

Before leaving the North for London in 1844, I visited my brother Ned, at Stokesley. He was working as a journeyman printer then for Mr. William Braithwaite and contributing to the *Cleveland*

Repertory, under the signature of "CLEM." He lodged with Mrs. Gray, a widow, and in one part of her house was the Subscription Library of the town, where I spent my time while my brother was at his work ; when his day's work was done he showed me the beautiful scenery of Cleveland, and we visited together Mr. and Mrs. Tweddell, then newly married. Mr. George Markham Tweddell had a printing business, and he published the *Yorkshire Miscellany*. Mr. Tweddell's sonnet to "The memory of Edward Marsh Heavisides," five years later testifies to his appreciation of my brother's virtues and poetic powers.

During that five years I heard of my brother's happy wedding, and wedded life with the love of his boyhood ; of the birth of their first-born child, destined also to be the last, and his rejoicing that the child was a girl, who could bear the poet's darling name of Mary. Her mother's name was Mary Ann Dove, and Mary Dove Heavisides was the new-comer named. All promised a bright future, and my dear brother wrote me about what he hoped to accomplish in literary work. He said he had come to think that most of his *Songs of the Heart* were only fit to be made pipe lighters of because they lacked that concentration of thought and feeling which was the soul of true poetry. He sent me among other poems one called "Moonlight," and said when next he appeared before the public in print he hoped to do so more worthily. I was then living at 99, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in the service of George Henry Pinckard, as cook, where in 1849 cholera was raging in surrounding districts. Mr. Pinckard I might term a disciple of Edwin Chadwick, the great sanitarian who carried out the sanitary reforms favoured by the then

Prince Albert, and I can say with truth that Mrs. Pinckard's house was the only one I ever lived in where the health requirements of servants were as much attended to as were those of their employers. Perhaps it was the feeling of security engendered in my mind by the conditions I dwelt in that made the news of my brother's removal from amongst us come as the greatest shock I had ever had. A long illness had prepared me to hear of Jack's passage to the "Silent Land," but the very cheeriness of Ned's last letter to me made the sudden news hang like a black cloud over my outlook, and though much sympathy was given me, for long I felt desolate indeed, and cut off from the mental companionship I had prized so dearly.

The following year, 1850, my father published by subscription the *Poetical and Prose Remains* of Edward Marsh Heavisides, and commissioned me to convey a copy of the book to the author of what Emerson called *London Tracts*, and whom my brother wrote of as one who had a "Shakesperian knowledge of the human heart," viz. the great Englishman, Charles Dickens. In acknowledging the receipt of the book, Dickens addressed me as J. A. Heavisides, Esq., showing that he mistook me for a brother of the author of the *Remains*. I was requested to call at Devonshire Terrace, in the Marylebone Road, on a Saturday in November, and thither I accordingly went in a cab, which was paid for by Mrs. Pinckard, my employer's mother, and on reaching Devonshire Terrace was received by a lady, whom I afterwards learned was Miss Georgina Hogarth. Miss Hogarth seemed surprised to see me and said that her brother-in-law led her to suppose that a gentleman would call

upon him, and on being obliged to leave London that morning had told her to say that he would come to 99, Great Russell Street next day at eleven o'clock in the morning. Not seeing my way to give a full explanation, I merely said that Mr. Dickens was under the impression that it was a gentleman who would call, and that I hoped to see him next morning at the time appointed.

Mr. Pinckard's housekeeper was his sister Rachel, who was my mistress, and had taken so much interest in my expedition that she had circumscribed the dinner arrangements in order that I might make it. On my return Miss Pinckard was the first person I saw, and she said, well cook have you seen the great novelist? My answer was that he had been called from town, but had left word that he would come to see me next morning, and that I did not know what to do, as I could hardly ask him into the kitchen. Miss Pinckard in the most hearty manner said, oh, that is not necessary as you can have the drawing room, and there is no need for him to know you are cook here; I am sure, she added, your master, who was not a literary man, will be proud to have Mr. Dickens in his house, because I have heard him say that there was scarcely a good work in London that Dickens was not connected with. Duly appreciating the kindness of my mistress, I thanked her, and said that if she would see Mr. Dickens on his arrival and explain to him my position I should feel grateful. This Miss Pinckard undertook to do and next day, Sunday, when I entered the drawing room, I felt quite at ease. Dickens was kindness itself; he bade me thank my father for sending him the review of his works that the *Remains* contained, said it was

the best he had seen, inasmuch as it was the most discriminative ; my brother having written truthfully, and not forgotten to censure where he thought censure was deserved. I told him that my brother Ned was incapable of saying anything he did not believe to be true. On my saying further that his name was "a household word" at our home, Dickens said he was glad to hear that the people read and cared for his writings, as he wrote his books for the people. Miss Pinckard kindly said that though I was intellectual and refined, I was a good servant who had been cook for them for three and a half years ; to this Dickens replied that she was one of the few ladies he had met who recognized that refinement was compatible with work.

This memorable event in my life as a domestic servant led me to visit the birthplace of Charles Dickens in company of my husband in after years, as the following verses show, and I need only add that the generosity of the author led him to transmit to my father's house, the handsome present of *David Copperfield* and the *Christmas Carol*, addressed to Miss Jane Ann Heavisides, and that thence my acknowledgment was made. My dear father delighting in the account I gave of the carrying out of his commission, and the opportunity of reading *David Copperfield*, where he said, the account of a boy's experiences were written with a freshness and fidelity to nature that bore the stamp of genius, and were to him remarkable.

TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER.

On receiving from her a picture of the house at

Landport, where Charles Dickens was born, February 7th, 1812.

Thank you, sweet Mabel, for the picture
Of the house where first drew breath,
"The prose Shakspeare of England,"
O'er whom no power has death !

'Tis one of my cherished possessions
That I once saw that genial face,
And marked the observant eyes
As they swept around the place.

Charles Dickens came to see me,
Then a girl of twenty-three ;
And the memory of that meeting
Will never be away from me.

It led me to visit Landport,
When the Isle of Wight I went to see,
Escorted by your grandfather,
About eighteen seventy three.

The pretty modest dwelling
In other pictures I have seen,
Yet, truest is yours, dear Mabel,
With its shutters of bright green.

These 'mind me of the two green leaves
Enclosing work from Dickens' brain ;
Work, that deepened human joy,
And softened much its pain.

Like his own " Ivy Green,"
Dickens' creations will eternal be,
Since Nature ever loves to crown
Her lovers' fidelity.

And wishing the Nation to own this house,
She bids Britannia from her store,
To secure it for her children,
Who will preserve it evermore.

Thus to my brother was I indebted for the interview I have recorded ; this interview and subsequent circumstances arising out of it awoke in me the desire to give a more extended circulation to my brother's

“Review of the writings of Charles Dickens.” Many writings have been forthcoming on the subject, but in 1849 there was to my mind no adequate recognition of the work Dickens had done; on the contrary there was a disposition to regard him as a caricaturist merely, and by some he was even termed as a low writer; this because he found his subjects among the common people. “To those who read for excitement alone, or to those who merely skim the page, Dickens will be less a favourite than some of his contemporaries.” “But the man who properly appreciates Charles Dickens will never hurry through his pages. Carefully will his eye search for the truths that are hidden from hasty observation. Slowly will his mind travel from sentence to sentence, and from page to page, digesting, as it were, morsel by morsel, the mental feast that is before him: feeling his blood curdle and his indignation roused by the many acts of inhumanity he meets with—yet his wrath turned aside and his indignation subdued by the pictures of love, tenderness and forbearance that follow.”

Thus wrote my brother and confident am I that his estimate is destined to be accepted by future generations even more than it is likely to be now, though there is an awakening to the value of this jewel of the Republic of Letters.

Brief as was the span of my brother's life counted by years, yet did he leave his mark on the time and district in which his lot was placed; possessing, as he did, the gift of musical expression his lyrics were often set to music, and one “Let us all be Friends together” was much sung at public gatherings; of his poems it was said by Dickens himself that Henry

Kirk White (who had what is considered the advantage of an University training), had not produced poems of such merit as those of Heavisides, the younger. Nor was the poet's influence buried with his mortal remains. Twelve years after his loss to her his widow, who ever fondly cherished my brother's memory, gave to me the following sonnet which she had copied from the *Middlesbrough News*, and which was signed "Chips."

TO E. M. HEAVISIDES.

But yesterday they laid thee in the clay,
 They laid thee deep, but still thy sweet "remains"
 Declare thou livest, even till to-day,
 Thy gentle song—thy sweet seraphic strains
 Still please the ear, and set in tune the heart,
 Old "Glenmore's Hall," with its bright company,
 Still animates and elevates the mind,
 And "friends together" sung before we part
 Cannot but cheer wherever we may be—
 Our Songster! deep in melody; refined
 In purest song. Cannot the people see
 What wealth thou hast brought from the ore
 Of human ruggedness and frailty!
 Rest in sweet slumbers, rest! nor think no more
 Thy minstrel harp is heard. Men yet shall speak of thee.

Finally, I reproduce some extracts from *Old Cleveland*, by William Hall Burnett, which have been copied for me by my brother Michael's daughter, Edith Gertrude Heavisides; premising that Mr. Burnett (the subject of a biography in *North Country Poets*, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S., and president of the Hull Literary Club) was born at Stokesley, in Cleveland, in 1841, of poor parents, was protégé of William Braithwaite, the well-known friend of many celebrated authors, viz.: Walker Ord, Tweddell, Heavisides, Prince, Cleaver, Rogerson,

L.C. and the author of a long poem on Stokesley, from which I quote the concluding verse, as follows :

Oh, queenly valley of the North,
 I love thee with a lasting love !
 True as the needle to the pole,
 I turn to thee where'er I rove :
 Fair oasis of the wilderness,
 Bright Eden left to me on earth !
 I love thee with a lasting love !
 I love thee ! Valley of the North !

EXTRACTS from *Old Cleveland*.

“ There is a grave in the God's acre of Holy Trinity Church, in Stockton-on-Tees, which contains the remains of all that is mortal of one who perishing in his mature youth, gave such promise of moral character and intellectual merit, as to make it a lasting shrine to all who witnessed the efforts of his genius, as shown in the two volumes of his works that have been issued to the public. Edward Marsh Heavisides was a character who, a little more than forty years ago, was regarded in a literary sense, as the rose and expectancy, to use the Shakesperian phrase, of the district that had witnessed his budding powers. His name and his works were familiar to most of the book readers in the various towns of the Cleveland district. His writings of the poetical order, were peculiarly fitted to make an abiding impression on those who read them. His stirring song, “ Let us all be Friends together,” set to music by a Hartlepool musician, Mr. T. J. Taylor, was a household ditty at the time of which I am writing. This is the opening verse :—

Let us all be friends together,
 And be happy while we may,
 Like the clouds in sunny weather
 All unkindness pass away ;

Let all scorn and malice vanish,
 And the course of hate be run,
 Every bitter feeling vanish,
 Love alone must cheer us on.

Simple, but true and sweet and musical! shall I depict how his muse could ascend to a higher than the social altitude? Have we not in the following lines the patriot feeling in *excelsis*?—

'Twas wisely said—by one who knew too well
 Its truth—"Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn." Around us swell
 Life's self-accumulating ills, to fan
 The flame of discontent. Oppression's hand
 Still seeks to crush the feeble of the land,
 And might, the giant who should rend the chain
 That binds the suffering millions, piles on high
 The barriers of their long captivity,
 And mocks the bitter cries of human pain;
 When will the blessed dawn of freedom break
 The weary darkness of the lingering night?
 When will the nations of the world awake
 And burst the clouds that dim the long expected light?

"Edward Marsh Heavisides was not only favourably known as a poet, but he wrote a number of sketches and essays, principally on local topics, which are remarkable for their thoughtfulness and dignity of style. These essays were contributed to the newspapers then published in the district, and which were then "few and far between," and were issued only once a week, on the Saturday. They were, after the author's death, compiled by his father, Henry Heavisides, himself a poet, and published in a subscription volume, entitled the *Poetical and Prose Remains of Edward Marsh Heavisides*. This volume had a large sale, and, as it contained the efforts of a mature faculty, is on that account, the more

abiding monument of the poet's muse. I believe the time is close at hand when a more general homage will be paid to the author of these *Remains*. I could only wish that it were in my power to accelerate the tribute of general admiration being duly paid to one whom many regard, whose regard is worth having as a truly remarkable genius."

"Edward Marsh Heavisides was born at Stockton-on-Tees, on the 20th of November, 1820, and was the third son of Henry Heavisides, printer, and the author of the *Pleasures of Home*, and other poems. He received his education in the National Schools of his native place. At the age of thirteen, he was placed as an apprentice in the printing office of Thomas Jennett, who is a figure in local history, and was I believe more than once Mayor of the ancient borough. During his apprenticeship, Edward devoted his leisure hours to study, and to the perusal of the standard works of English literature, and before he attained his majority, he produced many of the minor pieces of poetry which afterwards appeared in *Songs of the Heart*."

"Having served his apprenticeship, Edward left his master's service and went to London in search of employment. 'Here,' to quote his father's words in his published memoir, 'he became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, the poet, at that time manager of Sir Francis Chantrey's marble works in Pimlico. At that time, the lodge at the entrance to these works was occupied by Robert, Edward's uncle, then one of Chantrey's principal workmen. Cunningham, in the course of his business engagements, was a frequent visitor at Mr. Young's, where it was Edward's privilege and pleasure occasionally to spend some happy mo-

ments in his company. On such occasions, Edward's flute, on which he was an excellent performer, was a ceaseless source of mutual interest, as he frequently, at the poet's request, played some of the old familiar Scotch airs, which were linked with early and dear associations; and as he ran tastefully over the soft touching music, the full warmth of the poet's heart was roused, and a pleasure in each other's society excited the remembrance of which to Edward's latest day never ceased to afford him delight."

"In 1843, we find the poet residing in Stokesley, and superintending the printing establishment of Mr. William Braithwaite; here his *Songs of the Heart* were published in 1845, and met with a most favourable reception. In 1847, in the bleak month of December, our poet married a young lady of Stockton, to whom, his father assured us, he had been devoutly attached from his boyhood, and some three or four months after his marriage we find him settled down once more in his native place, as foreman to Mr. Tinkler, printer and bookseller. His devotion to literature increased with his years, and in the Spring of 1849 he projected the series of *Suggestive Sonnets*, one of which I have already quoted. A series of papers *Past and Present Characteristics of South Durham* appeared in the columns of the *Darlington and Stockton Times*. It was the poet's intention, says his father, to continue the prose series, but alas! his intentions were frustrated, for he was unexpectedly attacked by cholera on the 6th of September, 1849, and rapidly sinking under the malignant violence of the disease, he gently breathed his last on the following day, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, in the plenitude of his powers and the maturity of his promise."

“With this brief and altogether unworthy sketch of one to whose writings I have always been more than partial, I bring to an end my somewhat sketchy and light descriptions of local authors and their works. I have given the reader some glimpses of the word-fabrics they have woven. I would fain hope that there are some elements of performance in even their more modern writings : that some, at least, are true artists.”

“Words are the houses in which ideas dwell ; and when the words are true poetic words inhabited by true poetic thoughts, airy though they may seem, may they not be more enduring than the blocks of masonry which the mason and the builder bring together ?”

“The great thoughts of men live longer than those material fabrics which are the result of human thought in action. Have our local authors any claim to consideration and having given expression to eternal verities ? I must refer the reader to their works for fuller illustration. At least, we can revere their memories for this, that they endeavoured to realise the higher possibilities of their nature, and left on record “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” as a healthy stimulus to those lovers of their kind who would fain also lead the heroic life, and shape the world’s accidents and events into order, rhythm and harmony.”

Mr. Burnett closes his affectionate tribute to a brother worker by quoting my brother’s poem, “The poet’s work,” which will be found in his *Remains*. To this it seems good to me in concluding my “labour of love,” to add the words of Robert Buchanan,

in *Balder the Beautiful*, one who had the true poetic gift :—

And countless voices far and wide
Sang sweet beneath the sky—
All that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die !

JANE ANN HEAVISIDES SIMPSON.

August 4th, 1901.

Printed, August, 1910.

SONGS OF THE HEART:

THE

MEETING OF THE MINSTRELS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT,
STOKESLEY; W. BRAITHWAITE.

1845.

TO
MR. JOHN JORDISON,
OF MIDDLESBROUGH,
AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION
FOR HIS TALENTS,
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS,
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBLIGED
AND HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

Preface.

IN thus presenting himself as a candidate for public favour the author feels bound to make a few prefatory remarks on his work, the composition of which has been to him a source of heartfelt pleasure and pure enjoyment.

He cannot anticipate that his book will meet with that reception which the Public so kindly gave to his father's "Pleasures of Home"; yet the pathways of Poesy are strewn with many flowers, and he hopes to be forgiven in presenting to the public a wreath woven in his hours of leisure, for his own amusement. He lays claim neither to depth of thought nor brilliancy of imagination; sweetness of expression and natural feeling being all that he has aimed at.

The Poetry of the heart has been deemed in all ages a great worker of civilization and refinement.

Like music, it opens the fountains of feeling, and spreads a salutary influence over the baser passions of mankind. An age of manufacture and commerce requires the charm of poetry to refresh the wearied spirit, and cheer us onward in our daily struggles. Poetry leads us to sympathise with the deep sufferings of our fellow creatures, and to ameliorate their misery. It is to the heart what dew is to the flower. Without the evening dew that falls on the unconscious flower, its leaves become withered, and its fragrancy lost—without the refreshing dew of poetry, the heart becomes dry and sapless, hardened and unfeeling.

Many of the author's readers may condemn him for treating so much on the passion of love ; yet, when they consider the difficulty of writing a song without touching the most musical chord the lyrist possesses, and glance at the acknowledged models of metrical composition, he hopes they will not deem it a fault of judgment, or a morbid indulgence in sentiment. "Love is the first theme of all the poets in the world," says Judge Barrington, and if his opinion be correct, the author may be pardoned in taking the same path, though but a humble wayfarer, as all his predecessors.

In the leading poem there is little or no attempt at plot or incident, as it merely assumes its present form to connect the different songs, which tend to illustrate the three epochs of life—youth, manhood, and age, as practised in some of the metrical tales of Miss Landon.

Several of the Songs have been set to music by Mr. J. P. Jewson, a talented young professor at Stockton-on-Tees, which he intends publishing in a short time.

The author, in conclusion, returns his sincere thanks to those who have voluntarily come forward to support him in his humble undertaking, and feels the deepest gratitude, especially to the inhabitants of Stockton, for their kindness and encouragement. He is only afraid that his unpresuming production will fall short of their expectations; yet he solicits their leniency for his little volume, and hopes they will meet with something in its pages that may find a place in their affections.

Stokesley, Dec., 1845.

THE MEETING OF THE MINSTRELS.

" There is in life no blessing like affection,
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven."

L. E. L.

I.

In Glenmore's hall three minstrels met,
Three spirits great in song,
With glowing hearts and nervous hands
To sweep the harp along ;
Three better skilled in minstrelsy
Ne'er touched the sounding lyre ;
Three hearts so full of love and song
Ne'er warmed with poet's fire.

II.

And Glenmore's hall was graced around
With lords and ladies bright ;
With faces fair, and beaming eyes
That mock'd the glow-worm's light.

O few could look on such, nor feel
The deep expression there—
The glances of mute eloquence,
No language could compare.

III.

And one there sat amongst the guests—
A virgin wreath she wore ;
An evening star of loveliness,
When heaven is studded o'er
With orbs less bright and beautiful,
Amid the group she seemed.
Her cheek had scarce the rose's tint,
Yet there you might have deemed,
Had nature traced with fairy touch
Her pencil's richest dye.
Transparent as Aurora's blush,
When first she mounts the sky.

IV.

Her years were few, but still the bloom
Had ripened as they flew ;
Nor yet the thought of womanhood
Was seen upon her brow ;
And near her stood a gallant knight,
Who sought her for his own,
Gazing upon her youthful face,
Where angel beauty shone.

'Twas Glenmore's daughter, and the knight,
The noblest in the land,
The chosen of the chivalrous,
Who sought the lady's hand.

V.

The father of the maid arose,
And pride was in his eye,
As it rested on the peerless star
That graced the galaxy.
He said, "Young minstrel, take thy harp,
And breathe thy soul in song."

VI.

The youngest minstrel of the three,—
A fair-haired youth, who long
Had sung sweet strains in southern climes,
Where melting hearts are found
To wake at Music's lightest touch,
And startle at the sound,—
Essayed a lay of love.

The harp is touched, and o'er its strings,
The Minstrel's hand a moment flings
A cadence soft and deep,
Which wakes the sound of Echo sweet,
And fills her shell with music meet
To lure the nymph from sleep.

You might have deemed the harp alone,
So mellow was its first low tone,
 Felt conscious of the sound it gave ;
For faint and sad its murmurs stole,
And sunk upon the sternest soul
 Like Sorrow's wail o'er Manhood's grave.

VII.

The prelude to the song was given,
 The Minstrel's harp a moment mute ;
Then broke a voice as full and sweet
 As ever sung to harp or lute.

First Song.

I.

Love on ! love on ! the time of love
 Was made for hearts like ours ;
We'll leave the thorns of life to age,
 And only pluck the flowers.
For many a joy we've yet in store
 To banish grief away,
And keep, awhile, the soul of youth
 From brooding on decay.

II.

Love on ! we've many an hour like this
To steal away from night,
Before the bloom of Summer-time
Hath felt the Winter blight.
We've still to taste of many a sweet,
And moments yet unknown,
Will teach us that true happiness
Belongs to youth alone.

III.

Why leaps the heart in summer days ?
Why droops it when the light
Of glowing suns and cloudless skies
Hath ceased to glad the sight ?
Why mourns it when the Winter wind
Howls its loud dirge of death,
And flowers that once were dear to us
Lie buried on the heath ?

IV.

It is that when in summer days
Fair Flora's sweets we cull,
We feel that Nature in her youth
Alone is beautiful.
But when her early bloom decays,
Then loveless age shall trace
Its icy fingers o'er her form,
And wither every grace.

V.

The tuneful birds that long were heard,
Soon quit the leafless spray ;
Their melody is hushed awhile,
Their music passed away :
And Nature's self seems desolate,
Enwrapt in dreary gloom,
While all around looks comfortless,
And silent as the tomb.

VI.

Then what can age have left to give,
When joys like these have flown ?
What power bring back the sun of youth,
When once its fire is gone ?
Who can restore the tenderness
That beamed in woman's eye,
Ere years had crept (like canker worms
That in the rosebud lie),

VII.

To wear away, so lingeringly,
The freshness of her heart,
And rob her face so stealthily,
Of that with which to part,
And see in Desolation's hour,
But brings the burning tear,
And rends the bosom's inmost core,
Like Love o'er Beauty's bier ?

VIII.

No, no ; the calm of after years
Must come not o'er us yet,
To school the heart in callousness,
And teach us to forget
That we have loved, in early time,
So tenderly and true,
And felt the power of eyes as bright
As those we gaze on now.

IX.

Love on ! love on ! the time of love
Was made for hearts like ours ;
We'll leave the thorns of life to Age,
And only pluck the flowers :
For many a joy we've yet in store,
To banish grief away,
And keep, awhile, the soul of Youth
From brooding on decay.



Thus ceased the youngest Minstrel's song—
But oh, 'twere vain to tell,
With words alone, or half impress
The spirit with the spell
Which came upon the listening ear,
As Music stole along,
And lent her deep, harmonious voice
To grace the poet's song.

'Twere vain to tell how soft and sweet
The Minstrel framed his lay,
Or how the notes of passion swelled,
Then gently died away.
Awhile his harp in plaintive strains
Low murm'ring, fraught with feeling,
Then soaring like a spirit fierce,
Its fullest tones revealing.

A Minstrel now of riper years,
A manly troubadour,
From colder climes than nursed the youth,
Was beckoned by Glenmore,
To try his skill before the guests,
And seek the prize to gain,
And wear around his graceful neck,
Fair Ada's golden chain.

Well might the Minstrels nobly strive
To win so rich a prize,
And gain the song-inspiring smiles
That came from Beauty's eyes:—
Well might their bosoms feel the glow,
And breathe such lays divine,
While catching Inspiration from
So bright, so pure a shrine.

And soon the Minstrel took his harp,
Yet ere its strings he shook,
He bent upon the guests around
An earnest wistful look,
As though some thought were in his breast
Too deep for tongue to tell.
A moment thus—then from his lyre
The dulcet numbers fell.

Second Song.

I.

As a sleeper that wakes from a dream of the night,
When the beams of the morning are shining,
Is the youth who awakes from his dream of delight,
When the spring of his life is declining.

II.

For the season of Youth is the dream-time of life,
Ere Reality's coldness comes o'er us,
When sorrow is fleeting, and passes away,
Like mists of the morning before us.

III.

But soon the bland spell of enchantment is broken ;
The visions of beauty depart,
Like passing enjoyments, and leave not a token
To gladden the voice of the heart.

IV.

The dawning of Manhood, like that of the morning,
Unfolds a new era of light,
Which reflects in the faces that smiles were adorning,
The semblance of something less bright.

V.

Thus Manhood comes on, and the freshness of youth
Enlivens the bosom no more ;
Soon, soon all its beautiful blossoms are left,
Like weeds on a sea-beaten shore.

VI.

To sink unremember'd in heedless decay,
And leave not a vestige behind,—
No traces to tell, no language to dwell
For numberless years in the mind.

VII.

I have seen woman's eye with expression soft beaming,
A star every other outvieing ;
I have seen the pure light that in gladness was gleaming,
Grow dim as a lamp that is dying.

VIII.

I have seen woman's heart become changed—and her
cheek,
Bereft of its delicate hue,
Grow paler, and colder, as sorrow began
To darken her beautiful brow.

IX.

I have seen the pure spirit of youth fade away,
And droop in the height of its pride,
When it left the fair paths where in freedom it ranged,
With Nature alone for its guide.

X.

To struggle amid the dark windings of life,
And see its best feelings decay ;
To mix in a world where deception is rife,
And turn from its falsehood away.

XI.

I remember when first, in the fervour of youth,
I loved with a poet's devotion ;
When the first ray of passion sunk deep in my soul,
And thrilled every pulse with emotion.

XII.

Then, then had the Minstrel a theme for his song,
He had one who could listen and feel,
And dwell with the warmth of affection and truth
On the music this harp could reveal.

XIII.

I remember the last time when I sat by her side,
'Neath the shade of her favourite bower,
Whilst the sun in his glory went down in the west,
And Love seemed to hallow the hour.

XIV.

And when the last glimpse of his light had expired,
When he sank on his pillow to rest,
And Night, gentle Night ! in her beauty awoke
Each impulse that softens the breast,

XV.

I told her the tale of my love—and her eye
Turned kindly towards me the while,
And sweet were the feelings that gladden'd my soul,
As I caught the faint light of her smile.

XVI.

I knew that she loved me—for gently she leaned
Her fair heaving bosom to mine :—
She breathed not a word—yet I knew her emotion
Was deeper than words could define.

XVII.

I won her affection—but soon, alas ! leaving
The scenes of her earliest years,
Her eye, as a moment she mutely stood grieving,
Was shrouded by Memory's tears.

XVIII.

She lingered awhile, and the days of her childhood
Came back, like a dream, to her heart,
As she caught a glimpse of her home near the wild-
wood,
And silently turned to depart.

XIX.

I remember how bright was my own happy home,
With one cherished being to share
In the feelings of fondness, love only can know,
And lighten the heart of its care.

XX.

I remember—too well I remember the dwelling !
The remembrance will never decay—
And I know that the happiness Hope was foretelling,
Hath passed like a rainbow away.

XXI.

That home is forsaken—the spell hath departed—
Its spirit of beauty is gone—
And the Minstrel is left with his harp, broken-hearted,
To roam through the wide world alone.

XXII.

For once when the heart of a poet hath loved
With a fervour no power can sever,
The feeling is changeless, unshaken, and deep,—
It dwells in his memory for ever.

The Minstrel ceased—his tale was told—
Nor cared he if the chain of gold
Was won or lost. His lay was not
Of Fancy's brood—as soon forgot

As breathed. His spirit deeply felt
The theme on which his numbers dwelt,
And early recollections dear,
Of many a buried by-gone year,
Were passing quickly through his brain.

In all their wonted bloom again,
The hues of long-departed days,
Were clustering, like morning rays
That break the spell of night. Awhile
He imaged in his mind the smile
That met him in the twilight hour,
Beneath the honey-suckle bower.
His soul was mingling with the past,
His mental vision backward cast
A steadfast look—which compassed all
The scenes that held his heart in thrall ;
Till, blending with his troubled thought,
One gentle being Memory brought,
In all her living beauty cast,
A lovely spirit of the past.

O woman ! o'er the poet's soul
Thou bear'st omnipotent control :
His thoughts, his feelings cling to thee,
Like ivy round the ruined tree.

Look on the poet's deathless page,
From year to year, from age to age,
And view the breathing pictures there,
Which ruthless Time himself must spare ;

See how his magic pen can trace
The angel-beams of woman's face,
In matchless tints of light and shade.

The limner's pencil never made,
With all his boasted colours rare,
Beings that seem so passing fair.
The sculptor's hand may seek in vain
To realize the poet's strain,
Or give, in marble's icy dress,
One half its soul of loveliness.

The poet, like the honey-bee,
In all her rich variety,
Sips Nature's sweets. From shore to shore
He wanders for his priceless store,
Then brings his offerings to thee,
Fair Queen of Song, sweet Poesy !
The Mecca, at whose hallowed shrine
His spirit drinks the dew divine,
The Oracle, whose tones impart
Their pathos to the poet's heart.

An aged bard now bent him down,
And passed his fingers o'er
The gentle harp—awakening sounds
To suit his minstrel lore—
Sounds more in sorrow than in joy,
Yet murmuring soft and sweet,
Like those Æolian harmonies,
“When wind and harp-strings meet.”

The prelude rose subdued and low,
Foretelling to the heart
The old man's song would breathe of PEACE—
As though it had no part
Of passion in it—all was calm,
And deep, and beautiful ;
And thus his aged lay went forth.

Third Song.

I.

Flow on, sweet harp ! yet longer thrill,
Thou Death, alas, may soon o'ertake me ;
Flow on ! for thou art faithful still,
Though all things in the world forsake me.

II.

My head is grey—and on my brow
Old age hath graven lines unpleasing ;
My arm is reft of vigour now,
The current of my blood is freezing.

III.

The Winter of my life hath come,
Wild passion ceased its fitful raging—
All, all within is calm and still,
A twilight of repose presaging.

IV.

This song may be my last on earth,
This faithful harp may soon be broken,
But I would have it die like him
To whom its chords so oft have spoken.

V.

I would not that my harp were left
To hang on walls like worthless lumber—
When falls the hand that swept its strings,
Its music, too, in death must slumber.

VI.

Flow on, sweet harp ! in joy or woe,
In darkness or when sunshine brightens,
Thou bear'st a charm about thee yet,
At which my sinking spirit lightens.

VII.

I love thee as a mother loves
Her child—when nought on earth is dearer ;
The only solace left behind,
In sorrow's struggling hour to cheer her.

VIII.

I love thee as a maiden loves
The youth, to whom her heart has given
The first deep love that woman feels,
Pure as the snow that falls from heaven.

IX.

I love thee as the poet loves
To live in dreams of sweet excess,
And, yearning for the beautiful,
Gaze rapt on Nature's loveliness.

X.

I love thee as a miser loves
His counted heaps of hoarded treasure—
But, ah ! the miser cannot know
One half of my ecstatic pleasure.

XI.

The love *he* owns can never rise
Beyond a base and sordid feeling ;
No pure emotions stir his soul,
No thought but selfishness revealing.

XII.

Companion of my pilgrimage !
As o'er earth's scenes of beauty ranging,
In Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Where all, save thou alone, was changing.

XIII.

If but one glimpse of joy there came,
Thou shar'dst alike with me its gladness ;
Thy voice, an echo of my own,
Was with me in the time of sadness.

XIV.

Each changing mood my spirit took,
But breathed aloud, thy chords were waking ;
No secret griefs dwelt in my heart,
But in them thou a part wert taking.

XV.

When worn and weary, through the world
I roamed, unknowing and unknown,
A poor, unpitied pilgrim bard,
With none to soothe, save thee alone.

XVI.

In stranger lands, where ruthless hearts
Could hear unmoved my truthful story,
And laugh to scorn the pilgrim old,
Because his locks were few and hoary.

XVII.

I cared not for their coldness. No !
The soul of music soared still higher ;
They could not freeze the stream of song,
Nor quench one spark of minstrel fire !

XVIII.

Burst from my lyre, spontaneous,
A strain that smote their hearts with pity ;
And words of truth, with pathos breathed,
Were mingled sweetly in my ditty.

XIX.

They *could not* turn in scorn aside,
I held them with a conqueror's sway ;
And ere my voice had ceased its song,
They listening stood, and *felt* the lay.

XX.

'Tis ever thus. The heart hath chords
That slumber mutely in its cell,
Till wakened by sweet Music's touch,
Its tones vibrate, its feelings swell.

XXI.

Farewell, sweet harp ! my soul hath lost
The genial light it once possess ;
The stream of Time hath borne away
The passions deep that fill'd my breast.

XXII.

Thoughts, feelings, all are changed by Time,
From childhood's hour to manhood's bloom ;
All change—till Age creeps slowly on,
And leaves no change but in the tomb.

" Yet once again," the youth replied,
With something of command and pride—

“ Yet once again the lyre must move
To notes and symphonies of love.
Then list awhile till I confess
The homage due to loveliness.”

The Confession.

My tale is brief—yet deem it not
A lay that will be soon forgot,
By *him* who sings, or *her* who hears
This story of their earlier years.

Many a starlit night hath sped,
And many a day of sunshine fled,
Since young De Courcy sought and won
A lady's love. And many a sun
Hath risen from his curtain'd rest,
And pass'd in splendour to the West,
Since first they met. But brief my tale.
'Twas in a still secluded vale,
Where rippling streams, in music sweet,
Ran murmuring at the lovers' feet,
And warbling bird, and humming bee,
Were heard in every bush and tree ;
They wandered forth mid blushing flowers,
Where Nature formed her loveliest bowers,
And vowed that each to each would prove,
Through every change, the truth of love.

Here oft they met, till heart to heart
Was closer knit than worlds could part,
And soul with soul each hallowed hour
Commingle, felt love's potent power.
Days came and went, yet every one
Bright o'er the vale of beauty shone,
While earth beneath, and heaven above,
Seemed asking every heart to love.

Thus grew their passion—hour by hour
Expanding, like the opening flower
That blushed beside them ; pure and deep
As angel's dream, or childhood's sleep.

They parted—but 'twere vain to tell
Their anguish as they bade farewell ;
For deeply feel, and strongly move,
Young hearts that fondly, truly love.
They parted—yet they knew not then
'Twould be their lot to meet again.
And soon 'mid scenes in foreign lands,
Where flashing steel, and murd'rous brands,
Swept like a devastating flame,
De Courcy bravely fought for fame.
With fearless heart, and falchion bright
He sought the thickest of the fight,
And there, as foes met breast to breast,
He levelled many a haughty crest,
Nor ceased he till th' exultant cry
Of " Victory ! " had rent the sky.

The red war o'er—with well-earned fame,
Back to his native land he came,
To claim the heart that kept with truth
The plighted vows of early youth.
Need, need I more? But where is now
The maid who plighted that fond vow?
“Where is she now?” the minstrel said,
As Glenmore's daughter he surveyed—
“Behold! behold! *she smiles on me!*
De Courcy's here—and *I am he!*”

Now joyous acclamations filled the hall;
Youth won the prize, first, foremost of them all.
For Youth and Love, by gracious mandate sent,
In earth, air, sea, are still omnipotent.
Youth lends the heart emotions fresh and fair,
Whilst Love delights to dwell enraptur'd there.
Youth brings us landscapes bright, and peaceful bowers,
Love gilds the scene, and beautifies the flowers;
Youth stands at Eden's gate,—Love smiles within,
Uplifts the latch, and lets the Pilgrim in!

SONGS OF THE HEART.

EMMA LEE.

She is not the fairest daughter
In Beauty's magic scene ;
Her dark eye has not the brightness
Of others I have seen ;
Yet there's something in her face that speaks
Such tenderness to me—
An artless, pleasing, sweetness in
The smile of Emma Lee.

Let the great with costly baubles
Deck their charms with every art ;
Let them seek with borrow'd lustre
In vain to touch the heart ;
They may shine with Eastern treasures—
I would not wish to see
Such gems upon the thoughtful brow
Of gentle Emma Lee.

Her's is not that beaming loveliness
Which bursts upon the sight—
The short-lived glance that thrills the soul,
Then fades its sunny light—
'Twill dwell within the bosom's core,
And still remember'd be,
As time, corrosive, steals upon
The cheek of Emma Lee.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Memory brings both smiles and tears,
Light, Light and darkness, too ;
Smiles, the light of other years,
Tears, the darkness now.
Flowers but bud to fade away,
Types of joy and sorrow ;
The rose that blooms in full to-day,
May wither by to-morrow.

Remember but the smiles of light,
Forget, forget the tears ;
Nor sigh because the gloom of night,
When daylight sets appears :
For joy would not be half so sweet
Without some touch of sorrow ;
Then bide to-day the storm you meet,
And hope for calm to-morrow.

KATE.

In thine eye there's many a wile,
Sweet Kate !
There is sunshine in thy smile,
Sweet Kate !
That glance of thine so pleasing,
Youths' poor hearts, O Kate, is teasing,
And they say with a sigh,
Sweet Kate !

Like a spring-bud thou art shining,
Sweet Kate !
Nature's richest tints combining,
Sweet Kate !
The rose and lily blending,
To thy face such charms are lending,
That we sigh, as we gaze,
Sweet Kate !

But the blight of coming years,
O Kate !
The brightest beauty sears,
Poor Kate !
Like the flow'ret in the shade,
Woman's loveliness will fade,
So will thine, so will thine,
Poor Kate !

If, when beauty's gone, we find,
 O Kate!
That the graces of thy mind,
 Sweet Kate!
Can outlive the blight of Time,
Still the same in every clime,
 We'll say, without a sigh,
 Sweet Kate!

DEEM NOT THAT LOVE.

Deem not that Love is a shadowy thought,
 Whose raptures too quickly depart—
A ray o'er the mem'ry that fleeting will float,
 Then leave but a gloom on the heart;—
A vision that flits o'er the soul in a dream,
 And fades like a Spring-woven wreath;
A cup that contains only sweets at the brim,
 While hemlock is lurking beneath.

For Love's the elixir that brightens despair,
 Sip, sip of its sweets while you may;
Though to-morrow we banquet with old wrinkled
 Care,
 Let us feast on the joys of to-day,
Then wreathe ye the goblet with Summer's bright
 flowers,
 They are types of the beauty before us;
For WOMAN's the Sun, in this cold world of ours,
 We'll worship till darkness comes o'er us.

NORAH.

I saw her when the light of Love
Was beaming in her eye—
A fairer form of loveliness
Ne'er dwelt beneath the sky.

Her soft and flowing tresses hung
Like hyacinthine flowers,
And, oh ! her face was beautiful,
Untouch'd by grief-wing'd hours.

No shade of care had settled on
Her young and gentle brow ;
Chill winds swept by, but changeless left
Her cheek of roses' hue.

I gazed upon her beaming eyes
Of deep expressive blue,
Nor thought that Time could make the wreck
Which meets my vision now.

“On yon lone rock that skirts the sea,
The billows rolling high,
She weeps for one who'll ne'er return,
And heaves the troubled sigh.

“The waters dash beneath her feet,
And deafening is their roar,

But she heeds them not—the maniac girl
Mourns for her lost Stanmore.

“Lone and sad she watches there,
And calls, yet still in vain ;
Her voice, unanswered, heedless dies
Amid the raging main.”

Poor, blighted Norah ! sunk thy form,
How madly dost thou rave—
The sea-birds soon shall sing thy dirge ;
The deep shall be thy grave.

TRUST NOT THE HEART.

Trust not the heart that can boast of its feeling,
Believe not the tongue that can tell ;
While the words, like the words of cold Falsehood, are
steeling
The breast that can breathe them so well :
For the heart that feels deepest in silence will dream
O'er the records of things that are past ;
Like a river all peace, its smooth current will seem,
Gliding placidly on to the last.

There are thoughts, burning thoughts, that lie hid in
the breast,
Which we prize as the miser his gold ;

There are feelings, yes, feelings the purest, the best,
That remain in the bosom untold.
The soul keeps a store of its sorrows and joys,
A recess that is hallowed by time—
A dwelling, whose relics no power destroys,
Till it soars to a holier clime.

WHEN FRIENDS ARE AROUND THEE.

When friends are around thee, and loved ones are
near,
And bright is the beam of thine eye ;
When the bloom of thy cheek is untinged by a tear,
Thy bosom unfraught with a sigh—
O, turn then thy thoughts, in an hour like this,
Let them linger awhile on the past ;—
And remember there's one, in such moment of bliss,
Who has loved thee, and will to the last.

Remember how crush'd were his hopes—and the
blight
That fell on his boyhood's young dream—
The visions that fancy was weaving so bright,
How sorrowful soon was their gleam ;
O, think, ere his form from thy mind shall depart,
Of his anguish, his hopes, and his fears ;
Of the rose that was nursed in the core of his heart,
And the thorn that will fester for years.

I SEE THEE IN DREAMS.

I see thee in dreams when Remembrance
Brings back to the wandering soul
The purest of joys, and the dearest,
That Pleasure from Time ever stole.
Though the shadows of Darkness are o'er me,
The Thought of my slumbers is blest ;
A vision of beauty's before me—
Thy spirit is guarding my rest.

And waking I muse on those pleasures
I've shared, dearest maiden, with thee,
When Music unfolded her treasures,
And lavished the choicest on me.
Ev'n now o'er my mind there is stealing
A melody breathing divine,
And, oh ! by the deep tones of feeling,
'Tis one of the past—it is thine.

Thus, maiden, or waking or dreaming,
The vision still haunts me, you see ;
While the Starlight of Memory is gleaming,
It guides me, in fancy, to thee.
And so may it thus be found shining,
Reflecting an image so fair,
Till the last ray of life is declining—
A quenchless, undying, bright star.

RECAL NOT TO ME.

Recal not to me the bright hours of the past,
Remind me not now of the joys that are gone ;
O, Mem'ry, awake not thy slumbering voice,
For the grief thou wouldst banish will still linger on.
The shadows of all that to life give a charm,
Are flitting like meteors, awhile o'er the brain ;
But as quickly they vanish and leave us to mourn—
For the light that shone brightest may shine not
again.

Sad, sad is the feeling, fond Memory, then,
If Remembrance embitters each thought with a
tear ;
If it breathes but of joys that no longer are ours,
Of friends who have left us that once were so dear.
It rends but the bosom—it mocks but our grief,
And throws o'er life's picture a gloomier ray—
We may think upon those who have shared in our
mirth,
But, in sorrow we ask with a sigh, where are they ?

O tell us not now, when the heart has grown cold,
Of all the warm feelings that circled it round, .
Ere the sweet star of Peace overclouded had set,
Or the spirit had borne the world's soul-crushing
wound.

When the freshness and bloom of the rose-bud are
gone,

In vain falls the dew that its beauty unfurl'd—
The heart has its dew-drops as well as the flower,
And withers when chilled by the breath of the
world.

THE BRIGHTER LAND.

I've dwelt beneath a brighter sky,
A lovelier land afar—

Yet fickle, false, and changeable
Its blue-eyed maidens are.

It is not *there* that love endures,
Alike through change and time;
Love's home is *here*—it nestle's in
Our own sweet native clime.

'Tis like the bird that lingers round
Our homes in winter hours;
It leaves us not—though dark and drear
Misfortune's tempest lours.

Dream not of other lands—nor seek
The light of other eyes;
One soul of truth is steadfast yet—
One heart in secret sighs.

MARIANETTE.

I have no soul for mirth to-night,
My thoughts are far away;
I cannot make those eyes look bright,
Nor mingle with the gay;
This dazzling show of pomp can give
No gleam of joy to me;
For sadly, lonely I must grieve,
For him who's o'er the sea.

I cannot smile as others smile,
The crowds applause to win;
Nor beam with outward joy awhile,
When sorrow dwells within:
But like the lonely bird that waits
Her tender love's return,
I brood in silent solitude,
And for the absent mourn.

And feels he as the maiden feels,
Thus lone and broken-hearted?
Remembers he the vows of truth
He made when last we parted?
Perchance some fairer form hath taught
The truant to forget
There beats a heart that's all his own—
The heart of Marianette.

BANISH, DEAR MAIDEN.

Banish, dear maiden, oh ! banish afar,
The grief that has lingered awhile in thy heart ;
O, smile yet again, and the gloom of despair,
Like cloudlets in sunshine, will quickly depart.
This world was not given for grieving and pining,
Then away with the tear-drops, and smile once
again ;
Turn, turn to the joy that around thee is shining,
And erase from thy bosom its anguish and pain.

There are moments of rapture in store for thee yet—
Bright hours, Hope is whisp'ring, of gladness and
peace,
When the star of thy sorrow in darkness has set,
And the pangs that are rending thy bosom shall
cease,
Dream, dream night and day, of the time that is
coming,
And banish the grief that has lingered awhile ;
Let the tears that this moment thy beauty are
glooming,
Be lost in the joy-giving light of thy smile.

Brood not on grief—'tis the wormwood of life ;
Like a vulture it preys on the heart—
Corroding its joy, and, with bitterness rife,
Brings a gloom that may never depart,
Till the form it inhabits has wither'd away
'Neath the death-working power of its blight,
And lays, like a ruin in silent decay,
Lost, lost in the darkness of night.

THE DREAM IS O'ER.

The dream is o'er—the vision's past—
Oh ! fondly, madly, I believed
Thy heart was mine—but wake, at last,
To find how deeply I'm deceived.
Yet think me not the passive thing
That brooks such change of truth unmoved ;
This bosom feels the silent sting,
And tells how truly I have loved.

I deem'd not, when thine eyes were bright
As stars that burn in heaven above..
That falsehood lurk'd beneath the light
Which seemed to beam with earnest love.
Smile on, as the unmeaning smile,
Let others feel thy deadly power ;
But beauty only blooms awhile,
Then withers like the blighted flower.

The time will come, when after years
Have left a shade upon thy brow,
Thy boasted smiles may turn to tears,
Thy soul rebel as mine does now.
Thou, too, may'st feel the bitter pang,
Thy heart, like mine, with anguish move,
When once thy dream of passion's gone,
And some gay trifler scorns thy love.

THE MARINER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell awhile—to-morrow's sun
Shall light me o'er the sea ;
My bark shall bear me bravely on,
Far, far from home and thee.
Through stranger climes we'll sail along,
For swift must be our flight—
Yet let not those sweet eyes of thine
Lose one blest ray of light.

Weep not, though we stem the foam,
And track the pathless deep ;
We still have hearts to dream of home,
And thoughts that never sleep.
We've Memory, still, though far away,
To turn to such as thee ;
In danger's hour, we still have Hope,
The anchor on the sea.

Farewell awhile—the breeze is up, —
Our bark must brave the foam,
With many a gallant tar on board,
That sighs to part from home.
Farewell ! farewell ! this beating heart
Is firm when on the sea ;
But, like the ice beneath the sun,
It melts on leaving thee.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

There is a charm in woman's smile,
That steals into the heart ;
A sweetness in her beaming face,
Angels alone impart :
A language in her speaking eye,
That words in vain can tell ;
A loveliness that rivets us
With fascination's spell.

Long, long it lives within the mind,
Undimm'd its early light ;
Though time the once illumined face
Robs of its lustre bright :
Though Sorrow darken Woman's brow,
Yet smiling through her tears,
O, beauteous is that pensive gleam—
It haunts the soul for years.

WHEN THE SHADOW OF NIGHT.

When the shadow of Night over Nature is closing,
And the murmurs of Day are hush'd tranquil to rest ;
When the birds of the forest are voiceless reposing,
And slumbers the sun on his couch in the West ;
When dew-drops on flow'rets are silently stealing,
And the bright moon is rising far over the sea—
Though the earth is a heaven of beauty revealing,
I feel I am lonely, I'm sad without thee.

I gaze on the loveliness Night is unfolding—
A spirit-like land of enchantment it seems ;
But I turn from each fairy-wrought scene on beholding,
The cot where the star of my soul brightly beams.
Thus oft when the waters around him are swelling,
Beneath the soft lustre of Italy's sky,
The sailor, how fondly, in search of his dwelling,
Will turn from each clime with a tear in his eye.

Then come from thy home where the harebell is growing,
And the pale lily droops on its delicate stem—
Come, come to the bank where the streamlet is flowing,
And add to the night a still lovelier gem.
Come now while the moon in her glory is shining—
Come swift as the roe of the mountain to me :
Stay not till the silvery light is declining,
For thou *know'st* I am lonely, I'm sad without thee.

MARY.

We met in the valley, when hedgerows were green,
By the side of the brook, at the "old trysting tree,"
In the sweet summer time, for the sweetest, I ween,
Of all the four seasons, is summer to me.
Deep were the feelings of passion that bound us,
Lasting the pledge of affection we gave ;
We vow'd, by the light that was shining around us,
To love till our hearts were both cold in the grave.

The voice of the bird that above us was singing,
Could breathe not the music my Mary did speak ;
The tints of the rose that in beauty were springing,
Sought vainly to rival the blush on her cheek,
Joy of my life ! to my bosom I press'd her,—
Monarchs might envy the rapture, the bliss ;
World's could not purchase, as thus I caress'd her,
The treasure I've loved from that moment to this.

Sweet vale of Cleveland ! the summer is past,—
Bleak are the mountains that circle thee round ;
The glories of Nature, now crushed by the blast,
Are sleeping in death on the snow covered ground.
Beautiful Cleveland ! again wilt thou blossom,
Bright as a new-risen Phoenix thou'lt be,—
O, hasten the time when I'll clasp to this bosom,
The maid that I met at the "old trysting tree."

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I loved thee, when in youth's first bloom

My soul awoke to beauty's power,
And felt thy smile of love to me,

Like sunlight to the opening flower ;
Yet fairer forms, and brighter eyes,

Have met me as I wander'd on ;
Did none estrange this heart from thee ?

Ah, no ! till death 'twas thine alone.

I love thee still—though time and change

Have wrought their impress on my brow ;
In youth I knelt at Beauty's shrine,

But 'tis thy heart which holds me now ;
For only with the heart can dwell

The charm that lends to future years
The rainbow hues of Joy and Peace,
And brings us Age—without its tears.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

One SMILE at our meeting is all that I ask—

'Tis the only true test of affection to me ;

Though forsaken by all, it is bliss if I gain

One dear look of rapture, of welcome from thee.

As the sun in its glory bursts forth through the cloud,

Dispelling the darkness that shadows his rays,

So the light of thy smile sheds its lustre around,

And thrills every pulse of my heart as I gaze,

One SIGH at our parting is all I would crave,

As I linger in sadness and silence beaide thee ;

To treasure till death in the depths of my soul,

Whate'er in this wide world of evil betide me :

Yet, oh ! if a TEAR should unconsciously steal,

To dim for a moment the light of thine eye—

This, this, gushing pure from the springs of the heart,

Would be dearer to me than the SMILE or the SIGH.

WOMAN.

Sing, sing of the light of the silvery moon,
Whose clear shining beams liken midnight to noon ;
The guide of the wand'rer, the beacon of love,
The soft gleaming lustre that steals from above :
Yet give me the light of dear Woman's dark eye,
I'll wish for no other, though born of the sky—
For clouds may eclipse the moon's mellowing light,
But they'll leave not the bright eye of Woman less
bright.

Sing, sing of the stars that in heaven are seen,
Reflecting on ocean their glittering sheen ;
The glimmering lamps that are hailed with delight,
As the mariners bark shoots along in its might ;
Yet they speak not the rapture, those stars of the sky,
They dart not the fire of dear Woman's dark eye,—
For clouds may eclipse them, rich orbs of the night ;
But leave not the bright eye of Woman less bright.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE FAIR LUNATIC.

" Her face was fair,
But no expression ever brighten'd there."—CRABBE.

I well remember one fair girl of that dim and lonely
place,
Where dwelt within its cheerless walls a wretched,
gloomy race ;
A race who once in beauty's pride had shone with
lustre bright,
Till darkness came, and shrouded o'er each face of
sunny light.

I mark'd her when she met me there, for they told
me that her mind
Was troubled as the ocean wave when roars the
tempest wind ;
They told me I would quail beneath the wildness of her
eye,
And startle at her voice, as though it were an owlet's
cry.

I saw no terror in her eye, yet looked it wild and
strange,
As restlessly around that place unsettled it would
range ;
'Twas changeful as the summer cloud, but oft its
piercing glare
Was mellow'd by the sweetest beams that loveliness
could wear.

She spoke—but, oh ! her voice was sad and plaintive
as the lute
That wakens feeling in the breast, and keeps the
list'ner mute ;
She spoke—yet how unmeaning were the words that
from her fell !
No faint remembrance of the past seem'd in her mind
to dwell.

They placed her by her instrument, which many a
weary night,
Before her mind was powerless, had been her sole
delight ;
She cast upon the music page a fix'd, yet listless look,
And turn'd the leaves as though she sought some
fav'rite in her book :

Then carelessly upon the keys her lovely hands she
laid,
But tuneless was the languid touch of that once happy
maid ;
She struck the chords at random—no sweet harmony
was there—
And grating on the ear arose a wild, discordant jar.

Apt emblem of thy mind, fair maid, was that chaotic
strain ;
Alike its chords were broken as disorder'd was thy
brain ;
But other hands than thine might soon restore its
former tone,
While Reason's shining light is only re-illum'd by One.

• —

THE LAKE.

Still is the voice of day !—the busy crowd
Of active life has vanish'd from the scene—
And every sound of restlessness,
Is hush'd in deep tranquility.

'Tis sweet to roam, in such a lovely night,
Along the margin of this placid lake,
Whose calm, unruffled waters are
An emblem pure of death-like sleep.

Yes ! 'tis bliss to roam in quiet—when the moon
Has thrown o'er earth a chaste and spell-like beauty—
And, rapt in gentle Memory's dreams,
The world and all its cares are lost.

Long years have pass'd away since last I stood
Upon the moss-grown banks of this still lake ;
 Then slept it undisturbedly,
 In mockery of human grief.

Yet not alone I stood upon the bank,
As now—oh, not alone !—another form
 Was by my side—and looked upon
 The calm and voiceless waters.

A being lovely as this cloudless night,
With soul as pure and spotless as the orb
 Enthroned in yonder sky,
 Stood gazing on the scene.

But dimm'd is now the lustre of those eyes
That rapturous bent upon the moonlit lake—
 Cold, as its waters is the heart
 That beat responsive to my own.

Shine on, thou pensive moon ! still through the lapse
Of ages thou dost hold thy trackless course—
 While many now that see thee wane,
 May look not on thy light again.

Change, change and death come with thee—as thou
 roll'st
In cloudless splendour, through the vault of heaven,—
 And eyes that shone as bright as stars,
 Are closed for ever in the grave.

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

What is an Album? Poet, tell !
A place where Love and Friendship dwell,
And live, to Memory dear ;
Where well-known ones must leave enshrined
Some brief memento of the mind,
Imperishable here.

An Album is a posied Wreath
Which ever blooms, while no rude breath
Can wither one bright flower ;
Where Sentiment and Passion meet,
To weave poetic garlands sweet,
Fresh cull'd from Fancy's bower.

It is a sacred, hallow'd shrine,
Where Thought and Feeling fervent shine,
To start Affection's tear ;
A retrospective, mirror'd book,
Wherein remembrance oft may look,
In many an after year.

THE CHANGE OF YEARS.

"The changeful year itself may read
Its lesson to the human heart ;
How pass away its sunshine hours,
How does its loveliness depart"—L. E. L.

I left her in the bloom of youth,
Ere care her form had press'd,
With truth upon her gentle brow,
And gladness in her breast.
Oh ! pure as flowers of spring she seem'd,
Chaste as the rippling tide,
And, smiling on her beauty, sat
A mother by her side.

The mother dreamt not that her child,
The laughing and the free :
Her only earthly cherish'd one,
Could aught but happy be.
The crimson tinge of passion's glow
Ne'er yet had flush'd her cheek ;
She knew no falsehood—from her eye
The heart would boldly speak.

And placid seem'd her youthful breast,
As Innocence in sleep,
When angel-spirits, gliding near,
Their voiceless vigils keep ;
Soft, virgin sweetness, beauty's gem,
Beam'd in her modest face,
And guileless marks of purity
Adorned each budding grace.

I left her thus—the beautiful—
Creation's fairest flower—
To shine 'neath virtue's sinless rays,
And brighten every hour.
I left her thus ; and saw her not
Till fleeting years had fled,
And many a friend of early youth
Slept coldly with the dead.

Then sought I where her dwelling stood—
Alas ! *the change of years !*
There sadly sat the once fair girl,
Suffused in shame and tears.
The bloom of youth had left her cheek,
Pure Innocence had flown—
No friend to share her sorrowing,
And motherless—alone.

She told of visions pass'd away,
Like flitting dreams of night,
When hopeful fancies fill'd her brain,
And flash'd allurements bright ;
She told of snares laid to deceive
Her unsuspecting breast,
Till forced to seek her early home
For shelter, and for rest.

But Joy had fled—a ruin'd home—
Peace dwelt no longer there ;
The once bright hearth was dark as night
Without a single star :
The hand that press'd her gentle form
In purity's first bloom,
The heart that beat for her alone,
Were cold within the tomb.

The tale is old—and often told
In light and careless words :
Yet deep the shame—the pain—the tears,
When once the tender chords
Of woman's heart are snapt in twain,
And all the links that bound
Her being in affection's chain,
Lay shattered on the ground.

EARLY DAYS.

Loved scenes of early days ! for ever fled !
For you, too oft, the burning tear is shed ;
To you the heart returns in sorrow's hour,
When memory wakens with a magic power.

We mark the spot where many a prank was play'd,
The sunny heather, and the quiet shade ;
The pebbled stream, the richly cowslipp'd field,
And all the charms that early years revealed.

When ne'er a troubled sigh disturb'd the breast,
Our buoyant spirit no sad thoughts oppress'd ;
When withering grief ne'er darkled o'er the brow,
And every blushing beauty lovelier grew.

Our youthful sports the livelong day beguiled,
And always happy if sweet Nature smiled ;
The heart was light as wild we bounded o'er
The 'tangled brushwood, or the barren moor.

Each sun went down, night mantled o'er the shore ;
Yet morning found us joyous as before ;
And as the glittering orb shone on the glade,
We bask'd beneath the ever-cooling shade.

These days have vanish'd, never to return ;
Blest, happy ! for you we hopeless mourn :
Remembrance, sorrowing, counts her treasur'd store
Of childhood's joys which we shall share no more.

See how the orphan wipes the falling tears,
As sadly looking back to early years —
He, fondly brooding, dries each gem in vain,
Another stealing wets his cheek again.

He sees once more the modest, homely cot,
His boyhood's home, that heart-endearing spot !
The little garden, where the woodbine rear'd
Its scented head ; oh ! how that flower's revered !

The grassy mound where oft he used to weep,
Beneath the yew where all his loved ones sleep ;
Each cherish'd scene the pensive thought endears,
And wafts his spirit back to early years.

The wanderer views each beauteous landscape green,
And roams along the soul-inspiring scene,
Where ravine's startle, or where mountains rise,
And frowning rocks, high peak'd, bedim his eyes ;

O'er scenes romantic, or through deserts drear,
He wends his weary way for many a year ;
Yet often as the warbler chants his lays
They mind him of the notes of early days.

He lays him down and dwells upon the theme,
Quick in his thoughts a thousand visions teem ;
A sweeten'd sadness breathes through every strain,
The voice of early years he hears again.

O, scenes of early joy ! thrice happy days !
When every hour was fraught with sunny rays,
For you the heart will mourn, the tear be shed,
When we are mouldering with the silent dead.

THE SISTERS.

“Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wide reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.”

BYRON.

I dreamt that ye were orphans both—
The last sole link was riven—
Ye stood before me in the night,
Like lonely stars in heaven.
I saw the big and burning tears
Come gushing from your eyes,
And heard the agonizing throb
That wastes itself in sighs.
Cold and chill, like an Autumn dew,
Grief settled on each brow;
Pale and wan seemed the cheeks that erst
Were tinged with roseate hue.
Closed in each other's arms ye clung,
Two beings wondrous fair,
And wept together silently,—
A sorrow-shrouded pair.

And in that hour when all was dark—
When Hope—the blessed Star
That shone upon your path—seemed now
To leave you in despair ;
O, in that dreaming hour of night,
A gloomy feeling stole
Upon my heart—and fearful were
The thoughts that stirred my soul.
Methought the friends that came around
The home of happier years,
And careless smiled when all was bright,
Had left you now in tears.
Like those stray birds that linger here
Till Summer's course is run,
Then take their flight to other lands,
Where shines a brighter sun.

I looked upon the cold, cold world—
What mockery was there !
Few, few who mourned,—yet many spurned
The orphan's humble prayer.
Few *there* to still the ceaseless throb
That rends the aching breast,
Or soothe the spirit's bitterness,
And lull it into rest.
Few there to *feel* for others' woes—
But Pleasure's syren tongue
Alone breathed music to their ear—
And all the sounds that sprung
From Sorrow's deep lamenting voice
Were scorned, derided, spurned.

* * * * *

Then turned my dreaming eye away,
And wept for those that mourned.

O, could we but recal the dreams
We've dreamt in times gone by—
Those bright and fitful glimmerings
Of mind—that fleeting die ;
The strange and ever-changing hues
Which pass in slumber o'er
The soul that wanders in its flight—
Creating with a power
Beyond our watchful waking thoughts—
How many a dream of light
Would be remembered by us, that
Hath blest the hours of Night.

STANZAS TO—

O, say not that the rose you gave—
Was lightly prized by me,
Or left to perish on its stem
Without one thought of thee.
Deem not, fair girl, though soon the bloom
Of thy sweet flower decay,
'Twas left to wither carelessly,
Neglectedly away.

Its blushing tints are fading fast ;
 Its fleeting life is flying ;
Alas ! the leaves hang droopingly,
 Thy beauteous flower is dying !
How short their life—soon, soon, when pluck'd,
 Their fragrancy is shed—
They spring, they bloom, they live—yet soon
 Are scentless, sear'd, and dead.

But many a mournful truth it brings,
 This fading flower of thine—
This sad, this silent monitor,
 That tells how short may shine
The light within thine eyes—and shows
 The blight that soon may fall,
Like that upon these wither'd leaves—
 The fate, the doom of all.

MUSIC.

The soul is sad when Music sweet
 Hath left her plaintive shell,
And, whispering in seraph tones,
 Steals o'er us like a spell ;
A spell that stills the voice of mirth,
 While, murmuring on the ear,
Comes many an oft-heard melody,
 Remember'd with a tear.

O, sorrowful it is to hear
The harp of sadness strung,
Whose melancholy breathings tell
Of songs that oft were sung
In by-gone days—and vivid dreams
Unfold blest moments pass'd
With those who now are icy cold
As flowers in winter's blast.

Yet music's chords in gladness swept
Can chase this gloom away ;
Pale sorrow flies before their power,
The heart, how soon, is gay !
Like night-clouds in the sky that float,
So seems the grief-touch'd brow ;
One joyous strain—and every cloud
Has vanish'd from the view.

Then sparkling beams each radiant face,
Each heart with love is beating,
Then Pleasure fills her sweetest cup—
Ah, that such joys are fleeting !
Change but the strain of Music's chords,
Each soul is sadly list'ning,
And eyes that lately look'd so bright,
Now tearfully are glist'ning.

'Tis thus with life, as on we rove,
In every changing hour ;
Now sunshine beams upon our path,
Now murky clouds will lour.
The smile may play on beauty's cheek,
Yet tears will dim its light,
And hopes long cherish'd in the breast
Feel disappointment's blight.

The fire of youth will waning die,
The stately form will bend,
The heart will lose its buoyancy,
The days of passion end ;
But, oh ! when years have roll'd away,
As through life's storms we steer,
How many an oft-heard air will be
Remember'd with a tear.

HOME.

Dark is the soul that owns not some sweet cot
In all the world that's dearer than the rest ;
That finds not in the waste of life some spot
To soothe the anguish of his aching breast :

Some magnet that attracts his wandering thoughts—
Some link that time or distance cannot part—
Some constant dream that o'er his memory floats,
And sweetens all the sorrow of his heart.

And breathes there such on earth,—whom no retreat,
No peaceful dwelling woos to calm repose ?
No shelter from the storm his soul shall meet ;
For whom no current of contentment flows ?

Ah, no ! the poorest wretch can tell the tale
Of early home—while tears of memory start,
And pensive turn to some secluded vale,
Whose lovely image lingers in his heart.

NO MORE.

“The words ‘NO MORE,’ the most feeling and harmonious in the English language, she pronounced with the most touching expression.”—MADAME DE STAEL.

No more ! no more ! what sound can thrill
The lonely heart like this ?
What words so soon can dissipate
Each scene of fancied bliss ?
Few, few on earth but who can tell,
When these sad words are spoken,
Of some bright vision pass'd away,
Some golden link that's broken.

No more ! I hear it echoed in
The halls of costly state ;
Beneath the domes of palaces,
The mansions of the great ;
In the cottage homes of peasants,
The dwellings of the poor—
All, all must feel the bitterness,
The anguish of “no more.”

When the son of mad Ambition gains
The summit's dizzy height,
Then falls from all his majesty,
His power and his might,
How poignantly these words will sting,
When his proud days are o'er,
“Where, where is all my greatness now ?
Alas ! it is no more.”

The warrior's heart will sicken, when
The din of fight is o'er,
When the friends that fought around him
Have sunk to rise no more ;
When the glaring eye of death shall shoot
Like light'ning to his soul,
And the murmurs of the dying through
The battle field shall roll.

No more ! its mournful tones dispel
The bright and fitful gleams
Of hope—of love—of happiness—
Of fondly cherish'd dreams.
The fatherless—the motherless—
The desolate and poor—
Will deeply feel the bitter thought
That rises from “no more.”

'T is whisper'd in the hour of grief,
(Sad harbinger of gloom)
When some fairy form of loveliness
Lies mould'ring in the tomb.
O, then her voice will haunt us, though
'T will speak to us no more ;
No thing of earth will ere outshine
The smile of light she wore.

No more ! no more ! what sound can thrill
The lonely heart like this ?
What words, so soon, can dissipate
Each scene of fancied bliss ?
Few, few on earth but who can tell,
When the words “no more !” are spoken,
Of some bright vision pass'd away,
Some golden link that's broken.

TUNEFUL VISIONS.

I slept—it was night—and Mab's mystic wand
Had placed me alone in a far off land—
When there came, like the voice of love, a strain,
That floated awhile in my dream-fraught brain.

'T was a sweet melody—as it swept along
It pictured before me a well-known throng,
In whose faces the sunshine of happiness beamed,
And merry they laughed, as afar I dreamed.

One bright-eyed girl her harp had strung,
Methought that I stood by her side as she sung;
With a magic hand she touched the chords,
Swelled through the chamber her tuneful words.

I slept again—and the far off land
Was lost by a wave of the fairy wand—
But the strain that came was a fearful one,
And the friends and bright-eyed girl were gone.

'T was a martial sound—a shrill, harsh blast,
For many a soul on earth the last;
A deathly strain—as loudly it rolled,
The cheeks of the lovely looked pale and cold.

heard the hoarse din of the hard-fought fight,
The swords of the warriors flash'd on my sight—
I looked on the field—the smoke rose like a cloud,
For the brave and the dauntless a funeral shroud.

But I saw not the friends by my own fireside,
They had all passed away in the battle's red tide ;
The bright-eyed girl sat there alone,
And her voice and her harp had lost their tone.

I slept once again—and I thought in my rest
Came a Seraphim's song from the land of the blest,
The song of a Seraph ! naught earthly it breathed,
The banner was furled and the sabre was sheathed.

'T was a song that had dried the sad mourner's tears,
And lulled in oblivion life's hopes and its fears ;
(Oh, never was heard in that land a strain
That troubled the mind with a transient pain.)

And joined mid the sweet celestial choir,
Were the friends who had sat by the earthly fire ;
The bright-eyed girl her harp had strung,
And the song of a spirit of heaven she sung.

TO MY PIPE.

Hail to the pipe ! the joy-instilling pipe !

Whose fumes disperse the gloomy clouds of Care,
Whose power can loose Misfortune's pinching gripe,
And teach us with the ills of life to bear ;
Thine is the pleasing balm that gently throws
On toil and grief an undisturbed repose.

Let bigots curse thy rank, narcotic scent,

Rail on thy baneful tube from pole to pole,
They never dreamt thy soothing influence lent
Such consolation to the poor man's soul,
They never knew nor felt thy potent power,
That gives sweet comfort in the darkest hour ;

That gives to Solitude a thousand charms,

Cheers the dull hour with mild reflection's light,
Steeps in Oblivion's streams the world's alarms,
And even "lends to loneliness delight ;"
Sheds on the mind a calm and placid rest,
And lulls in peaceful dreams the troubled breast.

Give me the fragrant pipe for social glee,

When friends are met around the evening fire,
And every honest heart, "from labour free,"

Whiffs as he talks on themes that never tire !
While clouds fantastic circle round the place,
And smiling Mirth irradiates each face.

Ev'n now my fancy can depict the scene

Where guileless bliss pervades the humble spot,
The cheering blaze that warms when Winter keen
Chills all without, yet ne'er invades the cot,
Where snugly seated by the ingle bright
Each fills his pipe and puffs away the night.

Thou mute companion of my silent thought !

When many a friend I've loved in youth is gone,
Still be thou mine, with sweetest solace fraught
To soothe the mind, and cheer the spirit lone ;
To shed a calm serenity around,
And heal the heart that bleeds with sorrow's wound.

Come then, my pipe ! for dearer thou to me,
Than all the boasted perfumes of the east ;
Let me enjoy one quiet hour with thee—

In mem'ry's tranquil musings let me feast—
Nor Envy's voice nor Discontent alloy
The peaceful current of such humble joy.

SONNET TO FANNY.

When I remember thee, I feel as one
Who hath recall'd again a lovely dream
Of by-gone times,—a dream whose every tone
Breathes music sweeter than the heart may deem
Can flow from human lips. The mental eye,—
A constant light that guides the brooding soul
Through Memory's maze, as o'er the fleeting sky
That thought creates, the clouds and sunbeams roll—
Meets flowers amid the winding paths of life,
Time cannot wither, nor change, nor blight destroy ;
Flowers in this desert world where weeds are rife,
To give the mourning heart some touch of joy :
Flowers like thee, dear Fanny,—seen and known,
Remembered till the light of life is gone.

THE DESERTED.

How droops that pale brow in the anguish of feeling,
Which, last when I met thee, with happiness shone ;
And sad is the voice, through the night-breezes
stealing,
Whose accents to joyousness ever were prone.

Why rests that dimm'd eye on the child that is sleeping,
Which, last when I met thee, was fondly caress'd ;
Why pale is that cheek overshadow'd with weeping,
Which then brightly bloom'd like a rose of the west.

Where now is that loved one who only could cheer thee,
Whose smile would dispel that dark gloom from thy
brow ;

Where, where stays the truant ? why is he not near
thee,

To soothe thy young bosom, why comes he not now ?

Alas ! thou'rt forsaken ! his firm vows are slighted ;
The tie of affection is severed in twain,
And thou left uncared for, thy tenderness blighted,
To droop and to pine like a leaf on the wane.

Cold, cold is his breast since last kindly you parted,
And he kiss'd the warm tear-drops that flowed from
thine eye ;
Hard, hard is his heart who could leave, broken-hearted,
So lovely a blossom to wither and die.

* * * *

That hearth once illumed with bright smiles of glad-
ness,

Seems desolate now as a wreck on the shore ;
Dim burns the lamp, and a halo of sadness
Has darken'd the dwelling all sunshine before.

THE OLD HARPER.

His locks once of auburn are silvery now,
Nerveless his arm, and deep-furrow'd his brow ;
His cheek is now colourless, bent is his head,
And soon he must sleep in a sepulchred bed.

No more is he heard in the turreted hall,
Where music inspired the bosoms of all :
No more in the castle the harper finds rest,
When toilworn and weary, with sorrow oppress'd.

He charms not the damsel with soul-stirring song,
No more is he seen in the tourney's gay throng ;
His harp is decaying, bright chivalry sleeps,
And unfriended, unpitied, the old harper weeps.

Still, still he has comfort ; the old man has strung
His loved harp by the streamlet with willows o'erhung ;
At soft eventide its sweet power he feels,
Though mournful the strain, o'er his spirit it steals.

When his hand feebly plays on the rich-sounding
strings
And his notes through the woodland the soft zephyr
wings,
When the moon her mild light o'er the lovely scene
throws,
And his voice breaks the tranquil of nature's repose.

'Tis then the wild breathings his high soul inspire,
His heart quickly beats as he strikes the loved lyre ;
But his arm is now weaken'd, his vigour is gone,
And he wanders the earth an old harper, alone.

THE TRIAL.*

Young Genevieve four lovers had,
A choice selection too ;
Yet very much perplex'd she was
To prove whose vows were true :
For each had told a pleasing tale,
Professed an equal flame,
And used all love's artillery,
To win the fickle dame.

But Genevieve had doubts and fears—
She knew that falsehood took
Too oft the graceful shape of truth—
And so she deign'd to look
But coldly on her worshippers,
Till time should bring about
Some certain philosophic mode
To worm their secrets out.

A sudden thought one night there came,
Quick as the light'ning's ray,
That promised soon to dissipate
The gloom of doubt away.
Remembrance brought a magic tale
She'd heard in childhood's hour,
And soon the blushing girl essay'd
To try its wondrous power.

She placed four apple pippins on
A piece of iron plate,
And closely by a blazing fire
The gentle maiden sate ;
The pips were representatives
Of her fond lovers four,
A lilliputian brood, whom now
The wizard's spell was o'er.

The first was Gerome, stern and staid,
A youth with virtues rare ;
The second, Fred, of lighter mood,
With features passing fair ;
The third was Jacques, whose melancholy
Told the secret flame ;
The last was—let me see—um—yes !
A youth without a name.

And these she ranged all in a row,
And soon her work began,
She held them to the fire, and thus
Her incantation ran :—

*“ If you love me, crack and fly,
If you hate me, lay and die,
By your tales of passion told,
By all affection can unfold,
This is now your trial hour,
Now you feel the wizard’s power ;
By all the words of fervour breathed,
By all the thoughts in beauty wreath’d,
If you love me, crack and fly,
If you hate me, lay and die,
Now the scorching heat is o’er you,
Prometheus’ light is now before you ;
Truth, like gold, must be extracted,
No more this bosom feel distracted :*

Suspense and doubt must cease for ever,
Falsehood's links must now dis sever ;
The spell is fire—reveal—reveal !
Or take the wound no power can heal.

If you love me, crack and fly !

If you hate me, lay and die.

Ha ! 'tis Gerome first to leap,
I thought they would for ever sleep.
Three are left like dead men still,
The Incantation yet must thrill.

If you love me, crack and fly :

If you hate me, lay and die.

Ah ! I knew that Jacques would fly ;
I know his sympathetic sigh,
That seems to say his soul would burst,
O'erburthen'd with the woes it nurst.

But Fred, why Fred, do *you* not love me ?
Can my simple spell not move thee ?
Crack ! crack ! the nameless one
Hath fled—and you are left alone.
Oh, if you love me, crack and fly !
Do not, do not, lay and die !
Remember all the things you said,
When last we wander'd through the glade ;
How tenderly you press'd my hand,
And swore that none in eastern land
A maid could match your Genevieve.
Then fly ! O fly ! I'll not believe
With Falsehood's tongue your words were
spoken ;

Remember how I prized the token
You gave me when we parted last—
Quick—quick—the time is nearly past—
One moment more—O crack and fly !
Do not, in pity, lay and die !
It moves—it starts—O, quickly fly !
You cannot, Fred, lay still and die !
One moment yet the spell holds out—

* * * *

'Tis past—'tis now too late to fly ;
I leave you now to lay and die.
Young Genevieve was lost in sorrow ;
In silence sought she to depart,
That fatal night—and on the morrow
Gloom had settled on her heart.
The youth she loved his hand had plighted ;
Forgot the name of Genevieve ;
His vows of faithful love were slighted—
The maiden left alone to grieve.

* There exists to this day amongst the maidens in the County of Durham, a superstition that to prove the truth or falsehood of their lovers, apple pippins must be placed on a fire-shovel, and held to the fire—if the pippins fly, they are true lovers ; if they lay undisturbed, they are false. I first saw the ceremony performed by a young lady of Stockton-on-Tees, and I believe the pip representing myself laid and died without a groan

SONNET TO ELIZA.

Eliza ! one year more hath passed away,
 (Another year ! the simple words are rife
 With all the change of seasons and of life,)
And Spring brings back the well-remember'd day.
 Time's chronicler, thy birthday ; but not o'er
 Thy youthful brow one shade of sorrow more
Hath pass'd, I trust, since last we parted—years.
 Nay even hours, bring many a bitter thought,
 And many a fabled joy that we have sought,
Evanishes in gloom, and ends in tears :
Yet may, 'tis friendship's prayer, no searing blight
 Have touch'd the beauty of thy gentle face,
 Nor hoary Time, with dark, unerring trace,
Have made thy brow less fair, thine eye less bright.

NIGHT.

Come, sweet Night ! with all thy silent raptures !
Thou bringest memories soft, and gentle thoughts ;
Let thy refulgent light illumine the dark
And dreary paths of earth, and beautify
The world that we inhabit. Once again
Set forth in heav'n above thy myriad stars,

To shame the boasted pomp of earthly gems,
And radiate thy brow with loveliness !

Blest Night ! there's something in thy very name
Allied to love and song. Beneath thy light
The rugged heart forgets its daily schemes
Of selfishness, and grows a better part
Of Nature's work. Who gazes on the moon,
Nor feels her light infuse a sudden joy
Within his soul ? Who ever watch'd her beam
Of silver brightness, shedding its lustre
Over the calm and placid stream, nor felt
A glowing tenderness within his breast ?
'Tis said that hope and sunshine, memory
And moonlight, go together ; but the moon
Brings softer feelings to the human heart,
And wrings from every soul a stream of thought
Far deeper than the sun. Beneath *his* light
We hear the sound of toil—the hum of trade—
Thousands of wrangling tongues engaged in all
That mars the poetry of life ; but *her* light
Can still the voice of strife—allay our base
And petty passions—hush, like the dread god
Of silence, ev'ry sound of turbulence.

Yes ! we know the moon is memory's lamp ;
For there is something soft and tender in
The light she gives, that wraps the silent soul
In memory's musings,—and lends to thought
A sweeter language.

Man's best
And deepest feelings waken in the night ;

His purer spirit seeks for silent hours,
And undisturb'd communings with itself,
Which day can never give. The day was made
For toil and restlessness ; the night for thought.
When burns the summer sun, we wander forth
Like pilgrims, searching nature's sweetest scenes,
And garner up a store of pleasant thoughts
And fancies for the mind ; but in the night
We rest our weary limbs, to open out
Our store of gather'd flow'rs, and dwell in calm
Reflection on their beauty. Come, sweet Night !
With all thy heavenly brightness ! assume thy place,
Amongst all lovely sights the loveliest !
And let the feeling heart attune its chords
To harmony and love.

MORNING.

Gone is the hour of rest ! the goddess, Night,
Hath dwindled to a shadow of the past !
And all her glories live but in the cell
Of Memory. Thus do we dream the time
Of life away. Thus fade the beautiful
And bright illusions of our dearest hopes,
And give the brow of Youth a deeper shade.
How changed the blooming scene that meets us now,

From that which late we gazed upon. Beneath
The Sun's bright rays a world of flowers spring up
To life and loveliness. The dew of Night
Hath left the sleeping rose, and lent her face
A tint more soft and beautiful. The bird
That slumber'd in its leafy home, now plumes
Its wings, and warbles forth a strain of song.
The woods and groves, the green-clad hills and dales,
Assume a brighter hue ; the peaceful lake,
Whereon the moonbeam slept, hath lost its calm
Tranquility ; and Beauty, waking, reigns
Triumphant o'er the earth !

Sun of the Morning !

Methinks thy light should cheer the sons of toil,
And fill their hearts with happiness. Now Joy
And Gladness, hand in hand, like playful twins,
Should gather summer flowers. The young heart
Should now expand, and with each feeling glow
That elevates the thought. Sun of Morning !
Refulgent orb ! How glorious thy light !
How wonderful thy sway ! Thou giv'st the rose
A sweeter perfume, and a brighter lustre.
Thy potent power makes the luscious grape
Assume a deeper dye, and gives the peach
A tint as rich as Beauty's blushes ; ripens
The waving corn, and, with her choicest fruits
Fair Ceres lades.

But yet, fair Sun ! there lingers many a shade
Of care upon the brows of suffering
Thousands. Dispel, as clouds that seek to shroud
Thy native heaven, the gloom that gathers o'er
The human heart ; for smiles so glad as thine
Should not be met with eyes all tears. The sun
Of Hope should not be darken'd by the night
Of sad dejection. Man, when thou art up,
And in thy beauty walk'st the cloudless sky,
Should look around with heart unfraught with woe,
And let Joy's sunshine steal into his soul.

VERSES TO A LADY.

There is a love that circles in the heart,
Which leaves it not till life's last beams depart ;
A love that strengthens and exalts the mind,
A love the best,—the first of humankind ;
The love of virtue ;—purity and worth,
The richest gifts that heaven has given to earth !
Which cheers us onward when declining years
Have changed our joy to grief—our smiles to tears.

These gifts are thine, sweet girl, which long outlive
The blooming tints that Nature's hand can give ;
That cloudless shine when every fleeting trace
Of loveliness hath faded from thy face ;
The love is mine—though, by that sacred word,
O deem not I would strike at passion's chord ;
'Twould wake a thousand feelings in my breast,
That year, alas ! might never lull to rest.

Yet though I may not love with all the fire,
With all the rapture passion can inspire,
Nor vainly seek thy gentle heart to move,
With all the pleasing thoughts that breathe of love ;
There dwells within my soul, O cherish'd bliss !
Delightful thought ! a love that equals this ;
The love of goodness, purity, and worth,
The richest gifts that heaven has given to earth.

Though beauty withers as the drooping flower,
And blooms alike, the sunshine of an hour ;
Though graces vanish like a purple ray
That tints the sky of one short summer's day ;
There still is left a charm,—O may't be thine !
A matchless charm that time can never tine ;
That wins when beauty's lines are swept away,
And eyes that once were bright seem sinking in decay.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

The exile from his land and home
When doomed by fate to sever,
Affection's pledge, and every tie,
To leave, perchance, for ever,
Feels, as he broods o'er buried joys,
Within his heart's deep core,
The agony of parting from
His loved, his native shore.

Thus, as the tear-drop fills his eye,
And swells his troubled breast,
Methinks I hear him mourning for
The sky that freedom blest :

“ No more I'll revisit thee,
Land of the brave !
My hours are fast flying,—
I long for the grave ;
For the spirit of life is declining each day,
And the hopes of my freedom are dying away.

No more I'll inhale thy
Soft breezes of night ;
No more I'll behold ye,
Rich scenes of delight ;
For the spirit of life is declining each day,
And the hopes of my freedom are dying away.

No more shall I press thee,
Thou beauteous and good,

To the heart that would shed for
Thy welfare its blood ;
For the spirit of life is declining each day,
And the hopes of my freedom are dying away.

No more shall I meet thee,
Thou pride of my soul ;
The tide of existence
May soon cease to roll :
For the spirit of life is declining each day,
And the hopes of my freedom are dying away.

Farewell, thou lov'd land !
Though an exile from thee,
Thou still art my birthplace,
My home—thou art free !
Yet the spirit of life is declining each day,
And the hopes of my freedom are dying away."

FIRESIDE SONNET.

I love to sit within some quiet nook
Of fireside joy—and listen to the voice
Of social converse. Oft did I rejoice,
In earlier years, ere yet my spirit took
A flight in Fancy's car, to nestle round
The evening fire, and hearken to the lore
Of goblin fiction ; deeming every sound,
As wonderstruck I sat in that still hour,

A sound of dread ; and though my feelings now
Have undergone a change, and all the fears
Of ghost and sprite I had in boyish years
Have long departed ; I am still a true
And ardent lover of an hearth-stone bright,
The solace of an English winter night.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

There's a charm that will never pass lightly away,
A spot that is dearest on earth ;
The charm is the love that is last to decay,
The love for the place of our birth ;

Where the sun seems to rise with a happier smile
Than he wears in a land far away ;
And set with a halo of peace on his brow,
And hope in his last dying ray.

Where the flower has a bloom that is bright as the gem
From the mines of a burning zone ;
A fragrance that lives when the leaf and the stem
Have parted—to wither alone.

Ungrateful the bard, who can coldly look back,
Though he dwell in a fairy-homed land,
To the scenes that awaken no love in his soul,
Nor make his proud bosom expand.

Cold, cold must the bard be, who touches the lyre,
And forgets the loved place of his birth,
Where the first gleam of song that enkindled his fire,
Flash'd forth, like a sunbeam o'er earth.

Yet he cannot forget, though he dwell in the climes
Where the spirit of beauty is smiling ;
Though an Eden of loveliness circle him round,
His feelings, his senses, beguiling.

He cannot forget that the sun shone as bright,
Where his first song of gladness was sung ;
How he worshipp'd its coming, and mourn'd o'er its
flight,
Like a robin that mourns for her young.

He cannot forget the blest paths of his youth,
The scenes that were bursting to light :
The flowers of the earth, and the stars of the sky,
The poetry of day and of night.

No, no, they will cling to his memory still,
Through the wide world his footsteps may roam ;
Yet the scenes of his childhood will hang o'er his soul,
Revealing the first dream of home.

'Tis thus that I turn, my sweet pilgrimage o'er,
Like a bird from its prison set free,
To offer, —though humble, it springs from the heart, —
This tribute, fair Stockton, to thee.

Firm be the hands and the hearts of thy sons,
In the struggle for liberty's light,
Scorning the base, and revering the good,
True to the just and the right.

May the high and the wealthy be kind to the low,
For kindness is prized by the poor ;
May they lighten their sorrows and sweeten their joys,
And help them in misery's hour.

Bright be the smiles that illumine the fair,
Like fairy-shaped creatures they shine ;
Light be the step, and unequall'd the grace,
Of every fair daughter of thine.

May the maidens that dwell on the banks of the Tees,
Be pure as its soft-flowing stream ;
Their days like the course of its waters roll on,
Still gentle as childhood's young dream.

May their friendships be true ones, unsullied in love,
As the zephyr that kisses the rose ;
May they smile on the present, yet sigh o'er the past,
And hope for a future repose.

I have loved thee, old Stockton, and deep in my heart
Will the feeling be cherish'd for ever ;
Strong as an Indian's love for his tribe,
Which death, and death only, can sever.

THE END.

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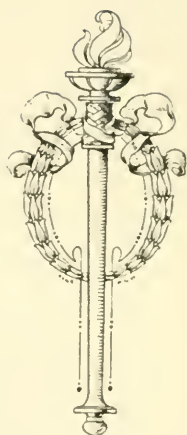
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THE
Poetical and Prose Remains
OF
EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES.

EDITED BY HENRY HEAVISIDES,

AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOME."

LONDON :
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
JENNETT AND CO., STOCKTON.

MDCCCL.

EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES.

Come, mourn with me ! The harp we loved to hear
Is voiceless now ; and, oh ! with tears deplore
That he who swept its chords shall waken here
Its tones no more !

Lost in the freshness of his early fame,
How green and fair the Poet's wreath he wore !
That wreath shall bloom when many a boasted name
Shall be no more !

He sleeps,—but not as they who pass away
Unknown, are lost ; for time shall still restore
Sad Memory's tears, till men at length shall say,—
We are no more !

Thus doth our sorrow deepen with our years !
And as we wander on Life's dreary shore,
These constant tidings reach our mournful ears,—
They are no more !

The kindred mind—the tried and faithful breast—
The dear familiar friend in days of yore—
And they of brighter promise than the rest,—
Alas ! no more !

Yet, blissful thought ! though such from earth depart,
And we who linger grieve that all is o'er,
Faith whispers sweetly to the joyless heart—
They grieve no more !

TO THE MEMORY OF

EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES.

Son of a sterling bard ; himself as true
A poet as e'er felt inspiration ;
Cut off from earth ere half his neighbours knew
Their minstrel's manly worth ; yet will our nation
Honour his name, as one who laboured well
To spread the light of Poesy o'er the land ;
And they who knew the MAN, will oftentimes tell
Of all his virtues. Ye who understand
The poet's art divine ; who comprehend
The claims of genius ; deem not that a friend,
Too partial, claims a merit more than due :
I knew his soul ; and much it longed to give
To earth a treasure that for aye might live ;
And so he gave us poems good and true.

GEORGE TWEDDELL.

THE
Poetical and Prose Remains,
&c.

ON THE
WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

DICKENS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES--THE NATURE OF
HIS WRITINGS--SKETCHES BY BOZ--PICKWICK
PAPERS--NICHOLAS NICKLEBY--OLIVER TWIST.

IT is said by a modern author, that "a regard for our national writers enters into and forms part of the sacred feelings of an educated man; and it would not be easy to estimate in what degree it is to this sentiment that we are indebted for all of good and great that centres in the name of England."

And the remark is just; for what names shine so brilliantly upon the page of time, or cast such lustre on the history of our nation, as those of our great writers? The achievements of naval heroes, and the conquests of military commanders, may appear to future generations as so many representatives of a barbarous age, and a libel upon the intelligence of their forefathers; but the true thoughts of a great

writer will go down to posterity, and pass from age to age, as the undying essence of imperishable mind. Through the mist and darkness of the past, amid the clouds of superstition and the black shadows of chaotic ignorance, how brightly and gloriously appear the stars of intelligence upon the horizon, scattering the clouds and shadows that blacken the page of history, and illumining the dark period of the past.

These pages, however, will treat more of the present than the past—more of the living than the dead. Though it is a pleasant thing to hold communion with minds that have passed from us—to see their productions, stamped as they are with the impress of unfading Genius, living on, through the long lapses of time, like things than can never die—to see them cherished by an intelligent and loving people, and finding a place in the affections and memories of thousands to whom they have spoken in kindness and love—and to see them, old as they are, still lingering in the heart of humanity, revered as records and memorials of departed greatness.

With this slight preface I will enter at once into my subject—the “*Writings of Charles Dickens.*”

Charles Dickens, like every great writer who strikes into a new path, is the respected parent of a numerous progeny of imitators, many of whose imitations are so exceedingly poor in execution and execrable in design, that it is wonderful how they had the impudence to appear in print. Some have imitated him with com-

parative success; yet, none has displayed the fine qualities, the rich depth of sympathy and feeling, the strong and vigorous combined with the soft and tender, which characterize the original. Most of them have filled up their pages with miraculous incidents, and scenes of horror and depravity, yet they lack the moral purpose and fine perception of good and evil which the writings of Dickens so eminently possess.

It is not by pourtraying scenes of low successful villainy, and painting hideous pictures, that an author can effect a healthy tone of sentiment in society. It is not by the Jack Sheppard, the Tower of London, or the Guy Fawkes of Harrison Ainsworth that good effects will be produced. A succession of prison escapes, thief-catching exploits, nightly carousals with women of the lowest morals, with a plentiful infusion of guilt and wretchedness, are the chief characteristics of Jack Sheppard. The Tower of London, as its name suggests, is full of the blackest murders, and the whole of the author's late writings have been tinged with this morbid passion for working up the most horrible events of history, and furnishing his readers with the most ghastly pictures that exist in the annals of the nation.

Another writer of the most demoralizing class has lately risen up in the person of Mr. Reynolds, who goes still deeper into the dens of infamy, and whose writings are a disgrace and degradation to the meanest intelligence.

It is lamentable to reflect that every writer who

publishes in numbers, and illustrates his works, is classed by a great portion of the community as belonging to the Dickens School. Thus is the author of "Pickwick" often associated with works that he would feel ashamed should stain the fair fame of English literature,—works that stir up the faculties of wonder and astonishment in the ignorant, play as palpably upon their credulity, and pander as grossly to their tastes, but work no improvement in their benighted condition.

Every bane, however, has its antidote. To counteract the effects of this class of writers, stands a whole host of better spirits—men, in whose hearts God has implanted the seeds of goodness that they may expand and become beauteous fruits,—men, whose best energies are devoted to the amelioration of that misery which is but too prevalent in the world.

Amongst these Charles Dickens stands pre-eminent. Unlike many of his predecessors and his contemporaries, he has employed his time and his intellect against existing abuses, many of which have been removed by his powerful yet ludicrous and satirical appeals to public feeling. His exposures of different atrocious practices and glaring social evils have been the means of causing speedy reformation; and it is questionable whether any similar writer has used his means so well, and directed his keen yet humorous satire upon such worthy objects and for such worthy purposes. It has been his aim to work out reform by agreeable means—so agreeable that many of his

readers, in the delight and pleasure they feel in his stories, take no heed of the *real* purpose of the writer, which is not merely to produce an interesting fiction, but to convey ideas that are fraught with a new philosophy, and sentiments that take their colour from the prevailing features of the age in which he writes.

To those who read for excitement alone, or to those who merely skim the surface of the page, Dickens will be less a favorite than some of his contemporaries. The quick transitions and glittering pageantries of James, the reckless brilliancy of Lever, the fascinating pages of Bulwer and others, will have greater charms for this class of readers: but the man who properly appreciates Charles Dickens will never hurry through his pages. Carefully will his eye search for the truths that are hidden from hasty observation. Slowly will his mind travel from sentence to sentence, and from page to page, digesting, as it were, morsel by morsel, the mental feast that is before him: feeling his blood curdle and his indignation roused by the many acts of inhumanity and tyranny he meets with—yet his wrath turned aside and his indignation subdued by the pictures of love, tenderness, and forbearance that follow. Dickens cannot be read well, in haste. There is too much *thought* in his writings, which calls for a kindred quality in his readers, for him to be run through like an ordinary novelist. Many a sentence of extreme beauty, many an expression of exquisite purity, many a sentiment of the highest wisdom is lost to the eager and careless reader of Dickens, and many a thought,

that will some day form one of the brightest ornaments in the mighty and imperishable fabric of English Literature, is passed by, as we would pass an unseen flower blooming beneath the leaves, in fresher and brighter beauty than its flaunting companions.

In Dickens's pictures of external nature there is a freshness and delicacy which at once place him amongst the highest of our descriptive writers. No one, not even Leigh Hunt, can "babble of green fields" with more pastoral simplicity. He makes even the common earth he treads upon redolent with life and beauty. He lingers, and no one can linger so delightfully, over many a time-worn tower, peopling it with strange and fantastic creatures; such as were seen high up in the belfry by honest, simple, and patient-spirited Trotty Veck. His reflections on the actions of men shew him to have a Shakespearian knowledge of the human heart, and his powerful yet pleasing way of moralizing impresses itself forcibly upon the mind. His writings, looked upon as compositions alone, may have many defects; but we are ever willing to lose in art and gain in nature—to sacrifice the laboured period and the Pope-like finish that fall so monotonously on the ear, for the less polished yet more natural appeals to our feelings. "We invariably," says the *Athenæum*, "rise from his productions in better humour with the world—for he gives us a *cheerful* picture of humanity, and paints good people with a relish, that shews he has himself a belief in, and sympathy with, their goodness."

It is well known that Dickens first introduced himself to the public by the name of "Boz." How he came to assume that cognomen is related in one of his late prefaces. It appears the name of Moses was given to one of his brothers, and by being spoke in a nasal idiom (which he introduces very successfully in the character of Barney in *Oliver Twist*) it became "Boses," and ultimately, suffering a contraction of the last syllable, became "Boz." With this name he appeared before the public. His first production was "Sketches by Boz," which, after appearing in the *Morning Chronicle*, were collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

The publication of these Sketches attracted the attention of the public, and also the publishers, one of whom sought not long after to secure the services of the writer, seeing that he would eventually become a source of profit to himself and an honour to his country.

But Dickens must speak for himself.

"I was a young man," he says, "of three and twenty when the present publishers, Chapman & Hall, attracted by some pieces of mine in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn, to the managing partner of the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the *Magazine*, in

“ which my first effusion, dropt stealthily, one evening
“ at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark
“ letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet-
“ street, appeared in all the glory of print—on which
“ occasion, by the bye—how well I recollect it!—I
“ walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into
“ it for half-an-hour because my eyes were so dimmed
“ with joy and pride that they could not bear the
“ street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my
“ visitor the coincidence, which we both hailed as a
“ good omen, and so fell to business.”

Soon after the publication of “Sketches by Boz” the first number of *Pickwick* appeared, which proved, by the universal sensation it caused, that a new light had burst upon the literary hemisphere ; number succeeded number, and Dickens’s fame grew as the work progressed. The peculiar characters he portrayed—and the manner in which he touched upon the existing follies of the day—the quiet humour, the brilliant wit, and the peculiar reasoning powers of the two Wellers were new to all readers ; there was nothing like them in any of the preceding writers. The gullibility of *Pickwick* in his antiquarian researches, his continual liability to imposition and fraud, and the freshness and raciness of every character which the author introduced, raised him at once high in the scale of living writers.

Though “*Pickwick*” as a work does not display that mature thought and decided purpose which characterize the author’s later writings, there are in it several striking and powerful expressions and ideas that

shewed to many what would be the ultimate tendency of his productions. His exposures of such characters as Dodson and Fogg have been the means of lessening that disgraceful class of London pettifoggers, who degrade the profession of the law. He laid bare the corruption of elections—and the bribery, intimidation, high influence, unprincipled manœuvring, and base practices which have disgraced many a community, he shews in the contest of Eatanswill. He pointed out many abuses, and shewed many evils, though he was *seemingly* intent upon nothing but mirth and amusement.

He has been accused, in the character of Stiggins, of speaking lightly of religion ; but like many a stigma cast on writers who employ their pens in endeavouring to lay bare cant and hypocrisy, which we know have been prevalent in all ages, the accusation is not founded on truth. He trifles neither with religion nor virtue ; but lashes the profession of both with the strongest satire.

He says himself :—“ Lest there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretence of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of Scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its *letter* and not its *spirit* in the commonest dissensions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them understand that it is always the *latter*, and *never* the former which is satirised.”

Every attentive reader of the *Pickwick Papers*,

however, will at once perceive, that the intention of the author was more to please by a representation of humorous characters and ludicrous scenes and situations, than to propound those truths and advanced views of reform and improvement which were afterwards his aim and purpose. But it might be seen in different places throughout the work that he was a keen and an original thinker—an acute observer of public abuses and public benefits—and that he possessed within him a spirit that could boldly enunciate its thoughts, and a mind that could sympathise, without shame, with the meanest and most miserable specimens of humanity. It was manifested that he possessed an intellect of a superior order, whose thoughts would break down the barriers of many an established prejudice, and destroy many a time-honoured dogma that had taken root and flourished in the public mind.

In his next work, "Nicholas Nickleby," there was a more decided purpose, and a more finished and artist-like manner of working up his materials. The stamp of greater maturity was upon it, and the public hailed it with an enthusiasm that shews that they can appreciate and encourage an author in these days, before, like Burns and a host of others, he has been stricken with poverty and death, and left his writings to make the fortune of some successful publisher.

There were thousands upon thousands, I dare say, who waited anxiously, as I did myself, for each forthcoming number—who seized with avidity the first

opportunity to revel in the wrongs, privations, and hardships of Smikey, and saw with wonder the new scenes that were depicted—the vices and follies that were grappled with and placed in such a light of strong contrast to the graces and attributes of virtue. It is needless for me to enumerate the many excellent characters in that work—to recapitulate the acts of charity and the labours of benevolence of the brothers, Cheeryble—to speak of the eccentric and kind-hearted Newman Noggs, the gentle Miss La Creevy, the honest John Brodie, and many others that make the bright side of the picture, or to turn attention to the callous Ralph Nickleby, and his class, or the periodical boy-catchings of the schoolmaster, Squeers.

Dickens has been censured, and severely too, for holding up the mirror to reflect the Yorkshire schools. But I think he justifies himself in the following words :

“Of the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the disregard of it by the State as a means of forming good or bad citizens, and miserable or happy men, this class of schools long afforded a notable example. Although any man who had proved his unfitness for any other occupation in life, was free without examination or qualification, to open a school anywhere ;—although preparation for the functions he undertook, was required in the surgeon who assisted to bring a boy into the world, or might one day, perhaps, assist to send him out of it—in the chemist, the attorney, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the whole rounds of crafts and trades, the school-master excepted ; and, although school-masters, as a race, were the blockheads and

“impostors that might naturally be expected to arise
“from such a state of things, and to flourish in it; these
“Yorkshire school-masters were the lowest and most
“rotten round in the whole ladder. Traders in the
“avarice, indifference, or imbecility of parents, and
“the helplessness of children; ignorant, sordid, brutal
“men, to whom few considerate persons would have
“entrusted the board and lodging of a horse or a dog;
“they formed the worthy corner stone of a structure,
“which, for absurdity and a magnificent high-handed
“neglect, has rarely been exceeded in this world.”—
Preface to last edition of Nicholas Nickleby.

With such ideas so strongly impressed upon the author's mind, it might naturally be expected that his pen would paint in its blackest colours—that he would launch out into the most powerful vein of satirical invective, and seek, like the old satirists, to destroy by the force and bitterness of his epithets every existing remnant of so degrading a system; but he treated the matter very differently. Remembering how the burlesque life of Don Quixote struck the death-blow to Spanish chivalry, instead of coarse invective and splenetic epithet, he took up the weapon of ridicule that had done such service in Spain. With the greatest subtlety he placed the subject of his attack in a ludicrous light, and brought out by agreeable means the darkest shades of its character. He touched, with artist-like precision, every chord in the scale of good and evil passions, working up gradually and naturally the course of his events—producing, at the same time, a tale of interest and apparent fiction, with a deep lesson, if rightly read, of morality, religion, and virtue.

He placed on the surface of his pages, wit, humour, mirth, and fancy; yet underneath might be seen the strong currents of decided purpose and humane intention. In Nicholas Nickleby the author's mind was fully developed—his style was then formed, and his character as a moral reformer established. How great has been the effect of that book upon the school-masters it is directed against, is shewn by the author in his preface to his late edition, where he speaks of the numerous Do-the-boys halls of Yorkshire in the *past tense*.

I come now to a book that has made Dickens more enemies, I believe, than all his other works put together. I allude to *Oliver Twist*. This work was first published in Bentley's Magazine, and as it made its monthly appearance it was treated with a great deal of bitter feeling, which yet exists, and a sweeping censure and condemnation from a numerous body of the British public. The cause, I think, may be, in a great measure, attributed to a stronger political tendency and bias shewing itself in the pages of *Oliver Twist* than in any of his other works. Besides, his principal characters had nothing very inviting them, being taken, as the author himself states, from the lowest and most criminal part of London's population. Sykes is a robber of the worst and least fascinating description—Fagin is a receiver of stolen goods, and a professed trainer of young thieves—and Nancy is a common prostitute.

Out of these materials was it likely that Dickens

should produce a work that would not shock some of the delicate minds that see the world through a microscope which shews merely the most agreeable part? Was it likely that Sykes would obtain favour amongst a class that never dreamt of, or could believe in, such a monstrosity existing in close vicinity to themselves? Was it at all to be expected that such a heroine as Nancy could take the place of Scott's Jeannie Deans and Bulwer's Alice—or that Fagin, the Jew, would call forth any thing but anathemas upon himself and his race? Yet, by the wonderful power of genius, even these, the lowest of God's creatures, are made the means of working out a *moral lesson* that without them would lose its force, and fail in its object.

It was the purpose of the writer in this tale to personify Virtue in the character of Oliver, to surround him with all kinds of vice, and make him undergo innumerable hardships and sufferings, and place him in the strongest, if not the most fascinating, situations of temptation—casting upon him the stain of theft, of which he is innocent—throwing him into the haunts of professional thieves, where he is left without a friend to help or advise—and to ultimately produce a character that Vice could not contaminate, nor Temptation lead astray. The contrast thus forcibly produced, though the author has recourse to the extremity of human depravity, must inevitably strike every reader as was intended by him—creating disgust and hatred of Vice, and love and veneration of Virtue. The vileness of the one, and the purity of the other—

the one's deformity, and the other's beauty—are painted by the author with a truthful pen; and whatever may be the opinions of some as to its morality, Dickens's *intention* was evidently to inculcate a lesson which had for its spirit the highest and most exalted capabilities of humanity. It rests not, however, with a single class, though influential, to determine upon his merits, for he has the suffrages of a numerous body of intelligent people, by whom his writings will be treasured as the produce of a mind fraught with the highest wisdom of his time, and a genius that sheds a halo of brightness upon the age in which he lives.

CHAPTER II.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK—LITTLE NELL—BARNABY RUDGE—DICKENS'S VISIT TO AMERICA, AND ITS EFFECTS—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

In 1840, Dickens issued a new weekly publication, entitled—*Master Humphrey's Clock*; to which we are indebted for the most imaginative of his creations, "Little Nell." The first numbers of this work did little for the established fame of the author. There was an indefinite character about them which, I can remember, created much disappointment amongst his admirers.

The Old Curiosity Shop was the first tale that appeared in *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The four numbers that appeared before the commencement of this tale, were cancelled by the author, and, as he says

"became the property of the trunkmaker and the butterman."

It is evident in this tale, that the impression made upon the mind of Dickens by the production of *Oliver Twist* was still upon him. "Little Nell" is a child of a similar nature. The same machinery is brought into operation—the same difficulties, privations, and miseries beset her in all her wanderings—temptations are cast upon her path the same in effect though not in reality as those of Oliver's—and the same inherent virtue remains unscathed and uncontaminated to the last. It is true there is a feminine grace—a delicate purity—and a sensitive feeling in Nell that we do not find so much developed in Oliver—yet in some degree they may be considered as twin natures—beings with affections and passions moulded by similar circumstances—for the sorrows of the parish boy prepare us, as it were, for the melancholy history and touching death of Little Nell. It must be a hard heart indeed that can read with indifference the history of the life and death of this promising child—a coarse and unfeeling mind that can turn from it without experiencing its softening influence—and a dull spirit that can perceive in it no rays of heavenly brightness, nor hues of everlasting and unfading beauty.

Of all Dickens's creations, Nell may be considered the most excellent. It is evident that he has here embodied the finest conceptions of an exalted nature and a lofty genius.

And that he himself has a deep love for this, the

gentlest offspring of his mind, the following extract testifies :—

“The many friends it has won me, and the many hearts it has turned to me when they were full of private sorrow, invest it with an interest in my mind, which is not a public one.”

“I have a mournful pride,” he further states, “in one recollection associated with ‘Little Nell.’ While she was yet upon her wanderings, not then concluded, there appeared in a literary journal an essay of which she was the principal theme, so earnestly, so eloquently, and tenderly written in appreciation of her, and of all her shadowy kith and kin, that it would have been insensibility in me if I had read it without an unusual glow of pleasure and encouragement. Long afterwards when I had become to know him well, and to see him, stout of heart, going slowly down into his grave, I knew the writer of that essay to be, *Thomas Hood*.”

Little Nell, however, has been roughly handled by many of the reviewers since her first appearance, and many have made objections and found faults in the very parts of her character that are the most beautiful. It is true she is purely a creature of the imagination, and it is the high privilege of genius alone to create such things; yet there is nothing in her character that is overstretched and at variance with natural laws. Nell is a child with thoughts and feelings far before her years. Brought up by a superannuated old grandfather in a place surrounded by everything

that may tend to cast a seriousness and sadness over her young feelings, she naturally becomes such a child as the author presents to us. From our first meeting with her in the streets of London, without a guide or protector, to her touching and melancholy death, there is that uniform sadness yet meek resignation in all her trials and sufferings, which breathe more of a heavenly than an earthly nature.

Besides the character of Nell there are many others in this tale, of equal originality. Dick Swiveller is an interesting specimen of his class. Brass also of his. Sally Brass and Quilp may be considered as caricatures. The grandfather of Nell is strongly drawn, and forms a striking contrast to the child. The small servant of Sally Brass, though a seemingly unimportant character in the story, carries out a darling idea of the author. His idea is to picture characters in a complete state of ignorance, almost approaching to savageness, and to bring around them circumstances which produce a material change in their rude and uncouth natures. From the almost idiotic state of mind with which he first brings them before us, they gradually grow into thinking and rational beings, with affections as sensitive as they had been before obtuse. He impresses forcibly upon his readers, by these means, the great truth that education is the power which can transform darkness into light—ignorance into knowledge. From the lowest possible degree of mental degradation the small servant is ultimately made fit to take her part in the great affairs of life,

and cultivate those faculties, which, but for the kindness and good offices of humanity, would have remained dormant for ever. This is ever the aim of Dickens. No one shews the failings of humanity in a more clear light, nor points out the internal causes of evil with a more subtle nicety; but there are ever some redeeming traits in his worst characters, and passions and affections which, perhaps, had they ever known the influence of kindly sympathy and charitable forgiveness, might have led them into a life unstained by crime and unpolluted by vice.

Barnaby Rudge was the next tale that appeared in this form of publication; but it made its appearance at a time that was any thing but favourable to a kind reception. The death of Nell was still upon the minds and hearts of the public, and they were loth to leave the scenes that her spirit seemed yet lingering over. The deep lesson of the Country Churchyard still subdued the laugh of pleasure and the voice of mirth, and like real mourners over a heartrending calamity, they had no wish to leave the contemplation of the grave of departed Nell for the kitchen corner of a wayside inn, where the gossips of the village were met to listen to the profound and bigoted arguments of the loquacious Joe Willet.

The feeling, however, wore off, and the idiot Barnaby with his sensible raven were the theme of the day. But there was a sense of the work's inferiority to its predecessor as it progressed; and in spite of the spirited description of the Riots of Lord George

Gordon, and the struggle for "Popery" or "No popery," the mystery of the Haredale murder, and the sarcastic and satirical character of Lord Chester—in spite of the mightiness of Tappertit, and the mock piety of Miggs and Mrs. Varden—in spite of the fascinations of Dolly Varden and the heroism of young Joe Willet, the tale was such a mixture of mystery, murder, and madness, and the character of the hero more pitiable than having any quality for such a situation, that I think it might be pronounced, without fear of disapproval, one of the worst productions that ever emanated from the mind of the author. It is not surprising, however, that great men fail at times; but the failure of Dickens, may be easily accounted for.

His works, at this time, were coming too fast upon each other to leave him time for that thought and study which are necessary for the production of any well-constructed and well-executed tale. The marks of hurry and haste are too evident in *Barnaby Rudge*, and the story too uneven and fragment-like to convey any idea but that the author was writing for the *Press* instead of the *People*—supplying the compositors with copy, but fast losing his well-earned popularity with his readers.

At this period Dickens paid a visit to America. It was naturally expected that amongst a new people, with different habits, customs, opinions, and characteristics than those he had so well described, he would present us with something that would throw into the shade the sketches of every preceding traveller. Far

less was expected from Lord Byron when he quitted England. Childe Harold, therefore, came upon the English ear like the mighty voice of distant thunder sudden and unexpected. But with Dickens the matter was different. There were great hopes among the many that he would produce another wonder of the world. Accounts came over that he was fêted wherever he went; caressed, honoured, and respected through the length and breadth of the land of liberty, which still upholds the traffic and barter of human souls.

Great meetings were got up for him—large assemblies were made, where he was the “bright particular star” of the company—and the Americans used all their endeavours to let him see as much of their intellects, their institutions, and the principal attractions of their country as possible. Yet what was the result? The *American Notes*. A book, that certainly has a few pictures of American scenes and a dash or two of American character; but on the whole produced of nothing that such a journey should have put into his possession. Disappointment was the universal feeling in England when the work made its appearance, and in America the author was accused with ingratitude for the honours and hospitalities he had received. The reviewers lashed him, and every petty periodical, taking its tone from the great organs, pounced upon him like a hawk.

Change for the American Notes, by a lady, was published, confuting every thing Dickens had set forth,

and shewing the author to have more knowledge of the country she vindicated than was evident in the "Notes." The "*Change*" is certainly the better work, both for information connected with America, and for a spirited retaliation of English peculiarities—and for a greater display of that knowledge which is requisite for a writer on foreign countries.

Martin Chuzzlewit, however, re-established Dickens's fame, which had been for awhile diminishing, and the public were glad to welcome the re-appearance of his monthly numbers. In this work most of what he had gathered in America, appeared. In the garden of Eden he ridiculed the prevailing bombastic style and pompous notions of the Americans with his usual graphic felicity and high colouring; yet it must be admitted, that most of the characters he introduced approached too near to caricatures, and the scenes of Eden were so ridiculously absurd, that it was impossible to take them as any thing but the humorous sketches of the author's imagination.

CHAPTER III.

DICKENS'S VISIT TO ITALY—DOMBEY AND SON.

After the publication of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the author again rested from his labours, and sought recreation and amusement in the classic country of Italy. I say *amusement*, for Dickens's was not the spirit that could soar and exalt itself among the mighty monuments and glorious recollections of imperial

Rome. The grandeur of her Colosseum would not call forth that deep worship from him which it had from Byron and Rogers. His soul would not, nor could not, cast itself back upon the memories of past ages, and invoke the immortal names that stand in bright array upon the annals of the country, nor his spirit outpour itself in deep regrets and mournful feelings over the wreck and ruin his eye would meet with.

It was living objects alone that attracted the eye of Dickens as he travelled through the classic scenes of Italy; and consequently, we have had nothing from his pen but a few "Pictures" of the different places he visited in his journey, and a few light sketches of Italian character, which give us no very favourable impression of the people. Dirt, wretchedness, and misery, are the chief characteristics he dwells upon—bad cooking, uncomfortable inns, cheating postillions, and impudent beggars are the principal themes of his pen, and with the exception of a description of the Carnival, which is full of his peculiar humour and racy description, there is scarcely a page that will bear comparison with the eminent works that have appeared on that country.

Thus his visits to America and Italy have been productive of little sterling worth to British Literature—and he seems to have visited them more as an idler in a print shop, than as the close observer which he had credit for in his own country.

Dombey and Son, his recent publication, is still fresh in the minds of every reader and admirer of his works.

It has been said by a writer in Blackwood that *Dombey and Son* is a complete failure; but as the Scotch reviewers have never been friendly towards the author, some degree of prejudice may be attributed to them. Besides, reviews generally, according to Macauley's own confession, are not at all times to be relied upon. An author is not always reviewed according to his merits, but very often on the strength of his influence or the plenitude of his purse. An honest review is a difficult thing to find, and it is a lasting stigma upon the periodical critical literature of England that much of it can be swayed by party or bought by influence. So many exposures of the system of reviewing are apparent in the lives and letters of literary men, and so many quackeries have been acknowledged by reviewers themselves, that we have naturally a suspicion in reading reviews; having had our faith shaken by so many instances of partial friendship, spiteful enmity, party feeling, political rancour, petty rivalry and jealousy that we have read in the biographies of literary men.

Dombey and Son, however, in our opinion, though it is humbly given, is Dickens's best and most finished production. The characters in the book are of a higher and more dramatic *caste*, and call forth more of the author's powers of delineation than most of his other works. *Dombey* himself, though not a great character, is drawn with an exactness, and uniform pride and sternness, calculated to impress his image indelibly upon the mind. His unnatural antipathy to

his daughter Florence, and his partial fondness for the future head of the firm, are perhaps highly coloured ; but that such feelings were likely to exist in a mind like Dombey's it is easy to believe. There have been many instances of a father's hatred to a child that unfortunately could not further his schemes of ambition, and the cold-hearted folly of Dombey is not without its parallel. He is not an attractive character, but rather a repulsive one. Yet he represents a class of men who deem that wealth is the highest aim in existence—to whom the miracles of Art and the wonders of Nature speak no language of sublimity, and in whom the fine sparks of humanity are dead as the ashes of the fabled fruit of the Hesperides.

Carker, Dombey's confidential clerk, is an Iago with a new face. Carker, like the Iago of Shakespere, is a splendid villain—but one is the finished gentleman, and the other the rough soldier. The object of Carker is the same as Iago's—the ruin of his master ; and though the means each uses for accomplishing his end are widely different, their characters bear so close a resemblance that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Dickens might here be charged very justly with plagiarism, for no two characters could possess natures more alike. Carker's cunning, like Iago's, is overreached by the natural course of events ; but not till he has blasted the reputation and tarnished the name of Dombey by eloping with his wife. Iago too, is unmasked when the evils he has caused are past remedy ; when Othello has murdered Desdemona and

stands on the brink of self-destruction. Shakespere's hero, however, leaves the stage, as he expresses it "scotched, not killed," while that of Dickens meets a horrible death as he is flying from the wrathful pursuit of his victim. The death of Carker, like the death of Sykes, displays a mind of powerful imagination, and and an acquaintance with the appalling sublime, which cannot be excelled by a single living writer.

Edith Dombey, or rather Edith Screwton, is a forcible picture of a falsely educated woman of high life. With natural fine qualities in her disposition, she is led by the pernicious schoolings of a foolish mother, into an alliance with a man towards whom she has the strongest antipathy. She is bartered against her proud will, and treats the object who has *bought* her with scorn and contempt. The scenes between Dombey and his wife are amongst the finest the author has ever drawn. The stubborn spirit of Edith despising the wealth and grandeur around her, and, trampling on every adornment of splendour that is near her, the wild and uncontrollable passions that break out, like fiery demons, and destroy the exquisite beauty of her features, are placed in terrible contrast to the attributes of calm yet proud self-consequence with which Dombey hopes to subdue her. Her almost incomprehensible abandonment of her husband and flight with Carker, whom she hates with her whole soul; her meeting with him in France, after she has become his wife and dishonoured the name of Dombey; and the scorn and contempt with which she repels his

advances, are brought before us in a manner that only a sublime conception and a perfect artist could have accomplished.

The character of Alice is that of the Edith of high life reversed. The two extremities of society are, by means of these two pictures, Edith and Alice, shewn to have a stronger resemblance to each other than their external appearance seems to indicate. The betrayed and abandoned Alice has the same scorn and contempt for the gold her mother so prizes, as the lady Edith has for the glitter and grandeur which fascinate Mrs. Screwton. The same uncontrollable passions are raging in the breast of the poor outcast, that has been a sacrifice to the avarice of good "Mrs. Brown," as in the lofty Edith, who has been the tool of the machinations of Mrs. Screwton. Thus the author would infer from these two characters that the internal features of society closely resemble each other—that the same evil passions which mark the progress of the abandoned outcast, and the poor beggar, lurk in the bosom of the falsely taught beauty of high life. The pictures are both the same, though surrounded by different objects, and drawn in different positions.

Mrs. Skrewton, the mother of Edith, is a melancholy satire on humanity. That age should command respect, and long life carry with it a dignity to call forth the reverence of even the indifferent observer, seems the natural light in which we love to see the declining sun of life ; but, when we see a lady like Mrs. Screwton,

decking her shrivelled and time-wrinkled person in all the gaiety and fashion which belong to youth alone—when we see her, smiling blandly upon the brink of the grave, receiving the fulsome flatteries and unmeaning compliments that are offered to her by the facetious Bagstock, we turn from her with feelings more of pity than of anger, and lament that such characters exist to call forth the lash of the satirist.

In “little Paul” Dickens again presented a child that touched the sympathies of every feeling nature. The quaint and seemingly supernatural knowledge of the child—his quiet and unchildish-like pursuits—his delicate constitution, that gave a languid interest to his form and a thoughtful expression to his face—gained him at once the suffrages of humanity. *Never was a child born in whom so many hopes and wishes were centred.*

To his stern and proud father, who saw in him the successor of his name and fame—the future upholder of that purseproud superiority which had been acknowledged and bowed to by the servile worship of the world—little Paul was “the immediate jewel of his soul.” He looked upon him not with the affectionate and parental fondness of a father; but with a self gratification that he would perpetuate his worldly eminence, and swell the commercial greatness of the Firm. The melancholy death of his wife was no calamity to him, so that she left this semblance of himself to carry out the mad schemes of his ambition. Little Paul, therefore, was the hope on which he built

the extensive structure of the ambition of his life, and laid the foundation of his future greatness.

To his sister, Florence, Paul was an object of deep love and tenderness. Watching over him with all the gentle solicitude and sisterly affection which an exquisitely feminine sensibility was capable of, she looked forward to possess in the kindness and love of a brother a recompense for the loss of a mother and the heartless treatment of a father.

To the world Paul appeared destined to become a high and an exalted character. His history, or rather his life, so far as it had progressed, gave every hope that he would grow up in wisdom, and, despising the cold maxims of his father, overturn the whole scheme of his life.

How sudden, then, did the death of this flower of hope and expectation come upon the world! How sudden it flashed upon the paralysed and wonder-stricken creature who dreamt not, for a moment, that God could thus crush the idol of his soul, and sweep for ever from the earth the image he had set up for his own aggrandisement!

Was there no moral lesson here?

Twice had Death cast his shadows around him—twice had he sought to humble him and chastise the impious conduct of his life; but his stubborn nature and proud spirit, though inly scorched by the last calamity, bent not beneath the weight of his misfor-

tune. It required the destruction of the "house of Dombey," and the fall of his much boasted reputation, to chasten, and ultimately to humble, the false pride of his nature.

Other authors, Jerrold for instance, would have crushed and annihilated him in the ruin of his house. But Dickens purifies by calamity and elevates by adversity; and we take leave of the formerly cold-hearted man of business with mingled feelings of satisfaction that he has at length been made to appreciate and love his daughter Florence and take an interest in her offspring—and of sorrow that the frozen fountains of his heart did not sooner melt beneath the sunny and social influences of life.

We have not space to touch upon the minor characters in the work. It would be a pleasant thing, to me at least, to speak of the peculiar character of Captain Cuttle and his friend Jack Bunsby—to take a look into the shop of old Solomon Gills—to pay a visit to Dr. Blimber's establishment, and have a word or two with Mr. Toots—to retail a few of the jokes of Joe Bagstock—and a few of the opinions of Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox—but these will readily present themselves to the minds of those who have read with delight the numerous characters in the work of Dombey & Son—and to those who have not, it is impossible to convey any idea of the author's witty, humorous, and ludicrous descriptions.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL, THE CHIMES, ETC.

I have refrained from mentioning the Christmas works of Dickens, not that they may be carelessly passed over, but that a consideration of them apart from his other productions suited better with the arrangement of these sketches. It would occupy too much space, however, to notice all Dickens's Christmas Stories, for there is sufficient and ample material in the five that have been published to form a volume. I shall merely, therefore, confine my remarks to the first publication of this class of stories, as containing most of the characteristics of the rest.

If Charles Dickens had written nothing but his Christmas Carol, he would have done enough to rescue his name from oblivion. The originality of its design, the beauty and truth of its conception, and the spirit of infectious benevolence and kind-heartedness which breathes in every page, at once stamp it as the work of a superior mind and a deep feeling nature. How many gloomy brows have brightened, how many contracted hearts expanded, how many dreams of avarice have been shattered and broken, by the pictures of this book? How many isolated beings of society, who have lived, shut out, like Scrooge, from the social and humanizing influence of their fellow-men, may this book have turned from their miserable and selfish course?

There are many old gentlemen of the present day as

ill-natured, as morose, as avaricious, as splenetic and selfish as old Scrooge—men to whom the sounds of “merry Christmas and happy new year” bring as disagreeable and discordant a sensation as they did to him. Was it not, then, a praiseworthy object, and a praiseworthy act of Dickens to hold up such a man—to picture him, as he had done, clinging to his narrow notions of the capacious and beautiful scheme of life—treating with callous irony every leaf of laurel, every branch of holly, every sprig of mistletoe, and every outward semblance of joy and festivity that looked and peered into his rigid face as he stole through the streets of Christmas illuminated London, and sought the unsocial and dim chambers of his solitary abode?

It was praiseworthy of any author to do this; but most authors would have left such a man as Scrooge where they had tracked him to, without caring to rescue him from the error he had fallen into.

Dickens, however, had hopes of such a man as Scrooge, and undertook to transform him. He brought to his aid three spirits—the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirit of the Past, or as it is called Christmas Past, carries Scrooge through all the scenes of his early life. Through its spiritual guidance he revisits the haunts of his childhood, lingers over the memories and associations of home, meets with old friends and familiar faces, and enjoys the delights of boyish pastimes, and the care-unmingled buoyancy of a happy and world-unsullied spirit. Gradually on and on, through the different stages of life, the Spirit

guides him, shewing him what sorrow he has inflicted, what wrongs committed, what love he has spurned, what affection he has blighted, in the soul-destroying and heart-annihilating course of avarice and gain that he has taken. On and on, the Spirit hurries him; yet he finds at times his heart soften and his spirit yearn for the happiness it has left behind: years and years pass by in quick succession, and the Spirit leaves him amid the contending emotions and varied sensations of a somewhat repentant nature.

Christmas Present appears, and as the passive Scrooge follows through scenes and places that are familiar to his eye, it shews to him forms and things whose existence turns the self-scrutinizing eye of conscience within him and teaches him the true wisdom and aim of life. This Spirit works a wonderful change in Scrooge—and the wish is strong within him to blot out from his memory many acts of hard-heartedness, and redeem himself by future acts of benevolence; but the time for this has not yet come. There is one Spirit more, who shews the fate that awaits him at last—who presents to him most terrible pictures that he shrinks and shudders at contemplating. This Spirit shews him his own miserable death-bed, without a friend to console, or a single being to mourn at his departure. Picture succeeds picture, and the dark horrors and terrible scenes of the garret in which he dies strike terror and remorse to his cringing soul, and in the midst of these he awakes—for it is all a dream. He awakes, however, a “wiser and a better man,” and

seeks to redeem by the acts of his future life, the errors of the past. He enters at once into the spirit of Christmas—for it is now Christmas-day in the morning. A new life springs up suddenly within him, and the selfish, money-grasping, and unfeeling Scrooge of the past is transformed into the charitable, the benevolent, and the kind hearted.

Thus is the lesson of the author manifested; but how beautifully manifested it is impossible to convey an idea, for the Carol is so full of fine thoughts—so sprinkled with the radiant colours and fresh-glowing hues of the author's brilliant imagination—that it is in vain to attempt a description of its deeply poetic and truly pathetic nature.

In the *Chimes*, the *Cricket on the Hearth*, the *Battle of Life* and the *Haunted Man*, the good intention and humane purpose are evident; though it is questionable, whether any of them possess the fresh and glowing pictures which fill the pages of the Carol. All, however, have the same aim. All are levelled against some existing evil in society; and if the author is blameable for repeating so often the same idea, it is a fault that may be pardoned in no one so well as himself, for he represents it in such a shape of grace and beauty, as adds to it fresh tints of time-mellowed colours. It is evident, however, in the *Haunted Man* that he has exhausted his subject. He had worked upon the same idea until it had become barren and unfruitful.

Yet there is one passage in the *Haunted Man* which

is enough to redeem the faults of the book. In speaking of the ignorant and savage boy he introduces, he says, emphatically :

“There is not one of these—not one—but sows a
“harvest that mankind must reap. From every seed
“of evil in this boy, a field of ruin is grown that shall
“be gathered in. and garnered up, and sown again in
“many places in the world, until regions are over-
“spread with wickedness enough to raise the waters
“of another deluge.

“Open and unpunished murder in a city’s streets
“would be less guilty in its daily toleration, than one
“such specimen as this.

“There is not a father by whose side in his daily or
“nightly walks these creatures pass ; there is not a
“mother among all the ranks of living mothers in the
“land ; there is no one risen from a state of childhood,
“but shall be responsible in his or her degree for this
“enormity. There is not a country throughout the
“earth on which it would not bring a curse. There
“is no religion upon the earth it would not deny ;
“there is no people upon earth it would not put to
“shame.”

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

IN the preceding chapters I have endeavoured to give a slight sketch of all the productions of Dickens as they successively appeared, describing the manner in which they were received, and the *purpose* for which

they were written. I might, perhaps, have introduced a few specimens of his writings, shewing how beautiful he is in description, how melting in pathos, how elegant yet biting in satire, how rich in humour, and how luxuriant in fancy ; but I was afraid of extending these remarks to too great a length.

There are few, however, who have made themselves acquainted with the writings of this popular author, who do not acknowledge him to be a beautiful writer ; but there are some who *doubt* the moral tendency of his writings. The name of Dickens is very often confounded with the works of his contemporaries. An instance of this kind came within my own experience. Some time ago I delivered in public an essay on Polite Literature, and in the course of my remarks paid a high compliment to Charles Dickens. A gentleman rose at the conclusion of the essay, and said, as nearly as I can remember,—“I am somewhat surprised to “hear the essayist pay so high a compliment to “Charles Dickens. I lament that such writers should “stand so high in his estimation. I have not, myself, “read any of this author’s writings ; but I am suffi- “ently aware of the pernicious effects of his Jack “Shepherd and his *Mysteries of London* to give them, “at all times, my strenuous opposition and unqualified “disapproval.” The gentleman was made aware of his error, and I met him shortly after, when he expressed his sorrow that he should have been led into such a statement, as he had since read some of Dickens’s works, and had been deceived in their

tendency.

I have merely related this circumstance to shew how fallacious may be the opinions of intelligent men when formed by prejudice and wrong impressions. This gentleman had received a college education, and was well read in every species of English and Foreign Literature ; yet he condemned an author when he had not seen even the title page of one of his books.

To this charge of immorality which is so frequently urged against Dickens's writings, I have little to adduce in opposition, confident that all liberal and intelligent minds will at once acquit him of it. There is not, I believe, one expression of obscenity in any of his books that could give rise to such a charge. He has carefully avoided indelicate allusions even in his most abandoned characters. Nancy, considering her position, might be expected to speak the language of lewdness and indecency : but she utters nothing that may shock the purest mind ; and on words of kindness and sympathy being addressed to her, she displays a deep sense of degradation of her manner of life—a revelation of the inward workings of a trodden-down spirit, and a consciousness of her own impurity, which go far to make us pardon all her transgressions.

Some have advanced that Dickens is a light and frivolous writer—and so he is at times ; but always at proper times. It would be as absurd to quarrel with Sam Weller because he is not metaphysical, or with Richard Swiveller because he is not philosophical, as it would be to find fault with Hamlet because he is

not humorous or Macbeth because he is not witty. It would be equally as absurd to look for the same ingredients in Milton's *L'Allegro* as compose his *Il Penseroso*—yet each taken in its proper light produces the impressions intended by the author. Some persons may look upon Milton's *Comus* as light and frivolous in comparison with his *Paradise Lost*—and so, no doubt, it is; yet each bears its distinctive character, and the business of an author is to write in conformity with his subject. The sublimity that appears in *Paradise Lost* would but ill suit the fanciful and imaginative construction of *Comus*; yet Milton has never been accused of being light and frivolous. I do not wish for a moment to compare Dickens with Milton—for there is truly a wide difference between them; but merely wish to shew that a great writer, whatever subject or whatever set of persons he seeks to pourtray, must conform as strictly as possible to their nature. If Shakespere brings on the stage a silly gentleman he makes him act, speak, and conduct himself like a silly gentleman; but we are not to take the nonsense he utters as if the author were speaking in person. So it is with Dickens; like his master, he endeavours to “hold, as ’twere the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.” If Dickens puts into the mouth of a London cabman the slang that is peculiar to that race, he only copies from life, for every body who has seen the original knows the copy to be correct; yet

we are not called upon to admire his language or imitate his conduct.

But it is useless to carry these remarks further. Whatever may be urged against the writings of this author, it is evident that a great portion of the intelligent of the nation look upon them as the production of a mind that acts and thinks for the good of mankind. His present high position as an English writer, and the state of popular feeling in this country towards him, are a sufficient guarantee that his writings possess something of that dignified character which commands admiration and respect.

There are, unfortunately, too few writers like him ; too few who seek to spread abroad that fine spirit of humanity—that deep sympathy with sorrow and misfortune—and that elevated tone of morality and virtue, which distinguish his writings. Too few there are, who endeavour, like him, to cheer and encourage amid the darkness of despair—to sooth in trouble and elevate in misfortune. In the whole round of English fiction, from the days of Richardson to the age of Scott, there is no writer, that I know of, who has uttered nobler sentiments and advanced more exalted views of human nature than Charles Dickens.

MOONLIGHT.

I.

How purely, beautifully bright
The stars are gleaming,
Shining on the earth this night
As though a soul were in each light,
And all were dreaming !
Soft sighs the wind o'er leaf and flower,
So gently breaking
Night's stillness, with bewitching power,
Like lutes awaking.

II.

How heavenly seems this blessed night,
So chastely still, so purely bright !
So gently moulding every feeling
Higher thoughts and things revealing
To the mental sight,
Softly o'er the spirit stealing
In the sweet moonlight.

III.

In such an hour the heart looks back
To many an early dream—
The spirit glides through many a track
And broods o'er many a beam
Of Memory's soft entrancing light,
That bringeth to the yearning sight
Days long departed,
Ere Youth's first freshness died away,
Or vernal hope had felt decay ;
Before life's first dark cloud had come,
Or sorrow brought its hour of gloom
To the light-hearted.
Yet now, in such a tranquil scene,
When stars look down on earth serene
In beauty, from their homes on high,
All sweetly smiling from the sky ;

When the bird has sought its secret nest,
 And the butterfly found its place of rest ;
 When the honey bee has left the flower,
 Till bursts again the sunlight hour ;
 When the cheek of the rose, that bloomed so red
 In the morning sun, seems cold and dead,
 Yet sheds its purest fragrance forth
 To sweeten the air that sweeps the earth ;
 Yes ! now, in such a scene as this,
 Man feels a sense of perfect bliss :
 Rapt in ethereal dreams of thought
 He finds what long his mind hath sought,
 And found not in the busy world.

IV.

Peace, gentle Peace, hath here unfurled
 Her emblem'd tissue o'er the earth,
 And Purity and Love give birth
 To thought and feeling.
 Now Fancy, like a spirit child,
 Takes wing, and in gyrations wild
 Sweeps through the boundless realms of space
 With viewless, swift, electric pace,
 New worlds revealing ;
 Then sinks, her airy voyage past,
 On some calm shore of thought at last.

V.

What thoughts that lips have never told
 Have wakened here !
 What visions, dreams, sensations, hopes,
 And memories dear !
 What aspirations pure and deep,
 As ever blessed a poet's sleep,
 Have here been felt—yet had no tongue
 To breathe them ! Here the timid young
 And rapt enthusiast may have stood
 And felt the flash of genius come,
 Like lightning through the tempest gloom,

To fuse his spirit with a flood
Of mental light,
And make the scene he gazed upon
More purely bright.

VI.

Here, too, may gentle maid and youth
Have vowed to each unchanging truth ;
Here may their hearts have felt the power,
The potent spell of such an hour,
Fall softly on them. Here the flush
Of conscious love, the thrill, the blush,
The word low murmured from the breast
That glowed with feelings unexpressed,
The pressure of the hand, the kiss,
The trembling silence, and the bliss
Of speechless rapture, may have passed,
No eye to see, no tongue to tell.
Here may the lingering, long farewell,
All trembling as its accents fell,
Have stayed that dream too sweet to last.

VII.

Where is the eye that sparkles not
While gazing on each dream-like spot
The moon reveals?
Oh, can there be that earth-bound mind
To mental joys so cold, so blind,
That through it steals,
On such a night, no ray of thought
To raise it high,
Unto the sky,
Where God such wondrous deeds hath wrought ?
Yes ! there are those on this fair earth,
Where Beauty, bright as at her birth,
Beams every where,
That slight the feast of flowers she spreads,
Nor heed the world of light she sheds ;
But still brood on, in sullen gloom,
Amidst the sunlight and the bloom,
With hearts of care.

In vain for them the summer Queen
Enrobes herself in freshest green,
And in all varied hues spreads forth
Her buds and blossoms o'er the earth !
In vain for them the landscape grows
Upon the sight—the streamlet flows
In winding beauty through the vale,
And many a pretty primrose pale
Looks sweetly from its hiding place,
So coyly with its modest face.

VIII.

Blest among men are those who feel
The influence of nature steal
Upon their waking dreams ;
Who love the freedom of the hills,
Where Liberty alone distills
Her purer essence, far apart
From aught that sullies mind and heart,
By waving woods and streams,
Where whispering music well accords
In harmony with bees and birds,
And Peace, not silence, throws around
Her charm—that should have nations bound
And blest in times far distant now :
Yet sorrow gathers on the brow
In this our day—and many a stain
On nations grows, which time in vain
May seek to cancel from the page
That tells their deeds to many a future age.
Even now, perchance, yon moon of placid light,
That seems the bright eternal soul of Night,
May witness deeds of carnage and of blood—
Where men in universal brotherhood
This morn were met ; the wild demoniac cry
Of deadly hate is raised, and thousands die,
With curses on their lip and hate-clenched hand,
Breathing destruction on their native land.

Mark, how yon envious gathering cloud
Weaves round the moon its dense black shroud,
And speaks prophetic language to the heart—
Silent and slow her last pale beams depart,
As bidding earth adieu she lowers her crest,
And sinks all peaceful to her mystic rest.

THANKS TO THE GREAT.

Thanks to the great, the mighty dead,
Whose spirits still are with us here,
Whose thoughts and fancies round us lie,
To wake the smile or force the tear.
Thanks for all the silent joys
Their pleasant converse hath bestowed,
For all the chastened sense and soul
That from their hallowed lips have flowed.

Thanks to the great, the mighty dead,
For thoughts and relics left behind ;
For every genial gleam of Truth
To banish error from the mind.
Thanks for all the lofty thoughts
That set the shackled spirits free—
For all their mighty minds have left,
As heirlooms to posterity.

Thanks to the great, whose voices come
Around us in the silent hour,
When musing Meditation binds
Our spirits with her mystic power.
Thanks for all the pure and bright
Creations they have left behind,
That shine immortal as the stars,
And shed their light on all mankind.

Thanks to the great, whose lives were passed
Too oft in penury and toil,
Who dared to look beyond the hour,
To till the intellectual soil.
Remember all the scoff and scorn
Their noble natures suffered then ;

So born for Truth, for Freedom, Right,
The noblest attributes of men.
Thanks to the great, whose holy dreams
Are felt by kindred natures here,
Whose words still breathed by living lips,
Fall sweetly on the listening ear.
Thanks to the departed great,
For all their gifted minds have wrought,
Thanks to all those whose souls have formed
The boundless universe of thought.

A THOUGHT.

I sat upon a river's brink
And watched the stream, like childish dream,
Glide musically by,
I looked upon its surface bright,
Its smiling face with many a trace
Of fadeless purity.
Thus thought I should fair woman be,
With voice as sweet, and noiseless, fleet
Her happy days pass by,
With no dark frown upon her face;
But like the river, bright for ever,
Gliding to eternity.

GENTLENESS.

Sweet Gentleness! the pale moonlight,
That sleeps so softly on the stream;
The thickly-clustered stars of night,
That high, too high above us gleam;
Each flower that blooms, each bird that sings,
Each brook that wimples fresh and free;
Each purer thought Reflection brings—
Are emblems beautiful of thee!
Blest name whose tone once more recal
The memory of kind words spoken;
Kind looks, kind deeds, kind wishes—all
The spirit-bonds time hath not broken;

The hopes, the aspirations, dreams,
Of Childhood's morning, Youth's bright noon,
Thou bringest back,—like precious gleams
Of sunshine hours that fade too soon.

Sweet Gentleness ! thou purest ray
That shines within the human mind !
Peace sheds her glory on thy way,
And guides thee like a parent kind ;
Love smiles upon thy angel face,
Enamoured of the beauty there ;
And Truth, the matchless child of grace,
Still strews thy path with treasures rare.
Soft nurse of all that's great or good !
The mightiest will feel thy power,
When passions scalding lava flood
Hath ceased to roll. In that still hour,
When thought becomes pure blessedness,
Companion'd by sweet Fancy's light,
Thou bringest dreams of happiness
To bless the solitude of night.

Sweet Gentleness ! thou flower-like thing,
That dies not when the summer light
Hath past away, and on the wing
Of Brightness falls the cloud of Night ;
Thou art the Poet's soul ! to him
The Peace star in this world's dark strife,
A spirit-beauty nought can dim,
The essence of his inner life.
One touch, sweet Gentleness, of thine
On man's proud nature, wakes to birth
Exalted feelings, thoughts divine,
That lift his spirit from the earth—
World-weary, let him turn to thee,
And soothe his aching bosom ever,
As wave that struggles from the sea,
To gain at last some peaceful river.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE old year ! What memories cluster round the heart at that simple sentence ! How many bright and glorious things have withered in the lapse of one short year ! Spring, with all its blooming flowers, its daisied fields, and green-robed hedges—its carolling birds, rejoicing in the sunshine, filling the air with Nature's harmony, hath passed away ; Summer, in all its prime of loveliness and beauty,—Nature, full-grown, in all her grandeur and magnificence—hath sunk into the gulf of time ; Autumn, with its waving corn-fields and ripened fruits, its shortening days and lovely nights, is wrapt once more in the snowy shroud of Winter ; and the last light of the old year will soon, alas ! be “faded and gone.”

Well may the ages of man be compared to the four seasons. Childhood, youth, manhood, and age, are but the types of the changing year. In twelve fleeting months we read the lesson of human life. Truly has the late lamented L. E. L. said, that

“ The changeful year itself may read
Its lesson to the human heart ;
How pass away its sunshine hours,
How does its loveliness depart.”

Look back, ye children of earth ! Ye that are toiling and struggling in this wide world ; ye that are in the summer of your existence—full of hope and expectation—with all your faculties and affections, like the flowers around you, blossoming into perfection ; ye that have left your summer days behind, and contemplate in the calm tranquillity of autumn ; and ye that have approached to the last stage, fraught with infirmities and trouble. Cast ye a “longing, lingering look” on the dying year—shadow in your minds the light and darkness that have passed like day and night upon you—recall to your memories the rays of happiness and the clouds of adversity—realize a moving panorama before the vision of the mind—let it pass in all the

diversity of change—mingling the dark and bright, the lights and shades of bygone times, and read, in one short year, the history of the whole.

Could we analyse the human heart, ascertain all the varied affections, passions, feelings, hopes, and disappointments that alternately possess it—now borne on the whirlwind of passion, reckless of every danger that may surround it—fevered and restless—plunging into the yawning abyss of evil—indulging in daily dreams of fraud and guilt—familiarizing itself with vice and wretchedness, till it becomes callous and hardened, we would find many, alas! too many that could look not through the vista of time without feelings of the most poignant bitterness. Yet we would find much that is good and pure—many that are fraught with gentleness and benevolence, whose affections have been nurtured beneath the fostering sunshine of happiness, to form a blessed contrast to this darker picture of human nature.

To such as these a review of the old year brings many sweet remembrances. These alone can dwell with tenderness and affection on the vanished joys of the old year; yet they have some degree of pain to mingle with their bliss; ennobled with the sublimest virtues—cherishing good as a boon from heaven, and labouring for the happiness of their fellow-creatures—yet even to them it is denied to escape the blighting influence of grief and sorrow,

“For those who are soonest awake to the flowers
Are always the first to be touched by the thorns.”

MOORE.

Now is the time for reflection. Seated over a bright fire on a dreary winter's night, with all our thoughts and fancies let loose to wander and travel at will—imagination bodying forth the form of things that are known and cherished in the mind—dwelling on past events—and hoarding up in the bosom all that is best and purest—this is a season when Nature presents to

the human eye a startling picture. Where is her boasted loveliness now? Where are her charms and fascinations? Seek ye the witchery of her sunlit smiles? List ye to hear her cherub voice of music, pouring forth its thousand melodies, unasked, unpaid? Gaze ye now on all the voluptuousness of beauty—worshipping her as an idol, and drawing inspiration from the very sight? Alas! no. Ye look on one cold mass of lifeless snow. Ye have seen Nature in all her Protean shapes. Ye have seen her rising like a phoenix from the ashes into light and loveliness, till bursting on the gazing world a godlike piece of perfection—ye have seen her withering away, like one of her own flowers. Ye have watched her decreasing strength, and mourned over her fallen greatness—and now you see her a pale, cold, and care-worn creature, with the white shroud already around her: the hand of Death is now open to clutch in his iron grasp the time-worn and emaciated form of her who had all the world for her worshippers. Nature, the goddess, has been despoiled for all her gay and fantastic garments; she has put off her “pleasant robe of green,” and is wrapt in the white winding-sheet of her own weaving.

“So falls, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!”

WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

To divert the mind from dwelling too deeply on this melancholy picture, Christmas comes with all its heart-endearing customs; its family meetings, and indoor festivities. Feasts, balls, and mimicry, of every description, tread on each other's heels. Pleasure is the syren that has wound round the whole universe her shell of enchantment. The high-born and the lowly, the rich and the poor, participate in the general

jubilee. Children look forward to it as the consummation of all their hopes and aspirations; men, young, and old, seem merrier at its approach than in all the luxuriance of summer; women hail it as an eventful epoch in their lives! and without them Christmas would lose its dearest charms. All are eager in the chace after Pleasure. Yulecakes are plentiful; larders well stocked with every delicacy; cellars full of the best of liquors; and every thing at this time denotes happiness and content. Few but have something to rejoice themselves and their friends at the season of "merry Christmas."

This season has been too truthfully delineated by the pen of Washington Irving for us to dwell much upon it. Our heart warms as we remember how beautifully he has painted his Christmas scenes.

And now we must finish our reverie. We have spent a night among old remembrances, and melancholy reflections have forced themselves upon us. We are not of the gloomy cast, but memory can

"Waken thoughts that long have slept."

It can call up thoughts and feelings that have been slumbering in the bosom for years—people the mind with life's realities—and place before us a mirror that reflects the chequered history of our existence.

FOR AN ALBUM.

When those who trace these fancies here
Shall pass like dust away,
And cheeks that glow and eyes that beam
Shall change, grow dim, decay—
Deem, as thou call'st each friend to mind
(Each link that Death has riven)
Their souls have spurned the weight of earth,
And winged their flight to heaven.

TO MARIANNE.

No. 1.

I am lonely—none are near me
To soothe or to caress ;
No voice of love to cheer me,
No kindred heart to press ;
No smile to dissipate the gloom
That preys without control ;
No eye to beam in tenderness,
And lighten up my soul.

I am lonely—and the dearest
Of hopes seem withered now ;
The star that shone the clearest
Is burning dimly too ;
But thought, unquenched, undying thought
In bitterness is left,
And of all that made it beautiful
My being is bereft.

I am lonely—in dejection
For hours in folly sped ;
The demon of reflection
Is brooding o'er my head ;
Yet, oh ! if penitence from sin
Can set the sufferer free,
And God can grant “foregiveness”—
I ask but this of thee.

No. 2.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I love the seasons every one,
Each and all have charms for me,
Since every change that nature brings,
Still rolls in ceaseless harmony.
Autumn bringeth fruit and food,
To feed the dwellers on the earth—
Winter, though it chills and blights,
To kindly feelings still gives birth.

Spring, the tear eyed maid, comes on,
With new born life and gladdening smile,
To melt the ice-formed chains that kept
The streams in bondage for awhile :
Till glorious Summer bursts at last
All radiant from her golden sphere,
To make our hearts leap dancing forth
And crown the seasons of the year.
I love them all—bright sun, black cloud,
They still are welcome things to me—
But *Summer* dearer than the rest
I love—*because it nurtured thee.*

No. 3.

I am with thee in spirit
Wherever thou art ;
In light or in darkness
The spell's on my heart ;
Every thought, every feeling,
Like streams to the sea,
In joy or in sorrow
Glide softly to thee.
In the ray of the sun,
In the beam of the moon,
The first blush of morning,
The glory of noon,
With the dew on the grass,
And the scent on the flower,
I am with thee in spirit
Through every hour.
Turn thy thoughts for awhile
On the blue hills afar,
When shines the red sun
Or when twinkles the star ;
When the cloud's on the mountain,
The mist on the sea,
May thy heart's gentle fountain
Be flowing to me.

Distance can dim not
The light of the soul ;
Ocean divide not
Though ceaseless it roll—
In calm or in tempest
'Twere vain to dis sever—
Spirit with spirit
Shall mingle for ever.
Though Envy may perish,
And Hatred pass by,
They are feelings we cherish
Yet ought to let die ;
But LOVE must live on,
The best boon that is given,
To the children on earth,
By the Father in heaven.

No. 4.

When the short-lived hours of gladness
Leave a gloom upon my brow,
And my soul is fraught with sadness
Deep and dark as it is now ;
When the memory of happy hours,
That fleetingly depart,
And the sleeping chords of Feeling
Awake within my heart :
O then thy soft and beaming eyes
Around the darkening gloom,
Like light to birds from summer skies,
With mute expression come ;
And sunny things of sunny days
They seem to say to me,
Those gentle ministers of love
That beam so silently.
When Hope is seen beguiling
Every care that lurks within ;
Before my mind's eye smiling,
Like a child that knows no sin ;

In purer moments, when the soul
Spurns back all earthly things
That seek to taint its freshness
And soil its heavenward wings ;
'Tis then I feel that thou art linked
With every purer part
Of nature's worth, that dwells within
And grows around the heart ;
That though my onward course hath been
So wayward, careless, free,
Some latent good is left me still
To share till death with thee.

When the morning sun is beaming,
And flowers beneath its light
In fairy spots are gleaming,
Like stars in heaven at night ;
When the evening sun is fading
So peacefully away,
And the twilight soft is shading
The lids of dying day :

'Tis thus, I think, that you and I
Should pass from earth away ;
All placidness and peace within,
Ere fades life's fitful day ;
With Hope's bright torch to guide us on
To purer realms than this,
Where earthly toils and cares will be
Exchanged for endless bliss.

REMINISCENCES OF
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHATEVER can be related of the character of a man of genius,—whether of a private or public nature—either tending to develop his virtues or his failings, will be received by his admirers with feelings of deep

sympathy. When the mind has become powerless that was fraught with the finest conceptions of poetic beauty, and the heart becomes cold that was warmed by the purest feelings of our nature,—when Death has taken away from us a light that he can never restore, it is some relief to treasure up remembrances of the “spirit that’s gone,” and nurse them in the core of our hearts, till

“The last ray of feeling and life shall depart.”

The poet, above all others, holds the first place in the affections of the people. The historian may instruct us with the annals of past ages—the biographer acquaint us with the varied passions of human nature, and the man of science lead us onward in the search of truth—but the poet’s lore will lie deepest in the heart—soften down the ruggedness of its readers, and infuse into the mind a pure love of whatever is beautiful or sublime. Cherish, then, the flowers of Poesy! Protect them from the assaults of the unfeeling; let them nestle around your hearts—sweeten the cares of your existence—heighten your earthly happiness, and lead you to the contemplation of an after life—then the end and object of the poet will be accomplished.

My reminiscences of Allan Cunningham are but meagre, being the fruits of short and casual interviews; but the impression made upon my mind by the amiability of his disposition and the purity of his manners will be deep and lasting. Attaining, as he had, great reputation in many branches of literature, and standing high in the opinion of the contemporaries of his age, alike as a poet, biographer and critic, I expected to meet with a haughty demeanour and a self-assumed superiority, but was agreeably deceived when I found that I could converse with him without any awe or uneasiness. There was the same simplicity in his manners that is visible in his poetry,—that quiet unassuming air which we may suppose Beattie to have possessed. Having laboured in the capacity

of a journeyman mason, and mixed with the society of his station in his younger years, till his genius procured him the high advancement of becoming the foreman of Sir Francis Chantrey, Cunningham still found pleasure in conversing with the poor. Though his society was courted by almost every one who had any pretensions to literature, he could take his seat within the humblest tenement where nature is a constant guest, stripped of disguise and affectation—where the tongue but speaks what the heart dictates—and unfold his store of Scottish anecdote, with the freedom of a pedlar, and the sociability of a fireside chronicler.

Cunningham's appearance was not what might have been imagined for a poet. There was a certain heaviness about his whole frame—such as has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson. In stature he was very tall, and his features were rather coarse, displaying little of the intelligence and intellect with which he was gifted, but appeared dull and heavy. His manners, as I have before said, were pleasing and prepossessing, without the least shew of pride. I was playing on the flute the air of "Scots wha hae," when he entered the place where I was seated, and I ceased rather abruptly on his appearance. He requested me to play it again, as it was an air greatly and gloriously connected with the freedom of Scotland. He seemed to feel it acutely, and beat time with his foot. He spoke of the effect a Scotch air had on the feelings of a countryman, when heard in a distant land. It came to his mind like a voice from the past, and brought sweet visions of youth before his imagination. He once more looked back to his mountain home—his own native hills—and wrapt in pleasing thoughts, he listened to the thrilling strains of the pibroch from the land of his childhood. He elucidated this with a passage from Walter Scott, and repeated the lines with a vigour and pathos I have seldom heard excelled.

Cunningham spoke very partially of Scott, who was

a great friend of his. I asked him, if he credited the powers of Scott's memory in reciting the whole of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" after a slight perusal of the manuscript. He doubted the truth, as Campbell and Scott were not intimate, being opposite in political opinions. He, however, fully believed in Scott's ability to do so. His friend, James Hogg, he said, told him that when reciting one of his own (Hogg's) ballads to Sir Walter Scott, he stuck fast and could not proceed. Scott said to him, "I'll try, Jamie, if I can recollect it." With this he went through the whole of the ballad, though it was three years since he had heard it. Such was the powerful memory of this great genius. Scott, he said, never wrote on more than two sides of a sheet of paper, leaving two sides for his corrections. He had some of his manuscripts by him. He related one or two anecdotes of the "great unknown." The following is one. As some gentlemen were dining in a room opposite to that of the host, one of them was observed to stand, as if transfixed to the window, a considerable time. His friend coming up, asked him what took his attention so much from the company. He answered, that an apparition had haunted him the whole night, of a hand moving rapidly to and fro for some time, then throwing something aside, and commencing again in the same way. His friend told him it was Walter Scott, writing one of his romances. Such was the facility, correctness, and legibility of Scott, that when a romance was finished, it had the appearance of being executed by an excellent and laborious penman.

He spoke of Scott in the highest terms, and thought his genius of an unlimited and astonishing description. He had immortalized the country of his birth, and given a world of pleasure to all nations. Scott, he said, used to get up in the morning at six, and write till eight, then dress for breakfast, go into the country, and return again to his labours. He mentioned one of his novels being written in a fortnight, and that he

never employed an amanuensis but once, which was for the last two volumes of *Ivanhoe*.

After Cunningham had spoken rapturously of Burns's lyrics, I played him several of the Scotch airs which Burns has immortalized. They awoke the spirit of song within him, and he sung the following to an old Scotch air :—

“ There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o'Galla water.
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I love him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o'Galla water.
Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindness, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure ! ”—BURNS.

But Apollo had not favoured him in this art, as his voice was any thing but musical.

Cunningham was fond of using quotations from the Scotch poets, and it is remarkable, that the last time he left Sir F. Chantrey's yard, he repeated the following line from Burns :—

“ The toil-worn *cotter* frae his labour goes,”
and in a short time he was “ numbered with the dead.”

He was a laborious author—a worker in his leisure hours—as he never neglected his daily occupations at the yard of Chantrey, to indulge in the pursuits dearest to his heart. He was esteemed by all who knew him ; and I question whether any bard has left a name more calculated to impress us with a love of virtue and moral rectitude.

SUGGESTIVE SONNETS,

I.

Like purest gold emboss'd in the earth,
Unseen, unknown, untouched by mortal hand,
Lives many a man, whose unrecorded worth
Might shed a light of glory on the land
That owns not his nobility. The great
In heart and mind emblazon not their deeds
Before the wondering mind : but emulate,
Too oft, the gem that lies beneath the sea,
And shrouds its light from all eternity.
The pert and shallow coxcomb oft succeeds
Where men with vast and mighty scope
Of intellect will fail : unfit to cope
With falsehood and servility : too high
In moral rectitude and man's unswerving dignity.

II.

Life's mysteries are deep—too deep for man
To scrutinize and fathom. Daily rise
And fall the earthly great before our eyes.
To-day the monarch reigns—*to-morrow*, wan,
He stands a beggar in a foreign land ;
While, madly furious, a demon band
Tear down the crown of monarchy, and tread
It in the dust. A mighty tempest breaks
Amid the nation—*Revolution* wakes
Her horrid larum, and, ere night hath sped,
A city's streets are filled with human blood !
Time works stupendous changes. Bad and good
Alternate sway the passions of the crowd,
And Mystery in all cries out aloud.

III.

The dream of Youth fleets fast—yet other dreams
Succeed, as Life unfolds its wondrous things
Of light and beauty. Wild imaginings,
Which haunt the eager mind, give place to gleams
Of sterner truth ; but still amid vague dreams
And unshaped thoughts we live. Low whisperings

Of something yet uncompassed, yet to come,
 Are ever with us ; and the yearning soul
 Bears up ethereally 'mid the gloom
 With certainty at length to reach the goal.
 Hopes fade and come again, like fitful beams
 Of sunshine in the storm ; now dark, now bright,
 The course of life appears—till, midst our dreams,
 Death shrouds eternally the mortal sight.

IV.

We live in fearful times ! when deeds are done
 Which make our listening nature turn aghast
 And shudder in recital. Things that stun
 The sense, and shake belief, have quickly passed,
 And with electric force come jarring on
 Our inmost sensibilities. Each day
 Realities horridous display
 Their foul and dreadful forms beneath the sun,
 And MURDER'S voice comes booming through the land !
 Great God ! what crimes humanity commits
 In vengeful rage, or Passion's madd'ning fits,
 When Reason fails and Frenzy takes command !
 Men thirst for blood as tigers do for prey—
 Destruction waves her arm and life is swept away.

V.

The poor are often rich in being poor !
 For poverty and thought are strongly bound
 Together, Gifted men ere ever found
 Among the lowly. Minds that will endure
 For ever, have been nurtured in the school
 Of want and hunger, penury and pain.
 Exceptions break the lamentable rule,
 And Genius lights, at times, her holy flame
 Among the temples of the nobly born ;
 But few are they who win themselves a name !
 The quenchless immortality of fame
 Is ever earved by toil ; and wearied, worn,
 And sorely pressed with care hath been the mind
 That gains at length the sympathies of all mankind.

VI.

'Twas wisely said—by one who knew too well
Its truth—"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn." Around us swell
Life's self accumulating ills, to fan
The flame of discontent. Oppression's hand
Still seeks to crush the feeble of the land,
And Might, the giant who should rend the chain
That binds the suffering million, piles on high
The barriers of their long captivity,
And mocks the bitter cries of human pain :
When will the blessed dawn of Freedom break
The weary darkness of the lingering night ?
When will the nations of the world awake
And burst the clouds that dim the long-expected light ?

VII.

O, 'tis a blessed thing, when sorrows come,
(As come they will to all men) to possess
A mind that calmly looks upon distress
And suffering ! that droops not in the gloom
Which falls upon the sunshine of its thought,
But bears itself serenely sad, yet firm,
Through deep calamities. Too few the germ
Of self, control, encourage. Thousands doat
On others for support, when comes the hour
Of bitter trial, turn aside and swerve,
Unknowing of their course ; but he whose nerve
Grows stronger by endurance, whose high power
Of Intellect can concentrate its force,
Bears nobly through the storm, nor falters in his course.

VIII.

Onward, still on ! yet onward like a sea
That rolls along its course eternally,
The restless spirit of Improvement moves !
Dark Ignorance grows bright when she appears,
And high Intelligence, that ever loves
To sow the seeds of Knowledge, proudly cheers
And aids the work of progress. Man looks back
Unto the past with wonder. In the track

Through which old generations passed,
The light of Truth was densely overcast,
And evil thoughts were spread around the earth :
But brightly dawned the day of better things,
When, 'midst the throes of states and fall of kings,
The Spirit of Improvement sprang exulting into birth !

IX.

'Tis not in riches that the secret springs
Of this world's happiness are found. The mind
By thought enlightened, and by taste refined,
Hath keener joys than boasted wealth e'er brings
To its vain worshipper. Cursed is the man
Whose soul's religion is the love of Gold ;
Whose nature, since his sordid course began,
To one vile, selfish passion hath been sold !
Are there not thousands in the world who deem,
Alas, how falsely ! wealth can compass all
Life's dearest pleasures ? Oh ! now thickly fall
Such errors on benighted natures. Gleam,
Thou sun of bright Intelligence and burst
The bonds that shackle mind and heart to such a creed
accursed !

X.

Reverse the picture : from the man of gold
Turn to the man of mind. Doth *he* not know
From whence the currents of enjoyment flow ?
Yes ! Time, through years of thought, to him hath told
The secret of life's happiness. His eye
Can pierce beneath the surface, and discern
The false and true. Long hath he learnt to spurn
The outward show of purse-proud Vanity,
And look within for riches greater far
Than greedy Gain can e'er accumulate.
What cared the man whose "soul was like a star
And dwelt apart " for wealth and princely state ?
Where wisdom lives the baser passions die,
And Selfishness is lost in Truth's immensity !

RETROSPECTION.

WHAT pleasing images does a retrospective view of days gone by give to a thinking and reflective mind!—to one that can sympathise in a maturer age with the follies and visions of his youth. All who have indulged in retrospective musings will remember the impression made on their imagination by the powers of fiction.

Dear, delusive Romance! many a night have I sat deeply absorbed in thy fairy fields, following the hero and heroine through their perils and dangers; or, listened to the breathings of a young and ardent lover, as he chanted his high inspirations in praise of his mistress, in the pale, shadowy moonlight.

What charming interest pervades the wild and romantic descriptions of an able novelist, as he pours a flood of delightfully flowing language and ideas on the ear of a young enthusiast! He is carried away, as it were, into a new-created world. He imagines himself, for a time, actually on the spot the author describes—visits the beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Rhine, while he is sitting comfortably at home, over his own fireside.

Delightful boyhood! when the heart is just beginning to feel that pleasurable and noble excitement occasioned by the strongly-pictured scenes of fiction and romance; when we are alternately wandering through the palace and the cottage, and witnessing the various characters, and the passions and feelings of the courtier and the peasant.

The works of immortal SCOTT will make a lasting impression on the memory of all his readers. I still can look back, and trace in the realms of Fancy, the chivalrous exploits of the brave Ivanhoe and the high-souled Black Prince; the vivid and brilliant descriptions of the glittering tournament—the beauteous Rebecca and the virtuous Rowena. My heart has often beat high at the shivering of a lance, or the fall of some stranger knight who had entered the lists.

What lovely beings has SCOTT's imagination conjured up! What soul is not lighted up with pure emotions, as he walks through the woods and wild mountains of Scotland with the old glover's daughter, "the fair maid of Perth!" How his spirit-moving description of the battle of the clans sets the reader in a fit of desperation and excites his passions! The tear steals down his cheek when hearing the heart-rending recital of the woes and misfortunes of the unfortunate Amy Robsart.

What a world of delight is Romance to the young and buoyant heart! He sees, in his imagination, the richly-coloured scenes of nature, and longs, with a restless spirit, to wander through the romantic groves, the luxuriant and perfumed gardens—to glide in moonlight o'er the silvery lake of Loch Katrine—to swiftly skim the brilliant shining Lido, and hear the enchanting strains of Tasso sung by a young romantic Venetian, as he moves stealthily along in his rich gondola!

Yet all is delusion! The pleasant dream is soon at an end, and he mixes in the folly and bustle of the world, and forgets for awhile the airy flights of imagination and thrilling bursts of passion that have enthralled his heart during the greatest part of his boyhood.

But he soon finds another field of amusement in the works of truth. He is an alien from the glare and tinsel of romance, and studies the more improving and enlightening works in the walks of literature,—

"Quaffs the pure precept at the fountain's head,"

And in the words of BYRON bids adieu to that delightful fairy, Romance:—

"At length in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth:
No more I tread the mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of truth."

LOVE THOU EVER.

Love thou ever—the beautiful things
That every day's experience brings
 Around thy heart and home :
Seek not for happiness abroad,
But strive within thine own abode
 Contented to become.

Love thou ever—each word and deed,
That soothed thy grief in time of need,
 And made thy sorrow light :
Let every action, kindly done,
Be higher prized than victories won
 In fierce contending fight.

Love thou ever—the joys that bring
Their own reward, and leave no sting
 Of dark remorse behind.
With heart unstained, and conscience clear,
Man only feels how truly dear
 Is an unshackled mind.

Love thou ever—thine own fireside,
Where cold deceit and hollow pride
 Shall find no welcome seat ;
Where friends whose truth has long been proved
And dear ones, loving and beloved,
 In sweet communion meet.

Love thou ever—with books to live ;
Let all the quiet joys they give
 Sink deep into thy mind,
And holy feeling will upspring
Beyond thy soul's imagining,
 From pleasures so refined.

Love thou ever—to do thy best,
By whatsoever grief opprest,
 In bearing well thy fate :
For those who by their heart and will
Thus nobly conquer every ill
 Of life, are truly great.

TREASURE THEM UP.

Treasure them up !
The ever-blooming flowers of thought,
By wisdom framed and fancy wrought ;
With earnest heart and purpose true
Search the wide world of beauty through
 From shore to shore,
And every newborn bud you find
Will leave its sweetness in the mind
 For evermore.

Seek where the sunlight seldom comes
With genial warmth—for there oft blooms
The unassuming flower of Truth
Whose petals of eternal youth
 Unseen expand,
Till from its humble bed upraised
By kindly hand—'tis sought and praised
 In every land.

Treasure them up !
Each tiny one that asks thy care,
And seeks thy solitude to share !
O let them to thy bosom cling,
And to thy inward spirit bring
 New rays of light,
For not in all that meets thine eye
O'er Nature's wide immensity
 Shines aught so bright.

Search thou for every truthful thought
By Wisdom framed and Fancy wrought,
For now the time is near at hand
When mind, not riches, in the land
 Will have the sway,
And rank and title, empty things,
Invented first by tyrant kings,
 Shall pass away.

GO THROUGH THE WORLD.

Go through the world with loving heart,
Whatever lot be yours,
Nor scorn the humble weeds that grow
Beside the fairest flowers ;
Let no unkindly thoughts be nursed,
No cold harsh word be spoken—
By unkind thoughts, and cold harsh words,
The bonds of love are broken.

Go through the world with loving heart,
And seek to stem the tide
Of human guilt and suffering
That murmurs by your side ;
Curl not the lip in cold contempt
On aught of human kind,
Though fallen low,—but strive to raise
And elevate the mind.

Go through the world with loving heart,
Make less the weight of care,
Of hunger, sorrow, and distress,
That meet you every where :
One kindly hand of Brotherhood,
Outstretched in timely need,
May stay the swelling tide of guilt,
Prevent the darkest deed.

Go through the world with loving heart
And soul unflinching, true,
With feeling glowing in your breast,
And truth upon your brow :
Stoop not to wealth—to empty pomp
Ne'er bend the servile knee :
Nor slight the man of noble mind,
Though steeped in poverty.

Go through the world with loving soul,
Uproot the baser part
That clings around the inward man,
And spurn it from your heart :

Hurl down the demi-god of Gold
Ye've worshipped long in vain,
And shun, as ye would shun the plague,
The sordid haunts of Gain.
Go through the world with loving heart,
Man's mission from his birth
Is kindness to his fellow-man,
His noblest work on earth.
Raise up the fallen—cheer the lone
Sad wanderers in distress—
Look deep into Life's darkest ills,
And strive to make them less.

PAST AND PRESENT CHARACTERISTICS OF SOUTH DURHAM.

NO. I.—THE OLD MILITIA MAN.

IT is needless to preface our remarks, for the title of this section of a series of slight sketches is sufficiently suggestive of the subject; and if it were not, prefaces are only looked upon as the ceremonious stoppages before the ball begins, or the dragging and ill-played overture that stays the whistling and battering propensities of the audience in the upper gallery until the curtain rises; therefore we eschew this kind of playing with the reader, and at once bring our hero upon the stage.

The old militia man, of whom in particular we write, and he is a pretty fair sample of his class, exists, as far as his *mental* nourishment is concerned, upon the past. He speaks always derogatorily of "younkers," who have "never seen any thing beyond their noses," and intimates to all who have the misfortune to contend with him in argument, that they "must'nt talk to an old soldier." He is the worthy landlord of a small public-house, and has at present grown materially beyond the proportions of his regi-

mentals, which he still preserves as carefully as he can from mice and mildew. He is addressed by the customers who frequent the snug little parlour, in which he takes his nightly seat, as "Captain," having attained that enviable cognomen by the extensive knowledge which he has circulated of his own feats of bravery in the "field," where it was arranged previously to the fight, that nothing but powder should be consumed.

If the old militia man meets with a crony who has "served" in the same *regiment*, he grips him by the hand as though they had both miraculously escaped in a hundred battles. It is a glorious windfall for the "Captain," who hurries his brother soldier into the smoky sanctuary and utters, with visibly swelling importance, "Gentlemen, my friend, Sergeant Jones. He's an old good'un." Which announcement produces no effect upon the smoke-enveloped physiognomies of the intelligent company, who have heard themselves addressed in similar terms so frequently that they have become habituated to having five or six of the "old good'uns" introduced in one evening without changing a posture of their elegant recumbent attitudes, or allowing any thing but a contemptuous volume of smoke to escape their mouths. It being bright in the memory of most present that when the "Captain" meets with an "old good'un" he invariably goes through the whole of his soldiering exploits, they are wary of giving him encouragement. The two old militia men, however, imperceptibly glide into the old track, and the Captain's tales come out, one by one, until he has gone through his whole budget. In the meantime the company has grown "small by degrees, and beautifully less," until like a certain celebrated general who is reported to have been buried with his martial cloak around him, the two old warriors (the last man having curled his lip and scornfully departed) are "left alone in their glory."

The old militia man sings a song occasionally, after much false starting, and many animadversions on the "silly stuff" they sing now-a-days, something in the style of the following:—

"O its the French we thought was landing
Good old England for to take,
But prepared we all were standing,
A long struggle for to make.
O its the French they had Napoleon,
We had Wellington the great:
And if you want to know more concerning this,
Listen, and I will more relate."

It is one peculiarly singular characteristic of the subject of our sketch, that while he speaks reverentially of the "good old times," it is his never-failing custom to speak slightly of every thing that bears the stamp of the new generation upon it. Throw out a hint to him of phrenology and he will pity your stupid credulity, and in round terms vituperate on "such new-fangled notions." Tell him of the electric wire, and you will stand a chance of having your ears boxed for wishing to "make game of *him*!" Breathe a word in favour of Mesmerism, and you will drive him into an apoplectic fit of rage: and the very mention of the phonetic system would completely settle the question that has been for some time revolving in his mind, as to the *sanity* of the whole rising generation. On the other hand, our hero has the firmest faith in dreams, death-watches, ghosts, warnings, evil-omens, and the like, for he remembers, "How old Esther Brown saw a shroud on the candle the night before her son John *were* drowned at sea," and "How old Jacob Armstrong was warned of his death by a figure in a winding-sheet that met him as he was returning home one night from the Salutation." Cast a shadow of doubt on this, his belief, and you are some "Stuck up puppy that had better go home and tie your mammy's apron strings;" for our militia man affects wit at times, though he has uttered this pointed sarcasm till it has become stale.

Our hero will not be "bamboozled" into beliefs; not he indeed! He has "seen a little in *his* time," and is continually impressing upon those about him, "That he is not to be caught wi' kaff;" or any other means, we suppose within human capability. Several "younkers" have sought to persuade him of Gallileo's principle of motion, as regards the earth; but he is not, as he expresses it, to be "*dune*." He believes in the sun and moon moving, for he "sees them at yaw playce at mornin' and anuther at neight; but to tell *him* that t'earth he walks on 's always gannan round without him seein't's all a parsel o'munshine." He repudiates railways, as being the ruin of the country, and especially of *publics*. Steam was a dreadful inroad upon his belief, but he was obliged to admit it, though his struggles against it were manful. He is at present, however, exulting in the downfall of the railway monarch, though he is not astonished at the turn things "*hey tune*," for he always "*knew what it wad come te*," and always "*said se*," but they "*nivver had a ha'porth o' his money*."

The old militia man takes little or no note of passing events, save in passing his unqualified censure on every great movement of the age.

He has been heard to say lately that the French were always a set of cowards, and in the matter of fighting, when *he* was in his prime, he could have "licked any *six* of 'em," thus going beyond the established number that an Englishman has, time out of mind, been supposed qualified to overcome. He has voted Louis Philippe a humbug, and the whole French nation a set of "thieves and vagabonds." In the matter of politics he loves his country and honours his king, for he has no ideas of royalty but in connection with King George. Talk to him of universal suffrage, and he blurts out strong expressions, signifying that the whole of the chartists ought to be strung up like sheep stealers.

There is no getting the old militia man out of his own world and his own way of thinking. He has lived long enough to know "What's what," and "It's a pity if at his time o' life he's to be *put down* with a lot of *gimcrank notions* that hev sprung up and will fall as *sune as the laydstules round his staggarth.*"

NO. II.—SOUTH DURHAM.

It is not our intention to confine ourselves to any particular rule of uniformity in the sketches, but to be perfectly at liberty to follow the bent of our humour, and jot down at random whatever strikes our fancy. We shall endeavour, however, to vary them as much as possible, so that they will at least, be free from that periodical sameness which characterises the great mass of similar sketches. We have an extensive range of subjects existing, in crude and dim disorder, in our mind, which we intend turning to shape and giving a "local habitation" and, perhaps, a "name," as occasion presents.

We have often, with other literary friends, lamented the scarcity of material which the history of the county of Durham presents for the exercise of local talent; and this very absence of material has, perhaps, produced in the minds of our countymen a feeling of dissatisfaction, and deterred them from noting down the peculiarities it really does possess. Consequently, there is little on record except minute history that bears upon the character of the county, which, it must be confessed, presents no prominent landmarks or past events to swell the importance of the nation, nor holds within its annals any names that have risen high above the level of mankind, and stand out in enduring brightness to inspire the latent emulation of future generations.

If there is one word which at once expresses the character of that small portion of the universe called

South Durham, that word, our pen feels reluctant to write, is "BARREN." Let any one who finds his locality-loving spirit roused by this trite, but, nevertheless, true remark, subdue for a moment the Solway-like passion that is swelling in his bosom, and we will endeavour reasonably to "argue the point" with him.

Though occasionally presenting to the eye a pretty landscape, and in some particular parts we may meet with scenes of extreme beauty, there are few who will not admit that South Durham is anything but rich in its natural scenery. Take a ramble with a friend fresh from some country where Nature has been lavish with wood and water—where the contrast of hill and dale ever meets the sight—and the idea that every where reigns is luxuriance and beauty. Take, we say, such a friend through the length and breadth of our county, and the idea that must inevitably force itself into his mind will be, barrenness. We do not mean that extreme barrenness which characterises Salisbury plain, for it conveys at once the idea of a desert; but that absence of umbrageous woods, picturesque hills, romantic and Rasselas-like valleys, which may be met with in other parts of England. Instead of these we have low stumpy hedges, extending in compact squares, over an immense tract of land, with occasionally a slight sprinkling of trees to break the monotony, but scarcely a meandering stream to cast its glittering reflection amid the scene, and dissolve the wearying sameness of the view. We are surprised, it is true, at times, with a glimpse of extreme natural beauty, like some sudden and unexpected sunbeam bursting upon the horizon in a gloomy day. Some "gentle hill of mild declivity" arrests our wandering steps, or some quiet secluded vale woos us to rest within its "bosom of shade;" but like the fitful rays of happiness, or the glittering gleams of hope, they quickly fade before us, and we are again surrounded by the

cold and cheerless picture that hath stamped its monotonous image on the mind. Some whose fortune it is to dwell in those particular places of rural beauty, which we know *are* to be found in South Durham, will perhaps consider our remarks a libel on the "land we live in ;" but they must extend their vision beyond the limits of their own homestead, and take a general view of the county, in which these bright parts of beauty shine out as the redeeming flowers in the wilderness, and only cast more into comparative insignificance the portions that are without such recommendations of grace and loveliness.

No one, however, will dispute that South Durham is barren of traditions, ballads, and legends. There are few spots in the world less linked with past events and by-gone days of feudal glory than this same locality. It is true that the genius of Scott hath cast its hallowing and everlasting influence over the picturesque scenery of Barnard, and waked the sound of his harp, long years ago, by the waters of the Tees ; but how few are the strains that have sounded through the lapse of ages in praise of our native scenes ! How barren and unfruitful has been the soil in the production of minds that could make every haunt bright with associations, and clothe with the beauty of their own thoughts the hills and dales that were the mute and unconscious objects of their early worship and inspiration.

Traditions there are few, if any, that stand prominently out as belonging distinctly to this particular locality, and the traveller will find little of that knowledge in South Durham which has been transmitted from one generation to another (without the aid of the scribe or the printer) till eventually rescued from its precarious and uncertain existence by some wandering Ossian or daring Macpherson, who stamps it indelibly on the minds of the people. How far this unfruitfulness of tradition is a loss, we are not, per-

haps, able to estimate ; but we know that tradition has ever been the means of calling into action high powers of intellect. Casting around us vague and indefinite ideas of mystic beauty—tradition leads us back to the dim and rude epochs of past ages—speaks to us in a language that seems to have been for centuries unspoken, and a voice that sounds strange and mysterious amid the wake dreams and realities of life.

Legends and ballads, the offspring of tradition, we do not possess. Whether it is that the inhabitants of this county in former times have been

" Laggards in love and dastards in war,"

And, consequently, have performed no mighty deeds of valour—or that it has been deficient in bards to relate them, we feel ourselves incompetent to state ; leaving the question for minds more versed in its early history to determine ; but we are half afraid, that, on a strict investigation of what has been handed down to us by the historian, the antiquarian, the poet, and the biographer, little will be found belonging to the county that may be classed as romantic or extraordinary, less which partakes of the character of greatness and sublimity, and remains as an incentive to rising generations to emulate the thoughts and actions which have shed a halo of immortality on the names and memories of their forefathers.

No. III.—HARTLEPOOL FISHERMEN.

"ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll" comes involuntarily to our memory, as we stand at the extreme edge of Hartlepool pier, and feel the refreshing sound of the waters murmuring at our feet. We have a reverence for this same pier, rude though it be—and though our feet have trod many a one smoother in its flags, and more magnificent in its architecture, we ever look upon this as associated with some of the brightest moments of our existence. How

beautiful the bay ; with the sailing ships looking like so many winged monsters of the deep ! Sublimely the romantic hills of Cleveland look through the hazy distance—for that mysterious mist, like a gauze before a beautiful picture, gives an air of enchantment to the whole, as it plays upon the peak of Roseberry—sinks gradually into yon hollow, and falls almost imperceptibly away as the glorious sun bursts upon the hills and illumines the whole range with a flood of light that acts upon the enchanted vision like a sublimely moving panorama !

But we have no time for more contemplation—for here, swiftly approaching us, are the herring boats, and the crowd is gathering around us. Women, with children in arms, come rushing down from their wide open doors to meet their kindred in all the negligence and disorder of domestic *dishabille*. Eager eyes are strained to catch a glimpse of “*daddy*” as his coble winds gracefully round the point, and shouts of welcome and recognition are exchanged as the boats bear on past the pier, and cast anchor in the offing. The pier in a moment is forsaken, and the crowd of busy feet are hurriedly plodding along the mud and sand that lead to the landing. What a scene of bustle and activity ! Buyers are shouting through hand-formed trumpets, and sellers are echoing back sounds that float across the sea like wild answers of threat and defiance. Boats are immediately launched—horses, that have stood for hours in their carts in lazy listlessness, start briskly into action—hampers and barrels are scattered along the beach—and the whole “sand” presents a scene of busy barter and noisy traffic which cramps description and bids defiance to the boasted powers of pen and pencil.

We must step down, and “gane along the sand” till we reach the scene of action. As we approach we cannot but notice with what rapidity the business of packing the fish is proceeding. Barrels and hampers

are quickly filled and fastened, and eager hands are busy with straw and cord. "If ye dinna mind, Johnny, ye'll be ower layte for't railway—Bonser's fish hez been there lang sin'" is uttered by a curious specimen of the *genus* woman, who is extracting with great and unceasing avidity the aroma from a short and time-blackened "cutty." "Nane o' yer havers, Jin Pounder," replies the *scaly* individual addressed—"We henna been lang—an' a'll put it te *all Sand* if ye henna a leein' tongue i' yer heed." The lady gives a contemptible whiff, and we pass on to the next group.

Here is a knot of genuine fishermen. What robust, healthy looking fellows! Yet they seem ill at ease on *terra firma* with their monstrous boots, and make but a miserable waddle of it—for a waddle we must call it where one leg seems to move as painfully before the other as those of the Queen's horses in a state procession, with the Beef-eaters—like so many human dromedaries—lazily beating the horses shins at every step. They will not be despicable things, though, those same boots, when 'a sea' comes over the coble, if they do seem to us like the pantaloons in the play, "a world to wide" for the not particularly "shrunk shanks" of the wearers. A strong resemblance marks the features of this interesting group, and, remembering the statistics* of Sir Cuthbert Sharp (who has so recently passed from the living, that we mention his name with reverence) we think it probable they can claim kindred one with the other. They seem all to have dealt at the same clothier's, and bought their thick, dark blue flannel at the same shop. Their respective parts of dress seem all to have been cut out of the same web. There is not a shade of difference in the colour of their coarse grey breeches and blue

* "There are at present (1816) living in Hartlepool 96 persons of the name of Pounder; 50 Coulsons; 35 Davisons; 33 Harrisons; 31 Hunters; and 37 Horsleys. The entire population does not much exceed 1000 persons." *Sharp's History of Hartlepool*.

flannel shirts, and even their *son' westers* evidence being made from the same roll of canvas. We imagine we see a gleam of pride in the eye of that old man—whom we take to be the father—as he stands, with pipe in hand, among so many stalwart sons. The wrinkles of time have gathered on his kindly, smiling, and weather-beaten face; yet he still looks as if he would be long “fit for service.” We warrant he has passed through many trials—borne hardships—suffered losses, and been closely acquainted with sorrow and privation. Long nights of anxious hope and suspense out on the dark sea in stormy nights, when the great deep that now looks so calm and sleep-like, hath waked with convulsive roar, and tossed with frantic violence, its briny waves on high—awing the fisherman's manly spirit, and filling his honest and superstitious heart with fear and wonder. The many hours of hard and fruitless labour he has had when the fish did not “*come down*,” and he returned with a disappointed spirit, with scarce a “last” of herrings to cry “*het*”^{*} for. But who can chronicle the bitter experiences that have fallen upon the life even of that poor old fisherman?

These are Frenchmen, we perceive, who have come over in their “smacks” to buy and salt herrings for the French “mongers.” How strange their dress appears among the native fishermen! They wear the same Munchausen looking boots, but more clumsy and cloglike in their manufacture. Short trousers reaching to the knees, and flowing loosely, with a world of “gathers” towards the waist—a pet style of fashion among the Parisians—and an upper garment that resembles more a lady's polka jacket than any thing we can liken it to. Then they have not the air

* The fish is offered for sale at a sum beyond its value, and gradually falls until a purchaser cries “*het*,” or “I'll please you,” which immediately closes the bargain. “Het” is a contraction of “I'll have it.”—*Sharp's History of Hartlepool*.

of health and cleanliness which our home-men have. But they live on shipboard, and concoct strange *messes*, as the people say, that an Englishman would scorn to touch. Besides, they lack the hands of the thrifty wife to keep their wardrobe in order, which accounts, poor fellows! for all the dirtiness and disorder.

But we have strolled about until the "Sand," as the fish-market is called, is nearly cleared, and we perceive the last cart is loaded for the Railway. The tide is leaving the cobbles, which make a formidable array on the beach, and the fishermen we suppose will be ready for a little of "Nature's sweet restorer" to enable them to go out again at night, and renew their hazardous employment.

NO. IV.—THE HARTLEPOOL CAMPAIGN.

[Communicated by Anthony Jones].

It is still a matter of dispute among politicians, whether Napoleon, or as we called him in my young days, "Bonny," ever *really* intended to invade England or not. Nevertheless, my opinion is, that he *did* intend to come over and turn us all into wooden shoe wearers, frog-eaters, and what not, only he durst not, being appalled by the determined front shewn by Admiral Nelson, and the young men of the country, myself among the number. I don't want to be argumentative, but would just beg to put one question to non-believers. If "Bonny" did not intend to come over, why were the Volunteers embodied, and why did I join the Stockton Volunteers? I have been told by disagreeable young men that my object was to save myself from being ballotted for the militia: but I trust my present readers will give me credit for a greater, nobler motive. I chose the most honourable course open to me. I *volunteered* to defend my native country and have the satisfaction of thinking that I was thus enabled to take part in the glorious intimidation of

the treacherous Corsican—effectively frightening him from our happy shores.

A fine body of men were the Stockton volunteers—although I say it myself. Our uniform—particularly becoming—consisted of scarlet coat, hair powder, white breeches, long black gaiters, and a cocked hat. And here I cannot help expressing my regret that breeches should have fallen so much into disuse. I myself, along with most elderly men with well-regulated minds, continue to wear them, and no man can deny that my calf will bear comparison with that of many a younger man. I may be excused saying, that we looked well in our uniform; for such was the general opinion of the fair sex at the time, and they may be supposed to be the best judges. That *one* private of that corps was complimented several times on his martial and spruce appearance I can testify, by the very lady who married him

“When the star of Peace returned,”

Bore him a large family, and smiles at his side at this present time of writing. Ah me! the Joneses were a handsome family at one time of day.

Be it known that government absolutely required that we should be twenty-one days on permanent duty each year. Now our gallant colonel, along with many officers and men, finding it rather inconvenient to spare so many days from their other employments, we made what I call a very suitable compromise of the matter, and just did our drill and parades on the evenings and Sundays. Twenty-one fine summer evenings, and very pleasant it used to be soldiering in the fine open street, with the windows, balconies, &c. full of the beauty and fashion of the town and neighbourhood. I was in the light company of that corps for nine years. Ah me! how the ranks have thinned since then. How may have yielded to the grim enemy, Death, whilst I remain standing, to become

the chronicler of their deeds! Finler, Robinson, Turner, Henderson, and a host of others, my cronies, where are they now?—Gone, gone! There's Wilkin-son, my right hand comrade, on crutches now, and Barlow, who was so light and active then, grown *very* stuffy and puffy these last ten years—but I must return to my subject.

“’Twas when his banner” (that’s Bonny’s) “at Bologne, armed every freeman,” (as my youngest son used to recite when at school) we were ordered to Hartlepool on permanent duty for fourteen days. A joyful order that was for us young bucks—all burning to meet and repel the audacious foe—and escape for a fortnight’s holiday. I was not *in* business then on my own account, not having bought the affair from which I retired some years ago, and which my son at present conducts. I was then foreman, and was deemed, I have reason to think, a valuable servant by my old master. I shall never forget the trouble he was in when he found I was to go to the wars. “O less, O less a-day!” he exclaimed, “Thou moon’t gan, Anty,”—by the by, my name is Anthony, Anthony Jones—“Thou moon’t gan Anty honey, and thou shan’t gan.” We were very busy just then; I told him, however, our colonel had positively asserted that not one man should be excused. “O! but I can’t de without thee; I ken the *kernel* very well, and the *kernel* kens me, and aw’ll beg thee off.” “Oh, ’tis no use you going bothering him,” said I, who wanted to go very much; and at last, coming out in my true colours, told my master so, and that go I *would*. And go I did, notwithstanding he waited on the colonel to beg me off. Now I should like to know, if *this* does not prove my military and patriotic spirit, what does it prove?

Away we went up Norton road, that blessed morn-
ing, with hearts like lions—the folks hurrahing—
colours flying—band playing, and all the rest of it.
A good band we had, and good tunes they played,

though not many of them. It played an air, which my youngest daughter, who plays many foreign fal lals on the piano, says is vulgar. It was called "*If I had a beau for a soldier that would go.*" A good tune it is; and all I can say on the matter is, it was not vulgar in those days, Miss—whatever it may be now. But things change. "*If I had a beau, &c.*" was played through Norton in gallant style, and some little merriment was caused in that place from the following circumstance. You see the weather was very warm, so we, like prudent soldiers, to guard against the attendant drought on our *long march*, had each filled his wooden canteen with beer or other liquid. Now, lo and behold! the canteens had pined so much from long disuse, that the liquor was all leaking out and running down our backs. There was not a man with a dry back, and the Norton folks saw and enjoyed the joke.

Through the villages of Billingham, Wolviston, Newton, Greatham, and Stranton we went, waking the morning echoes with the eternal "*If I had a beau, &c.*" young fresh country lasses waving their handkerchiefs, gentry waving their hats, and chew-bacons shouting, and their hearts, no doubt, teeming with gratitude towards their brave volunteer defenders. At least *I* think so.

Tired we were ere we reached Hartlepool, my word! In no plight to meet "Bonny," I'll be sworn, just then! Up the street we marched. Hartlepool was very different then, and smelt awfully of fish. None but friends in the place. Up the street we marched hurrahing, band playing, as before, "*If I had a beau, &c.*" "Halt! rear rank take open order—stand at ease!" I think I hear the words now. And then we got our billets. I was billeted along with some more young bucks at the "Ship," then kept by old Mrs. Shepperd—dead and gone poor body! Right glad were the publicans to receive us; for we were 600

strong, and there was not one who confined his spendings to his thirteenpence half-penny a day, and guinea for marching money, I'll be bound. One thing I can remember very well, that Mrs. Shepperd kept a remarkable pretty tap of ale, and we in our position, "Hearts of oak! Breast bones of old England!" and so forth, were "toasted" considerably in the same.

It will be needless to inform the enlightened public that "Bonny *did not* land at Hartlepool, or any where else in the neighbourhood. What I want to impress upon the public mind (which is apt to forget such matters) is, that we were there to receive him, had he *dared* to come.

It will also be unnecessary for me to give an account of our evolutions during our *occupation* of Hartlepool for 14 days, or how our company—the "light bobs"—distinguished itself in its extra drills in the mornings, scampering over the old walls and laying down behind them, at the sound of the bugle. All I need say is, that the nights being tolerably warm, none of us took cold while "on guard." Indeed the inhabitants took care of us, supplying us plentifully with stimulants. To be sure it was rather uncomfortable walking sentry in that gloomy church-yard, with the sea moaning, and the clock chiming so mournfully. Our powder magazine was in part of the church, and I can assure you that when on that duty, I always felt glad when the relief arrived.

Our time passed very pleasantly away—what with duty—what with watching the artillerymen fire at a boat moored in the sea, for a mark, which they never hit—what with going out fishing in cobbles, and walking the girls out in the fields—singing songs, and going out to small parties. I might relate many stories of the campaign. How, for instance, our colonel distinguished himself while *out* at sea and *in* liquor, jumping out to shove the boat. How his

newly married wife was on the pier watching the boat. How she nearly went into hysterics at seeing her lord and master in such danger, as she exclaimed at the top of her voice, "Oh, my Charlie, my Charlie, he'll catch his death of cold, besides spoil his regimental small clothes." All these things are very funny, but I refrain *at present* from bringing them before the public. Also the matches which were the result of our occupation, and the tears of the women at our departure are very pleasant to reflect upon. Our march home was on a hotter day than ever, and I remember we came to a halt in Coopen lane, when the joke of the whole corps was, at the expense of our good sergeant-major, who marched, muffled up in a blue great coat! Well, all things have an end—we entered Stockton with our full compliment of men, no wounds but those of love, the band playing as usual, "*If I had a bean, &c.*"

I can't help thinking that there are none such young bucks, now-a-days, as there were then, and I can't help thinking also that the bit of soldiering every year did us no harm. My youngest son—like his impudence—says we only *played* at soldiers! At any rate, if we *did* play, we played *well*.

NO. V.—THE STOCKTON VOLUNTEERS.

[Communicated by Anthony Jones].

Notwithstanding the stout opposition raised by the different members of my family, I proceed to submit a few more words about the volunteers. In the first place, however, allow me to observe, for the benefit of a certain young gentleman, that the volunteer system was *not* a "splendid humbug," also that a certain gentleman of sixty-five, who has but lately chosen to exercise those powerful literary talents which he has long felt a consciousness of possessing, is *not* a "silly old chap," by any means—as if a sixty-five years

silence was not quite long enough—as if age did not give experience, and experience wisdom. As for the word “humbug,” I can but say that I hate *slang*, and that the word was not coined in my soldiering days.

I would not have my readers think, that during our occupation of Hartlepool, we were kept in strict garrison regulations; for our colonel was very indulgent to tradesmen belonging to the corps. So much so, in fact, that he allowed them to go home on the Wednesday of each week, that day being market day in Stockton. Most gratifying was it to see with what eagerness the said volunteers rushed back to the scene of their military prowess—casting aside the yard-wand or the scales of *the shop*, and buckling on a new thin cuirass. Rich stores of delicate food did they also bring, to share with their comrades in arms; also contributions from the damsels of “canny Stockton,” in the shape of hampers stuffed with edibles. Never shall I forget a dinner which we “light bobs” had at “the Ship,” occasioned by Coverdale, the butcher, bringing down half of a lamb, as a contribution to our mess. Now it must be premised that “the Ship” was a *crack* billet—whether owing to the kindness of the old landlady, or the brilliancy of the young bucks located there, it is not for me to say, but a *crack* billet it was.

Lee, the ironmonger, was one of our party, and Walker, who played the bassoon in the band: both of these sang comic songs. Poor Walker, he was the pet of the regiment; for he could make the best jokes, and laugh most heartily at those of others. He made songs himself too, though he did not call himself a poet, as some worse rhymesters of the present day do. Walker rhymed, as he said, to make people laugh, and of a truth he generally succeeded in so doing. My stars! to hear him sing that song about fisher lasses, which he composed at Hartlepool, and hear us join in

the chorus, as follows, was worth a good golden guinea :—

“ Hey oh ! for fisher lasses,
Hey oh ! for fisher lasses,
Hey oh ! for fisher lasses,
Early in the morning ! ”

It was set to a tune which the band played, and which is sung by the sailors to this day when they are delivering “ timber ships.” Poor Walker ! he sang his last song and blew his last tune on the bassoon many a year ago—his sons have grown up, and have been cut down. How fond he was of his old regimental bassoon ! I am not at all partial to the tones produced from the instrument in question, and do, as a general rule, lay down, that it is an *unpleasant* instrument for fireside performance. But to see Walker, when he had a few old cronies round him, take the old thing down to *indulge* them with a *solo*, was delightful. He had a full belief in the beauty of his solos, which were, in point of fact, portions of marches in which his instrument shone particularly conspicuous. “ Baw, baw, toodely, toodely, baw,” would he go on for ten minutes together. Oh ! how he *did* send it out !

Though, as a matter of course, Hartlepool never was so gay before or since, and probably will never be so gay again as during our occupation of it ; yet we were *extra* gay on Sundays, for it was on those days that the “ sweethearts and wives ” came down to see us, having pressed into their service all the odd vehicles and eccentric-looking hack quadrupeds that Stockton and the neighbourhood could produce. Bless their hearts ! how they crowded the streets to see us march to church, with the band playing ! Oh, how they did admire us, and were proportionably jealous of the Hartlepool belles ! Indeed, I am inclined to believe, it required a considerable amount of military strategy to keep the rival belles apart in the afternoon’s promenade. There were some rumours of quarrels and even high words and blows amongst the

dear creatures ; but these reports I never did believe, and never will.

Though, as I have said before, we were a fine body of men, as a whole, I do not mean to deny that we had an awkward squad among us. I will not deny that some few bled violently when they fired their pieces—and others shut their eyes during that important ceremony. Though we frequently had ball practice on the moor, I am free to confess, that some of our body never yet, by any chance, managed to hit the target, though some took aim with the assistance of spectacles. I will also acknowledge that not a few never mastered the manual exercise to this day. Yet all those admissions but go to prove that all men are not gifted alike with military genius, and in the matter of nerves, some men are not so fortunate as others. There are two anecdotes which my readers may believe or not as they deem fit, I not being able to vouch personally for their accuracy. One is—that a certain grenadier took the barrel of his piece to a blacksmith's shop one morning, wishing to borrow a red hot rod, to burn the charges out, which, owing to some defect in the firelock, had not exploded on the previous day, and reached half up the barrel. He would have resorted to the above ingenious method of cleaning his piece, but for the remark of the blacksmith, that he would certainly kill himself if he persisted. "Hey, but I nivver thowt't o' that," exclaimed the bold grenadier, with most soldier-like indifference to death. The other story is, that a man's firelock having missed fire some five or six times, he continued putting in the charge until suddenly off it went, with a terrible explosion, knocking the fellow down. His exclamation, whilst still in a sitting posture, and but half recovered from his fright, was, "Keep off her, lads, keep off her ! she's fower or five times to gan off yit !" I again state that these two tales are apocryphal, yet two individuals were certainly

"ragged" about the circumstances to the end of their lives.

Before concluding this chapter, I wish to say a few words as to our plans for effectively defending the country, and starving out the foe, if perchance, as I previously said, he had *dared* to land. Our plans not only embraced the giving him battle at his landing, but we also had a system of organization amongst the farmers and single-horse carters, whose duty it would be to carry off all the forage and property, wives and babies, into the interior, immediately on the approach of Bonny. I can assure you that in those days "bogies and bo-men" were quite out as bugbears for children, the word *Bonny* was enough to make any of them good. It will be seen, by the above remarks, that we quite intended *coming Moscow* over the French.

I might have drawn many comparisons between the volunteers of *my* day and those of the Chartist time, when the gallant and good Jennett at the head of his valiant specials did storm the cross and take a live Chartist. Did the volunteers of that day wear a red coat and shoulder a musket? No, forsooth, they must be dandies, and wear blue frocks and gold lace. Did *they* drill in the open street in face of the people? No, for they knew if they had done so, they would have been pelted home to their mothers. They had a drill sergeant from the 77th regiment, and went through their cutlass (!!) exercise in the assembly-room in private!! The fittest place for them, say I. Well might I exclaim in those degenerate days, as often I did when flattening my features against the glass door of the ball-room I saw them playing at swords and pistols—well might I exclaim, slightly altering the words of some poet or other:—

"Ye love the Stockton dance, as yet;
Where is the *Stockton phalanx* gone?
Of such two lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one!"

Oh, what a merry little town was Stockton when we were on permanent duty, with the red jackets, and the band, and the drums and fifes. The tattoo used to beat every night, as a matter of form; but we did not take it as the summons to bed, but stayed out as long as we liked. It is not necessary to say how we spent our evenings after drill; but we did *not* play at billiards, or loo, at the public houses—as I am very much afraid the bucks of the present day have such a taste for. What rollicking fellows those drums and fifes of ours were! On the occasion of the marriage of one of our corps, down they used to come in full strength to the happy couple's house, nor would they budge a step with their drums rubadubing, and fifes screaming, until served with something to drink. Goodness me, what a long time it is since they had occasion to come to my house, and I to go out with a full bottle of rum, and return with an empty bottle. 'Tis melancholy to think of—not my wedding—but the changes which have taken place since then. I do not believe there is one of those drums and fifes alive at the present day. Poor fellows! they drummed and fided well.

After many pleasant adventures as soldiers, and after assisting in the defence of “the hearts and homes of old England” so long, it was not surprising that we should be sorry when the order came to disband the corps. I can truly say that when it came to my turn to deposit my old musket in a warehouse down “Cook's Wynd,” I felt very much affected—in fact, grief was the prevailing feeling of the corps.

The survivors have walked in procession once or twice since then. The last occasion was on the wedding-day of our gracious Queen, when we marched to the colonel's house, and returning in triumph with the old colours of the regiment, deposited them on the walls of the assembly-room. Many an old heart beat more quickly at sight of these two pieces of silk, I'll

be bound. The best of the joke is, that on this occasion our good colonel (since dead) gave us one shilling a-head to drink. Aye, and drink it we did too, and I am proud to say, we numbered amongst our thinned ranks, some of the most respectable tradesmen in the town.

To conclude. My regimentals were in my house for many years, and served a large family to play at soldiers with. Oft did I hear them talk of these regimentals as having been worn "when father was a soldier—a *real* soldier." Poor things! they believed it then; but have grown wiser since—a good deal wiser than their old father, no doubt.

My prayer is, that we may never have need of a volunteer corps in Stockton again; but, should such ever be the case, I know one, at least, who, though sixty-five *turned*, is still hale and sound, ready *again* to shoulder a musket and march to the tune of "*If I had a beau, &c.*"

NO. VI.—STAGE COACHES, STEAM ENGINES, AND STEAM BOATS.

[Communicated by the Editor.]

It is now many, many years since we learnt to conjugate Latin verbs at the old Grammar School, in Darlington, then decorated, we well remember, with a full length portrait of the frilled and furbellowed "good Queen Bess," of blessed memory. The head teacher, then, at that useful seminary, was the Rev. William Clementson, who, for his extensive classical knowledge and the simplicity of his manners, bore a strong resemblance to the well-known Parson Adams, whose character has been so inimitably drawn by the powerful pencil of Fielding.

At that period, when we enjoyed, in all its delightful freshness, the gay spring-time of life, there was not a nook in the good town of Darlington, and the

pretty woodlands in its vicinity, with which we were not intimately acquainted. Even at this moment, that town and "all the country round" bring to our memory a thousand dear recollections and old associations, and as we now muse upon them, we feelingly exclaim, "Scenes of our early days, ye still are in our remembrance!" Yes, we can still recal our once pleasant strolls along the sedgy margin of the Skerne, our frequent rambles in the "green waving woods" of Baydales, and even the intrepidity we once displayed by swimming those imaginary bottomless pits, the far-famed Hell kettles—a feat which we then, in our boyish days, were as proud of as was the immortal Byron, when, at a later period, he swam the broad Hellespont, and caught an ague in accomplishing the daring exploit.

About thirty years ago, being then in the prime of manhood, we left Darlington, casting many a long and "lingering look" on our "old house at home," and the scenes we had beheld and loved in our boyhood. Since then, however, we have lived to see strange things come to pass, not only in the world at large, but even in South Durham—things that our forefathers never dreamt nor had the least idea of. Well may it be said, that "Time works wonders." As it rolls onward in its resistless course, how strikingly it develops to us the astonishing powers of the human intellect! To bear out the truth of this remark, we need only refer to the discoveries which have, of late years, been made in mechanical science, producing such extraordinary results that this may be truly called the age of miracles. By these discoveries the greatest difficulties have been surmounted, the most seeming impossibilities achieved, so that the new and wonderful impulses they have given to British energy and enterprise have completely metamorphosed the old state of things, and been the means of directing the principal operations of trade and commerce into a variety of other channels.

In giving a retrospective glance at South Durham, we cannot but bring to our recollection the time when the old Stage Coaches were in the height of their popularity—when the *Mail*, the *Telegraph*, the *True Briton*, the *Highflyer*, and several others, daily rattled along the then unmacadamized streets of Darlington, as the guard of each twanged his long tin horn and manfully blew a succession of shrill blasts that would have done credit to the renowned Robin Hood himself. A journey from South Durham to the Metropolis, by the stage coach, was then a fearful thing; and more so by the stage waggon, drawn, as it was, by eight or ten heavy-looking horses, moving with slow and solemn steps, at the majestic pace of *two miles an hour!!* Yes, in those days, travelling to London by the coach was indeed considered a *most serious undertaking*, especially for old maids and a certain class of timid old gentlemen, who not unfrequently, at that time, were known to make their last will and testament before they took so important, so *perilous* a step. But every thing has its day. We can recollect the time when those antique English palanquins, *Sedan chairs*, were in high esteem by the ladies as the easiest and most elegant mode of transit ever invented—we can remember when *powder* and *long pigtails* were deemed the very pink of fashion, and even *graced* to pomatumed heads and burly backs of the Darlington Loyal Volunteers, in which truly patriotic and redoubtable corps we once saw *a little service*.

But these, with other old cherished usages and modes of conveyance long pertinaciously clung to by our forefathers, have all imperceptibly glided away, and are now remembered as “things that were.” The prolific genius of JAMES WATT, combined with that of GEORGE STEPHENSON, contributed to create a new era in scientific discovery. Though of humble extraction, they have both earned for their names a glorious immortality. The former for having, during a long

and laborious life, achieved the greatest triumphs in science ever known in modern days—we mean, the wonderful improvements he made in developing the great capabilities of steam—and the latter for having, like a mighty magician, called into existence as it were the railway world, and brought to its present state of perfection that gigantic and astonishing creation of the human mind, the LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, which, by the improved applicability of steam power, can now be made to travel at the prodigious rate of *sixty miles an hour*, eclipsing in speed the swiftest animal and even outstripping the very wind itself! A few years ago, who would have thought this? Who could have imagined such a thing was possible? Had any one then asserted it, he would at once have been set down as a fit subject for Bedlam. Even when it entered into the great and vigorous mind of Stephenson himself that it was possible to accelerate the speed of the locomotive from twenty to forty miles an hour, he was afraid, as he afterwards declared, of divulging his ideas on the subject lest he might be taken for a madman.

It is not generally admitted, we believe, that the Stockton and Darlington Railway was the first ever formed for the transit of goods and passengers; but such is the fact, therefore, SOUTH DURHAM *may justly be entitled to the honour of having produced the legitimate parent of the numerous progeny of railways now in existence.*

The opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway took place in 1825. We were present on that most interesting occasion, and had the pleasure of witnessing the procession when it appeared in view at the Stockton station. It was a glorious sight. No language can sufficiently express our admiration and surprise when, for the first time, we beheld that wonder-working engine the locomotive, rushing down the line towards us, as though under the influence of

no human agency. As numerous flags fluttered in the breeze and exulting cheers and music struck the ear, swift and straight as an arrow from a bow it advanced with its cloudy machinery, omnipotent in its strength, and dragging at its heels, like a mighty conqueror, a long train of waggons laden with the first coal borne on the line, besides a large number of carriages containing nearly a thousand individuals. The whole formed a scene new and novel to us—a scene which not only excited our utmost wonder, but left an impression on our mind we can never forget.

Some years previous to this event we remember being somewhat similarly excited when we first saw a steamer ply in the Tees, having never seen one before. She was called the *Albion*, and though then thought as great a curiosity as the famous Chinese Junk, now exhibiting in London, she was merely a clumsy looking tub compared to the fine-modelled steamers at this day. But tub as she was, she excited our astonishment when we perceived her going ahead and cleaving the waters “like a thing of life.”

At that moment we recollect an old woman stood at our elbow, and the sight so much amazed her, that, addressing herself to those around, she piously ejaculated—“Mercy on us! mercy on us! whea wad ha’ thaught it! depend on’t there’s nae good ’ll cum o’ sailin’ agaeen wind and tide—it’s defyin’ baith God and natur.” The *Albion*, however, continued long after this to ply in the Tees, and of late years the traffic in that river has so much increased that at present no less than twenty-five steamers are daily employed on it. So much for the old woman’s prediction.

While dwelling upon these reminiscences, we cannot conclude without once more reverting to our native place, Darlington, which, after many years of absence, we lately visited for a few hours. We can-

not forget the deep emotion we felt when we beheld the old grey church still "pointing its finger to heaven," and the old stone bridge yet bestriding the placid Skerne, where every scene recalled some gentle memory. Here we stood and mused, and then slowly passing on, we contemplated the mighty changes worked by the busy hand of Improvement. All appeared new to us, especially the shops, above which we looked in vain for the names of our old familiars. Death had been busy amongst them, as we soon found on visiting the old church-yard. How wonderful the changes in a few years! We pondered on the thought as we wandered through the streets and met no old acquaintance. Hundreds passed by us in quick succession, but amongst them we saw not an "old familiar face." We felt, as it were, *alone* in the crowd, a solitary stranger, unknown and unnoticed in the very town where once we knew every one, and every one knew us, and at the moment mentally exclaimed, in the words of Byron—

"—'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress,
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!"

Childe Harold, canto 2.

NO. VII.—LOCAL POETS.

ABOUT sixty years ago, the rhymesters, for we *dare* not call them poets, of South Durham, would seem not to have been highly favoured by the muses. A book which we have before us bears us out in this assertion. From its pages we intend quoting a few specimens, not chosen purposely to create amusement at the expense of the authors, but merely to give some idea of the literary talent and poetic taste which were

required to support a local magazine at that period. It is amongst the most amusing features at that time to notice, what high-sounding signatures every correspondent, who could, with difficulty, string together a rhyme, thought proper to adopt. Thus, little can be obtained to lead to the *conviction* of the real party or parties who committed such barbarous rhymes, for they wisely put them forth under such names as Aristæus, Admeris, Philologus, Anacreon, Orpheus, Aurelius, Sappho, and a host of others, thereby keeping their real names in mysterious obscurity, and thus leaving no trace, but the place of their residence, such as Darlington, Stockton, Bishopton, Barnard-castle, Stranton, &c. to guide the future topographer of the county in search for information.

We have heard some of the old inhabitants repeat verses that were "made" (for they speak as though verses were manufactured like a piece of cabinet-work or mechanism) by "Handie Willie," who obtained, among his brother parishioners, the reputation of being a "clagger," meaning thereby, we suppose, that the said Handie was eminently successful in his poetic efforts; but we have never been able to meet with any production of this celebrated individual, nor have we had the pleasure of hearing him recite his own pieces, which we have been given to understand, from several most excellent judges of this kind of *work*, is "summut grand."

But to our subject. In referring to the pages which display in good old type the productions of sixty years since, we find the greater part of the rhymesters employed in manufacturing enigmas, charades, rebusses, &c. one month, and answering them the next. In this style of composition they evidently laboured hard to perfect themselves; but we cannot say that the specimens before us speak much for their success. Here and there you may pick out among a vast amalgamation of weeds a prettyish flower, which you wish

you had found in better society ; but the generality of their verses seem to be cantering along something in this style :—

My first is a rumti tum tum,
Which fal de lal, lal de lal day,
My next is a fiddle de dum,
And my whole is a fooral lol lay.

In this way they contrived to *canter* through posing questions and answers, which were not of the least consequence, in the local monthly or quarterly periodicals of the time, and some of them, we believe, even aspired to having a contribution in the Lady's or Gentleman's Diary, both benevolently devoted to those knotty enigmas, puzzling charades, and astonishingly "hard" rebusses and conundrums, which were the delight of the magazine-reading public at that prolific period.

Some critics, very able ones too, hold, that the greatest poets lived in the remotest ages ; and if this doctrine be true, which we do not ourselves believe, why, the farther we go back upon the track of Time, the better poetry we will find. We do not intend, however, writing a disquisition to prove or disprove the truth of *this* matter ; but merely to give a few short rhyming specimens of our "locals," at the period we before stated, and a few comments thereon.

In the pages from which we quote, there is a motley group of *authors*, dating from different places situated in South Durham ; none of them dreaming, we'll be bound, when they were writing their "delightful little things" that a "chiel" would be "amang them takin' notes" from their productions, and *prenting* them after the lapse of so long a time. Talk of Fame ! who lives in *black* and *white* above half a century ? The first that arrests our attention hails from Darlington, and is signed "Ormand," under some verses headed, "On the return of Miss N—l, to Darlington," from which we extract only the first verse :—

" If from my feeble pen there flows
A blessing more than *common*—

We suppose he alludes to the common blessing of ink to mankind—though the printer seems to have been scarce of the article at the time, or the "devil" has *skimmed the form*—but we must finish the verse:—

" May you, dear Jenny, ever be
The happiest of *women* ! "

At a later period we find the same Ormand lamenting Emma's absence as follows:—

" O'er hillocks and mountains I roam,
An exile from all that *is dear*,
For *what must I do at my home* ?
My Emma, alas, is not *there* ! "

We decline any comment on this poor gentleman's dreadful state of mind, and pass on to an extract with the initials H. E., Stockton, which is of a more healthy tone:—

" Good wives to snails should be akin,
Always their houses keep within,
But not to carry (Fashion's backs)
All they are worth upon their backs.
Good wives like echoes still should do,
Speak when they are spoken to ;
But not like echoes (most absurd),
To have for ever the last word.
Good wives like city clocks should chime,
Always be regular and keep time ;
But not like city clocks aloud,
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd."

Whether this is an extract from some quaint author, or it is the production of H. E., we cannot say: but it speaks much for the wisdom of our old rhymesters, and is creditable to the writer.

Our next is anonymous, and is a couplet which stands out boldly on the page, as if to say, "Select me." The author must have been a bold man. He heads his couplet "The Lover's Resolution," which is—

" And should she yield, who'd once say nay,
I'd turn my back, and—*walk away*."

Dear o'me, what a gallant action ! We should be sorry, infinitely sorry, if any *she* ever gave him the opportunity of carrying out his chivalric *resolution*.

Another Darlington rhymester of this period, who glories in the high-sounding title of *Zenocrates*, and humbly heads his verses a Trifle, after calling upon the "vallies" to bring their odours, and the "lofty hills and low retreats" their tributes, to enable him more effectively to chaunt his Chloe's praises, concludes with the following chaste verse :—

" No more shall my devoted arms
Embrace each wanton fair ;
I've found a heaven in Chloe's charms,
I'll dwell for ever there."

The lady must have been highly complimented by such a confession, and the youth, we have no doubt, was constant to the heaven he had succeeded in finding, and dwelt for ever there, like a spell-bound Prometheus ! Really, we cannot say much for the muse of Darlington at this period. That she has mightily improved in her manners we have evidence, from the bard of the "Ruin," whose graceful and exquisitely melodious style goes far to redeem the specimens we have given of the last generation.

We have several similar extracts marked for use, but we cannot, at present, for want of space (as we have limited ourselves to a certain length) include them in this sketch. We have, however, given sufficient to shew that sixty years ago there was little poetic talent in South Durham. We shall, in future papers, endeavour to shew how far the poetic taste of the county has advanced, and give a few specimens of a more modern date. The great object of these sketches being to entertain and amuse, it is not our intention to write anything which is not essential for that purpose. If some little information be gleaned from them—some slight truth be seen—our labour will be more than repaid, and we shall deem our time

as not being badly employed, even in writing this sketch of SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

"Sixty years since!" What strange varieties of thought and feeling do these simple words suggest! What shadows of long-departed realities flit across the mind as the tongue unconsciously repeats "'tis sixty years since!" Many, then old, are now laid

"Under the hillock where the long grass grows,"

As the bard of Home so beautifully says, and some, that were then young, are going tottering down the hill of life, and will soon reach the base! What mighty revolutions have taken place in that sixty years! What minds have poured out their riches! What new inventions, new discoveries, new philosophies have had birth; and what old familiar things have passed away to return no more!

NO. VIII.—LOCAL POETS.

AGREEABLY with our promise, we proceed to give some account of the modern poets of South Durham. There may be some who question whether the sacred name of *poet* can be justly given to any writer that has yet appeared in this county, or at least that portion of it to which these sketches are limited. There may be some, also, who estimate too highly the productions of men born and bred in their immediate neighbourhood. But the number of *questioners* will, we are afraid, be found to preponderate. To these we would say, that there are grades in poetry, as in people and in the whole range of natural phenomena, and, as before stated, we have no characters in South Durham, poetical or otherwise, that have reached the highest excellence. But though we cannot cull from our native bards such "flowers of fadeless hue" as bloom on the broad and luxuriant surface of English literature, we are proud to assert that the literary soil of South Durham has produced, of late years, germs and

flowers which have the true tinge and odour of genuine poesy. We do not write this in the spirit of presumption—far from it—for we have *felt* the expressed thoughts of the poets in question awake within us a finer sense of feeling. Apart from sentimentality, we are free to confess that their writings have purified many passions, subdued many vicious propensities, turned aside the shafts of untoward circumstances, and agreeably paved the way to a higher source of intellectual enjoyment.

We are personally acquainted with most of the rhyming gentry in the district, and have spent many pleasant hours with most of them, now living, who are none such stupid companions, as the world goes, though they *have* a predilection for the subject of poetry. Every man, however, rides a *hobby*, and we respect those most who exercise their equestrian abilities on intellectual ones.

We were saying we knew the local writers. Yes! we have seen the sharp eyes of Watson twinkle as he finished a metaphor, or gave the last touch to a flowery simile. We have seen Webber at his labours, and the serious physiognomy of Heavisides, senior, illuminated with a happy thought. We have heard G. W. Sutton in his poetic ecstasies—are familiar with Jordison, the talented translator of “Elisha”—have listened to the musical, yet somewhat monotonous voice of Thomas John Cleaver, and smiled and laughed at the wit and humour of Edmund Teesdale. None of these, however, will feel themselves in any slighted, or quarrel for a moment with our judgment, when we give the first place amongst our local poets to

HENRY HEAVISIDES,

Who was born at Darlington in the year 1791, where he received a tolerable education, and was afterwards apprenticed to his father, who carried on a respectable bookselling and printing business in that town for a

number of years. The father was, however, we believe, unfortunate in trade, and obliged, ultimately, from ill health, and a disposition totally unfit to battle with his difficulties, to retire from it altogether. His son Henry, the subject of the present sketch, had at this critical period nearly finished the term of his apprenticeship, and was left to make his way in the world as a journeyman printer. After many changes, both as regards place and circumstances, he at length became permanently situated at Stockton-on-Tees, where he has resided for upwards of thirty years, taking an active part in whatever tended to further the intellectual and social progress of the town.

The first efforts of Mr. Heavisides in poetical composition display little of that fine finish and genuine feeling which so strongly mark his late poems. Gifted with great natural powers, he seems to have been a considerable time before he brought them to that degree of cultivation which enabled him to produce the "Pleasures of Home." Early imbibing a taste for politics, it would appear that he had devoted most of his youthful attention to that particular study, and amid the contentions and universal excitement of the reform movement, had little time or inclination to cultivate an art that stands among the lasting glories of the whole world.

In 1837, when he had reached his forty-fifth year, Mr. Heavisides published the first edition of his "Pleasures of Home, and other Poems," which at once established his fame as a poet of no mean order. Choosing a subject that was familiar to him in all its striking and intensely poetical features—with a mind naturally sensitive to the charms of domestic life, he portrayed, in vivid colours, all that his heart had experienced and his mind conceived. Without possessing a brilliant imagination or a prolific fancy, his pen traced with earnest truth the lights and shadows that alternately brighten and darken the domestic

circle—revelling in pictures of extreme natural tenderness, describing the strong influences of home, with all its hallowed ties and lasting affections; and awakening in his own heart, and in every heart that can reflect, think, feel, and sympathise, thoughts that breathe

“Pure as the prayer that childhood wafts above,
Soft as the memory of buried love.”

Very few are aware of the difficulties to be encountered and overcome by a working man who seeks to excel, or even to reach mediocrity in any branch of art. Night is the only time he has for composition, and the mind of a printer, especially when kept in a state of action during the day, is more inclined for easy recreation in an evening than close application to a subject which requires at least the full exercise of the mental faculties. The working man cannot shut himself up in his private study where “none intrude” in the hour of inspiration, and calmly develop the powers of his mind. It is too frequently amid the noise of many tongues that the flights of his fancy are taken, or the deep thoughts of his inward nature expressed. Labouring under many disadvantages, struggling at times with appalling privations and innumerable cares, subject to sudden and almost overwhelming adversities, it is surprising to contemplate the immense amount of intellectual wealth that has through time emanated from this class of men. Justly it has been said that genius can surmount any obstacle and overcome any difficulty: for, without this truth to guide us, we would be lost in amazement, and wonder at the apparent impossibilities which have been accomplished by its instrumentality.

But we digress from our subject. Graceful in its style, yet displaying sudden bursts of strong feeling and vigorous expression, the “Pleasures of Home” runs on through a variety of scenes, unfolding bright glimpses of natural beauty not unworthy the pen of a

Goldsmith or a Campbell, both of whose writings the poem strongly resembles. Well drawn pictures of indoor life, contrasted beautifully with the perilous hardships of life at sea—the charms of peace contrasted with the horrors of war—sobriety with drunkenness, illustrated so truthfully in the story of “Benevolus”—the tale of the “Village maiden, Mary”—the spirited lines on Poland—and the “Arab Chief’s Love of Home,” will bear comparison with some of our best writers. There is an *earnestness* of feeling and expression about the whole poem which redeems every little *artistic* fault it may possess.

We might, if so inclined, notice a passage or two rather carelessly constructed—we might pick out, perhaps, a line or two that have not the true strength and *compactness*, if we may use the term, of the heroic measure; but we have not great love for the critics that fastidiously and often narrow-mindedly *shew up* the defects of authors. We would rather dwell upon their perfections;—consequently, we have not the qualifications necessary for the manufacture of critic’s *cayenne*, and therefore it will be little of that easily concocted but disagreeable ingredient which creeps into these sketches of the local poets of South Durham.

Our limits will not allow us to enter upon the minor poems of Mr. H., of which the “Maiden’s Dream,” and the verses “To a Butterfly,” are our especial favorites. One single extract from the “Pleasures of Home,” must conclude our notice.

“Imagination, swift as liquid light,
O’er earth and ocean wings her rapid flight,
Darts through the ether, soars beyond the sky,
And scans the bright worlds there with piercing eye,
While at her call soft music charms the ear,
Genii arise, or angel forms appear,
As vivid scenes, in light and shade combined,
Glow on the breathing canvass of the mind,

And lift, as shapes ideal spring to birth,
The dreaming poet's ravished soul from earth :
But the fond heart, unused at will to range,
Through every circumstance, through every change,
When far away, as soft emotion moves,
Turns ever true to that it dearly loves,
And sighs to beat where friends familiar smile,
And home-felt joys the evening hours beguile."

TO POESY.

Sweet Poesy ! forsake me not !
But let me walk, as when a boy,
Along thy paths of happiness
In silent ecstasy of joy ;
Still let thy presence cheer my way
Through life's mysterious pilgrimage,
And guide me on, through every change,
That time may bring in youth or age.
Sweet Poesy ! forsake me not !
I've known thee from my greenest years,
And thou hast ever been to me
The same in sadness and in tears
As when Joy's sunbeam on thy leaves
Alighted from celestial sphere—
Thy voice will make till life shall cease,
Eternal music in mine ear.

THE ROSE AND THE WIND.

In a garden fair where flowers were met
The sense and sight beguiling,
'Midst lily, pink and harebell blue,
Where primrose and carnation grew,
A sweet young Rose was smiling.
The Wind as it was passing by,
On a summer morning ;

Did gently kiss the Rose's cheek,
Enamoured with the glowing streak
Its lovely face adorning.

And softly, softly came the Wind,
With honied breath beguiling !
In broad day light, in hush of night,
It kissed the Rose with fond delight,
And still the Rose kept smiling.

And lovelier grew the sweet young Rose,
Expanding more its blossom.
And to the Wind that came to crave
All, all the latent fragrance gave
That dwelt within its bosom.

A change came o'er the faithless Wind—
Its breath grew cold and chilly ;
The form it had so oft caressed,
Or lulled to sleep, or waked from rest,
Grew paler than a lily.

Still colder, colder grew the Wind,
And o'er the Rose went sweeping,
As leaf by leaf it tore away,
And the poison Spirit of decay
Within the Rose was creeping.

O then it dropped, that gentle Rose !
And faded sadly; daily ;
You might not know that it had been
Of all its mates the virgin queen
The Wind had kissed so gaily.

Day by day its beauties fled,
Still drooping torn and slighted—
And now the mournful willow weeps
Over the grave where softly sleeps
The Rose the Wind has blighted.

On presenting a copy of the "Songs of the Heart" to a Lady.

A poet's gift is ever poor !
 Fortune, so deceiving,
 Makes whate'er 'tis his to give
 Seldom worth receiving.

Yet Friendship sheds a hallowed light
 On what is kindly given,
 And lends to common things a hue
 As rich, as pure as heaven.

THERE'S SOMETHING STILL WORTH LIVING FOR.

There's something still worth living for
 In this proud world of ours,
 Though swift it brightest lights depart
 And fleetly fade its flowers ;
 We've much to bear of grief and care,
 But let us not forget,
 The sun of hope and love will shine
 Mid sorrow and regret.

There's something still worth living for,
 If friendship hath not fled,
 If Love still in the bosom glows
 And Feeling be not dead ;
 While those around our homes entwine
 We've many a joy to bless,
 And many a star to cheer us on
 In darkness and distress.

There's something still worth living for,
 Though falsehood and deceit
 In those whom we have truly loved
 Sometimes, perchance, we meet ;
 But let us nobly bear the worst
 We feel of care and pain,
 For after sorrow cometh joy
 Like sunshine after rain.

THE POET'S CAUDLE.

Well, really, Charles, it is too bad,

To try one's temper so !

I wish you'd answer when I ask

A question, "Yes," or "No."

I've begged you twice to shut your book,

The supper's getting cold,

And there you sit like lifeless stone,

'Twould make an angel scold.

Good gracious ! one would think your lips

Were fastened close with gum,

I might as well have married with

A creature deaf and dumb ;

For if I speak you always seem

As stupid as a block,

And heed no more my questions than

The ticking of the clock.

You do ?—then why sit poring there ?

You know how much I hate,

When such a nice hot supper's set,

To be obliged to wait.

Have patience ?—it would try a saint,

I'm sick of such a life ;

Heaven help the foolish creature that

Becomes a poet's wife.

And then you do such stupid tricks,

Such blunders you commit,

Destroy our "bits of things" in what

You call an absent fit.

The other day you spoilt with ink

My best blue table cover,

A china cup and saucer broke,

The coffee pot knocked over.

It really is too bad to have

One's china broken so,

You surely think, like most of men,

That crockery can grow.

Of course?—Oh, yes ! I've heard you say
 That poets live on thin air :—
And so they do?—but only when
 They cannot raise a dinner.

You write of woman's virtues,
 Her goodness and her worth,
 And to a doating world your lies
 Like earnest truths go forth ;
 The piece you wrote the other day
 About domestic bliss,
 Was really quite a farce, you know,
 In such a home as this.

You know it?— Yes ! of Poetry
 I've long since had enough ;
 I wonder how the world can read
 Such sentimental stuff !
 I only wish, some years ago,
 I'd known enough of life
 To teach me that a hapless fate
 Awaits the poet's wife.

SONNET.

TO MRS. B., OF NEWCASTLE.

The Past is not all dark ! for much of bright
 And true lies cradled in its mystic sleep :
 Many a scattered ray of early light,
 And many a thought that nestles in the deep
 Abyss of long-departed days, will rise,
 In vivid semblance to the musing mind,
 When Memory opes her mild reflective eyes
 To gaze on those we knew and loved—the kind
 In thought and deed—for whom our inmost heart
 Hath felt the dearest, the best affections wake !
 The Past is not all dark !—for, though depart
 Its brightest beams—yet through the gloom will break
 Some Memory like thee—that hath the power
 To charm the solitude of many an hour.

THE POET'S WORK.

Look kindly on the poet's work !
 Speak gently of his name ;
Nor seek to crush one germ of thought,
 Nor blight one bud of fame.
Love every bard who struggles hard
 In penury and pain,
Through good and ill, heart-yearning still
 The meed of praise to gain.

Look kindly on the poet's work !
 Always, everywhere,
For Nature, Feeling, Truth, and Love,
 Have left their impress there.
The quenchless light of genius bright
 A hallowed thing should be,
For day and night it yields delight—
 The shackled bard sets free.

Look kindly on the poet's work !
 Uproot the love of gold,
And walk in kindred spirit with
 The mighty minds of old ;
Change worldly store for mental lore,
 Imperishably bright,
To guide you on, like morning sun,
 From darkness into light.

Look kindly on the poet's work !
 Let time-worn fanes decay—
His spirit-labours crumble not,
 Nor pass like dust away.
One meteor thought that comes unsought
 To light the Poet's page,
Unsoiled by clime, unchanged by time,
 Lives on from age to age.

Look kindly on the Poet too,
 For joy to all he brings :
The boundless universe his lyre,
 The souls of men his strings.

His fancy speeds o'er flowery meads,
Where beauty lies reposing ;
His spirit roams through nature's homes,
Life, light, and truth disclosing.

SONNET.

TO MARIANNE.

As some lone exile on a foreign strand
Turns tenderly, in thought, to absent friends
That smiled around him in his native land—
So, Marianne, gentle Memory lends
Her pensive beam, and turns my thoughts to thee.
'Tis wondrous how the human heart will cling
In fondness to the past—and Fancy's wing
Unfold its plumage bright, in joy to flee
To other years. O Marianne, 'twere a dark
And dismal world we live in, did not Love,
Like sunbeams darting down from heaven above,
Shed joy upon our path, and make the ark
Wherein is treasured all that's pure and bright,
An Eden place—a paradise of light.

THE YEAR.

I am joyous when returneth
The first sweet smile of Spring,
For new life within me yearneth
When the birds begin to sing ;
I am glad when Summer cometh
With the butterfly and the bee,
And each pretty flower that bloometh
Tells its tale of Hope to me.
When the Autumn leaves are falling,
And the chill winds come at last,
Fond remembrances recalling
From the shadows of the past,

Though a deeper thought comes o'er me,
Yet I pine not with regret,
For the spring-time gone before me,
Or the summer sunlight set.
But when Winter, stern and hoary,
Brings his white shroud for the year,
And the last gleams of his glory
May be seen through many a tear,
While my heart may well be mourning,
Then I hope for Spring again,
That will come like Joy returning
After many days of pain.

MARY.

Mary ! thou art gone from me,
Now my joy is shaded :
Mary ! thou art gone from me,
Now my hope is faded.
To other lips will thine be prest,
To other eyes thine own will turn,
While in this self-consuming breast,
The quenchless fire of love will burn.
Like the morning light you came
Soft and sweetly smiling,
Bringing many a speechless dream,
Grief and care beguiling :
But, oh, since you have left me now,
It seems as though the rosy light
Had passed for ever from the earth,
And faded into endless night.
Mary ! thou art gone from me,
Now my joy is shaded :
Mary ! thou art gone from me,
Now my hope is faded.
I heed no more the stars or flowers,
The music of the bird and bee,
But linger out the weary hours
In Memory's brooding thoughts of thee.

ONE HOUR.

How much of all that we have nourished
And fondly in our bosoms cherished,
With many lovely things have perished,
In an hour !

The brightest star that shines at even
But lingers for awhile in heaven,
The sweetest dreams are only given,
In an hour !

The joyless heart for ever sighing,
Feeds on grief, while Time is flying,
Till all its dearest hopes are dying,
In an hour !

TO MARGARETTA.

When last we met thy heart was sad,
And o'er thy youthful features stole
Full many a shade of pensiveness,
The wordless index of the soul.
Thy eye had not its wonted light,
A still, deep thought was on thy brow,
Thy smile no longer beamed so bright,
And on thy cheek pale sorrow grew.
Can life to one so young as thou
Its bitter truths so soon unfold,
And o'er thy spirit cast the gloom
That turns its yearning nature cold ?
Can Time that moves so fleetly on
Around this breathing world of sin,
Have taken Joy's sweet rose away,
Or left its withered leaves within ?
Can Memory's silent thoughts impart
One feeling thou wouldst fain suppress,
Or Hope, the human rainbow light,
Have lost her hues of loveliness ?

Canst *thou* have felt the chill that comes
From Friendship's guile or Love's deceit,
And known the world of bitterness
That myriad living souls must meet ?

Ah ! no. It hath not been thy lot
Along the rugged path to tread,
To see thy dearest hopes decay,
And mourn that faith and truth have fled.
Life's trials yet to thee are few,
Thy stream of Youth glides gently on,
With purity within its depths
And o'er its surface peace alone.

That young and artless heart of thine
The weight of care hath seldom prest,
No buried joys or blighted hopes
Have chilled the feeling of thy breast ;
The Book of Life has yet to thee
Its fairest types of beauty shewn,
The brightest lights alone revealed,
Its darkest pages are unknown.

Then smile as those alone may smile
Whose hearts are yet from sorrow free,
Nor let thy gentle spirit droop
In silent, sad, despondency :
And oh, when we two meet again
In holy Friendship's firmest ties,
May every shade of grief depart
As clouds depart from sunlit skies.

BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

THE love of a poet is such, that time, distance, and circumstances, seek in vain to obliterate it from his memory. With men engaged in common, every-day pursuits—immersed in the subtleties of facts and figures—the passion of love seems to crave but little attention; but with the poet it becomes a feeling that never decays. We have many instances on record to prove this assertion. The love of Petrarch for Laura existed through all the changes of his life. Dante's love for Beatrice bore a similar character. The unfortunate Tasso lingered out a miserable existence, with the vulture of hopeless passion preying on his heart; and the love of Byron for Mary Chaworth sunk so deep into his spirit, that it threw a gloom over the splendour of his genius, and embittered his whole life with a melancholy that stands almost without a parallel.

The love of the poet partakes more of the ideal than the real. Born with a quick perception for the beautiful—a more acute sense of feeling than the man of the world—gifted with a brilliancy of imagination and a fertility of fancy—the object of his affections naturally influences every conception of his mind, and every emotion of his heart. The finer feelings of his nature—the strong sympathies, the tender affections, and the deep impulses of his being—are awakened by the wondrous power of love. Wherever the heart of the poet is fixed—on whatever object the eye of the poet rests—they create a beauty and sublimity, a lasting impression, which the genius of the poet alone can accomplish.

Burns's Jean and Highland Mary are beings that would never have been heard of beyond their own locality, had they not been beautified by the hand of the poet. Laura would have slept like a common mortal in oblivion, had she not received the touch of immortality from the pen of Petrarch. Beatrice and

Leonora would have been but common names—heard without a single emotion—had they not been enshrined in the poetry of two such men as Dante and Tasso; and Mary Chaworth would have slumbered quietly amid the dust of ages, had not Byron given her a share of his immortality.

On whatever the mind of a great poet is exercised; whether on the external beauties of the universe, gathering the exhaustless stores of Nature, or soaring, Shelley-like, into the purer regions of ideality, and creating an imaginary world of loveliness that none but poets dream of; or whether dwelling on the attributes of humanity—unravelling the intricate mysteries of the heart, and laying before us its passions, feelings, affections—its hopes, disappointments, and despair; on whatever of these, we say, the mind of the poet is exercised, and his pen employed, it leaves him with the impress of truth and beauty upon it.

Wonder not that the heart of Byron should linger so fondly and so long on early impressions. Wonder not, amid the heartlessness of the world—when envy, malice, scorn, and contempt, set up their barriers against his happiness, and the malignant tongues of thousands assailed him throughout the land—that he turned from all their bitterness, and wrapping himself in the beauty of his own thoughts, walked like a spirit among the scenes of his childhood, dreaming of her who was the “starlight of his boyhood”—throwing around her the light of his genius—and relieving his aching heart of the deep, earnest, and fearful passions that swelled with it.

In the history of Byron and Mary Chaworth we find a bitter lesson to humanity. At the early age of sixteen this fatal passion entered the soul of Byron, and remained with him till the day of his death. In tracing his career we find this early root of affection

spreading like the branches of the oak ; we find it shedding its influence over his poetic spirit till it became a part of his existence. His whole being was wound up in the coil that Fate had beset him with. How bitter was the sequel ! Haunting him, like an evil spirit, this passion, in after life, was the source of all his misery. Through the changes of classic scenery—in his wanderings through lands which were the dream of his boyhood—through Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Arcanania, and his own loved Greece—through Iona and Phrigia,

" Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales."

Yet there was a gloom upon his heart—a melancholy in the breathings of his lyre—a sad, mournful feeling that "coloured all his objects"—eating, like the canker-worm, into his very heart's core.

In the first canto of Childe Harold we find this unrequited affection preying on his mind :—

" Yet oft-times, in his maddest mirthful mood,
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or *disappointed passion* lurked below :
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;
For his was not that open artless love
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er his grief mote be, which *he could not control*."

Here is revealed, at his first parting from the land of his birth, the disappointed passion that lurked in his memory. In the bloom of this lasting affection for Mary Chaworth he was but a boy, "but his heart had far outgrown his years," and he little thought what a powerful influence this girl was to have over his future life. He boasted of nerving his heart against the enmity that beset him on every side ; he deemed that he had schooled himself into a state of indifference ; yet the whole of his poetry partakes of this early feeling of disappointment. Had his love been re-

turned, might he not have become one of the noblest of human kind?

In his first parting from Mary Chaworth, to become a wanderer in foreign lands, he was aware that she had bestowed her love upon another—he knew that she had no share in his feelings—yet the spell was upon him, not to be broken. He left England, to become a sojourner in the land of the stranger:—

“ In the wilds
Of fiery-climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams.”

He became a dreamer on the high mountains—a lonely spirit, brooding on the ruin of his own hopes. The scenes around him but heightened the gloom that had come upon him. The morning of his youth had not yet passed away, yet the night of misery had darkened all his prospects. He became a contemner of the world, ere he had tasted any of its sweets. He shunned society, and made himself a language in the solitudes of the universe.

During this sojourn in a strange land, he wrote the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which are full of the gloom which pervaded his young spirit. After about two years absence, he returned to England, and found Miss Chaworth married to Mr. Musters; but she, it appears, had some inward grief corroding her happiness:

“ Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.”

Byron at this period became the husband of Miss Milbank, but even at the altar, he records in the epitome of his life, the memory of his first love came upon him, and

“ O'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced.”

We will pass over his separation from his wife, as a part of his history that will perhaps for ever remain a mystery ; but we are of opinion that little love existed between them. The seeds of his early love were too deeply sown to become easily erased, and we find him again leaving his native shore, with a spirit reckless for everything that might oppose it. He says in the beginning of the third canto of *Childe Harold* :—

" I depart,
Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye !"

He became again the "wandering outlaw of his own dark mind." In the mean time a fearful doom was working for the "lady of his love." The mind of Mary Chaworth had become a chaos :—

" Oh ! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre ; but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm."

Byron returned to England no more. He had become a husband and a father, yet had tasted none of the sweets of domestic life. He had become a voluntary exile from the land of his birth ; his home was desolate, and his heart full of bitter memories,—torn by the conflicting passions of hatred and remorse—yet love was still an inhabitant there. Far from the scenes of his early days, they still had a charm for his wearied spirit : and the voice of the past was still heard in the solitude he had imposed upon himself.

" I have a passion for the name of ' Mary,'
For once it was a magic sound to me ;
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be ;
All feelings changed ; *but this was last to vary,*
A spell from which even yet I'm not quite free."

We have traced this passion to its last stage, and give it but as one more instance of the love of a poet existing through time, change, and circumstances.

Let those who have never loved contemn it as a weakness of the mind, and those who *have* loved (and there are few who have not) look upon it with a sympathising heart, and lament the fatality of its consequences.

YOU ARE OLD IN YEARS.

You are old in years, and sorrow's tears
 Have washed the roses from your cheek,
 Your blue eyes light, that shown so bright,
 Shine dimly now, and gently meek—
 Yet many a gleam of youthful dream
 Comes o'er your loving spirit now,
 To cheer life's way with sunny ray
 And smooth the furrows of your brow.
 Though many a care is shadowed where
 The beam of joy would once have been,
 Your heart, though old, hath not grown cold,
 Your gentle love is still serene ;
 Your early smiles come back awhile,
 Yet pale and sad its lustre seems,
 And o'er your face, methinks, I trace,
 The starlight of my boyish dreams.
 O Mary mine ! that heart of thine
 Affection steadfastly hath shewn ;
 From early youth, with earuest truth,
 Hath sweetened every joy I've known.
 Then need I care if every fair
 And lovely trace of youth be gone ?
 No, let each fade, by time decayed,
 I love thee for thy heart alone.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO C. S.

Name that is breathed by thousand lips
 Whose hearts are feelingless as clay—
 Friendship ! of whom so many prate,
 Yet never owned thy gentle sway ;

We owe thee for our hours of joy,
For days, aye years of human bliss,
For more than pen or tongue can tell—
Blest source of this world's happiness !

Great men have been thy worshippers,
Whose names are in historic page,
And those who loved thee may be found
In every clime, in every age ;
Those who have felt the burning glow
That all must feel who know thee well,
And bless the cause, the hour that bound
Their nature with thy gentle spell.

If fair Deceit, and Falsehood's smile,
That sully Truth's unfading wings,
Have wronged the trusting heart awhile,
And poisoned all its inner springs,
O let it not in madness spurn
The good that flows from purer wells,
But hope from other sources still
To find where Friendship's spirit dwells.

If in some time of cold neglect
A brother's heart should inly bleed,
To find no kind consoling voice
To soothe him in his hour of need ;
Still let him deem though thus forsaken,
Anguish-torn, and care-opprest,
That kindred Truth may yet awaken
Friendship's music in his breast.

Mysterious fount ! whence pleasures flow,
Beguiling sorrow of her tears ;
Binding with spirit links of love,
And bright'ning even childhood's years ;
Thy cup, to mortals kindly given,
Can many a bitter pang assuage,
Send joy to youth, to manhood peace,
And cheer us in declining age.

The world hath many a grief to give,
And many a joy to take away,
'Midst bitter things and thoughts we live,
Still struggling on till life's decay ;
But, oh, let Friendship send us still
Her choicest fruit, her fairest bloom ;
Still let her holy beacon shine,
'Twill light us through the darkest gloom.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Young Love and his sister, Hope, one day,
Together, hand in hand, went forth
To gather, in the month of May,
The fairest blossoms of the earth,
And young Love smiled
On his sister child,
And Hope looked into Love's bright eyes,
And kindred rays
Met in each gaze
That told of inward ecstasies.
And long together thus they went
Unconscious of Time's rapid flight,
Till in the dark'ning firmament
Were gathering fast the clouds of night,
And thicker still
O'er vale and hill
They saw the evening vapours come,
And far and wide,
On every side,
Love viewed with dread the deep'ning gloom.
Then Love grew sad and sore distress'd
As darker, denser grew the night,
And fear and trembling filled his breast
As he looked on the gloomy sight,
Till Hope, sweet maid,
Unto him said,

With a voice that touched his drooping heart,
 "Let not the night
 Thy soul affright,
For soon will all its clouds depart".

Then quickly passed the clouds away,
 The moon and stars came brightly forth,
Scattering many a brilliant ray
 To light the darkness of the earth,
 When young Love said,
 Unto the maid,
Who smiled upon him with delight,
 "Sweet sister mine,
 The power is thine,
To change the darkness into light."

Then let this truth to all be known,
 When droops the spirit in distress,
Though bright-eyed Hope we deem hath flown
 She still, unseen, remains to bless :
 Mid chill despair,
 In want and care,
She still is found an angel guest,
 And after pain
 Brings back again
Bright gleams of gladness to the breast.

SOLITUDE.

Soft is the soul in solitude !
 In loneliness all gentler seems
The wordless melody of thought !
 So filled with pensive, pleasing dreams,
And sweetly pure imaginings,
 Which make us all forget, forgive,
That we have borne and suffered long
 In this bleak world in which we live.

Deep feelings cherished many a year
 Grow deeper in the lonely hour,
 And young hopes nurst in secret long,
 Cling to the heart with stronger power ;
 And voices that have died away
 In Time's long echo speak again,
 And forms and faces long since gone,
 Glean through the windows of the brain.

It is not in the smiling crowd
 Man's inward nature may be known,
 The mystic veils that there enshroud
 His better self, when left alone,
 Are rent asunder, and his soul,
 Self-freed from earthly vassalage,
 Mounts upward, upward, upward still,
 Like bird enfranchised from the cage.

SONNET.

TO T. J. CLEAVER, AUTHOR OF "NIGHT, AND
 OTHER POEMS."

Let cold ones scorn the burden of thy song,
 And lightly prize the music of thy lyre,
 They know not, dream not, of the holy fire
 That burns within thy heart. To thee belong
 Thoughts, feelings, aspirations, understood
 But by a kindred soul. The pure, the good
 That live in thee, like latent light, too oft
 Remain obscured : yet, by some gentle touch
 Of sympathetic good, thy nature's soft
 And better part awakes, and tells how much
 The *world* has done thee wrong. O let us slight
 The *seeming joys* it boasts, its dark deceit ;
 Let Truth and Virtue shine serenely bright,
 And weave at last Corruption's winding sheet.

THE POET'S REQUEST.

Come, sing me some sweet song to-night,

Thy voice has long been mute ;

With gentle hand, and loving heart,

Go, touch thy magic lute.

Its tones may cool my burning brow,

Or soothe my aching breast,

And lull, as song alone may do,

My weary soul to rest.

And let it be some lay of old

That tells of early years :

Brings back the time of youthful prime,

When smiles instead of tears,

Were beaming soft in eyes that oft

Since then, like ours, have wept—

Come, wake thy magic lute once more,

Too long its chords have slept.

And let the strain be such as steals

Like sunshine through the heart,

To melt its frozen fountains there,

And bid its cares depart ;

For music's power, in sorrow's hour,

Dispels the bosom's gloom,

And makes, instead of Winter thoughts,

Young Summer feelings bloom.

Thine eye, like mine, is growing dim,

The rose hath left thy cheek,

Yet soft expression lingers still

So sweetly, sadly meek,

That I might deem a pale moonbeam

Had stolen in the night

From heaven above, and left thee, love,

Its pure and holy light.

But yet thy voice hath lost no charm,

Time leaves it still the same,

As when its tones first on my ear

In dream-like music came ;

Thy heart of youth hath kept its truth
From first affection's kiss,
Though many suns have waked and slept
Since that sweet time and this.

Though beauty fades, and life may wear
Its vernal smile no more,
And love, through many years of change,
Grow calmer than before;
Believe not it forsakes us then,
Though seeming cold we be;
It lies within the bosom's depths
Like gold beneath the sea.

Then sing me some sweet song to-night,
I ask but this, no more,
That every word, like forest bird,
Shall kindle thoughts of yore;
And as I list, in Fancy blest,
My soul, no more o'ercast,
Through many a day will wing its way,
And mingle with the past.

ON THE CULTIVATION AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

IN the whole range of English literature there has not been one subject more neglected than that of music. While volumes upon volumes have accumulated to illustrate and elevate the art of Painting, while numbers have endeavoured and succeeded in furthering the progress of Sculpture, and Poetry has worked its own way to the hearts of the people, with an influence universally acknowledged and felt—Music, the pure, the holy, the sublime, has been comparatively forgotten. In the literature of England, so much as I know of it, the influence of Music on the passions and affections has been lamentably misunderstood, and therefore seldom touched upon. Amongst our poets

we may number Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, and his *Ode to St. Cecilia*, Collins's *Ode on the Passions*, and a few others, as the only pieces of any note that have been written to illustrate the power of Music—while the sister arts have been beautifully delineated by every great poet from Chaucer down to Wordsworth.

Music, also, has had many opponents. Some, through the grossest ignorance of its nature, have sought to brand it as a mere pleasure of the senses, while others, through prejudice and wrong feeling, have striven hard to attain it with the characteristics of vice and impiety.

There is a class of men, whose number is fast diminishing, who seek to underrate and bring into contempt every thing that is the offspring of the imagination—who, having narrow minds of their own, would quench every spark of etheriality in others, and consider every flash of intellect and every ray of mind, every scintillation of genius, as unadapted to the purposes of life—men, seeking to enhance and raise up the useful arts to the loftiest pinnacle of excellence, and who deprecate the refining arts as ephemeral and frivolous, and incapable of teaching or inculcating one useful lesson to mankind. Possessed with this erroneous idea, they would trample down the blossoms of Poetry that have been cherished in the bosoms of a loving people—they would obliterate the inimitable and glorious beauties of the pen and the pencil, and obstruct the onward progress of that harmony which is the only source of praise and thanksgiving of the angels in the highest heaven.

It is lamentable to hear and see so many absurdities advanced against Music—an art, the nature of which is so pure, that it has nothing in it to express an evil passion. Whilst the Painter may degrade himself by indulging in obscene pictures, the Sculptor debase his art by forming monsters of deformity, or the Poet

descend from his high dignity to the sensualist and voluptuary—the pure abstract quality of Music cannot be vitiated—every essential rule of the art is so constituted that it is impossible, without the combination of words, to cause anything but innocent and delightful emotions. It is too true, that Music may be so abused as to be made a means of propagating evil—but in itself, apart from every immorality to which it *can* be allied—it is pure as the matin song of the bird of Spring.

When I reflect on the many pleasurable feelings I have myself experienced by the influence of Music, I cannot but wonder how a refinement so pure and eloquent, so holy and sublime, should call down the anathema of contempt and the bitter taunt of sarcasm.

When it is considered that Music can soften and subdue the rugged and brutal parts of our nature—alleviate us in pain—cheer us in sorrow—add to our joy in the hour of prosperity, and be a sweet companion in the day of adversity—surely it ought to have some hold on our affections, possessing, as it does, something within itself that we “would not willingly let die.”

Think you, I would ask the contemner of Music, that the exquisite intonations of the human voice were given for speech alone—or the delicate construction of the ear was so formed, without some more important object in view than the mere sense of hearing? “The same Almighty Being,” says one of our writers, “who covered the face of nature with bright and beauteous colours, has filled the air with sweet sounds. He has taught us to listen to the melody of the birds, the sighs of the passing breeze, the murmur of the brooks, and the impressive accents of the human voice, with feelings akin to those with which we gaze on the glorious panoply of heaven, the verdure of the woods, and the meadows enamelled with a thousand

flowers." I would, therefore, say to every one, refine the faculty that has been given you—the ear conveys to the mind many a wordless thought that can only be conveyed through the medium of Music, and many a pure aspiration owes its first growth to the potent influence of sound.

Does any one imagine that the soft, sweet, and melifluous voice of Woman was formed for no other purpose than to express her wants, wishes, and caprices? Her voice, always sweet, is doubly so when exercised in the sphere of song. Who hath not *felt* the humanising power of woman's voice fall soothingly on his ear—stealing, like a spirit of good, into his nature—creating, by its potent charm, delightful and kindly emotions? Who cannot trace, through the dark vista of the past, the source of many associations that are dear to the heart and memory? There are few, I hope, whose natures are so callous, whose feelings are so dormant, that the song of woman hath not been breathed into their souls and reached their sympathies.

With these prefatory remarks I shall enter more immediately on my subject. The opinions which I have to express are those, I may say, that have imperceptibly and gradually been formed in my own mind, as I have associated with musical men, and followed in my peculiar way, the study of Music itself. I do not intend, nor is it necessary, to go into its principles—the object of this paper being to shew, as far as my own experience and information teach me, "The want of Musical Education in England."

Our own country is considered at present as the greatest in the world—it is daily represented as the highest in the scale of civilization; yet I am sorry to say, that as far as its musical education has advanced, it is much inferior to other nations in Europe, and likely to remain so, if some greater efforts be not made for its advancement.

The character of a nation, I would observe, may be in a great degree gathered from the peculiarity of its Music. As every nation has its own language, so has it in Music characteristics peculiarly its own. The Music of the Italians is smooth, flowing, and graceful. They are a nation of sentiment, and their country has been designated the "Land of Song." The Music of the French is light and airy: they are considered a frivolous people. The Swiss Music is remarkable for its pastoral simplicity, partaking in a marked degree the character of the people. The Music of the Germans is great and sublime, the offspring more of the mind than the heart, as the works of their illustrious composers eminently illustrate. They are a deep thinking people—and of our two sister countries there is nothing that we may distinguish them by more easily than the national character of their music.

The Scotchman, in general, can hear an Italian air with as much unconcern as though he were listening to a foreign language which he cannot understand; but give him one of the melodies of his own country, and you touch every fibre of his heart, and every enthusiastic feeling of his nature is called into action.

The Irishman partakes of the same feeling for his national Music, though, in my opinion, there is less nationality, that is, less that belongs exclusively to Ireland, than in the Music of the Scotch. But England *has no national Music*—an English air has no peculiar character—it is a combination of all sorts of styles, from as many sources as its language.

I believe myself that every man, though I may be disputed on this point, has the elements of music in his nature to a certain extent; which, by cultivation, may be improved, and have a beneficial influence both as regards refining his mind and bettering his moral condition. The effects of Music on the generality of mankind are invariably salutary. There *have* been

instances of men who professed a decided antipathy to Music ; but it was, perhaps, more through eccentricity or prejudice than to any *real* distaste for it. Dean Swift, I believe, and William Cobbett, who certainly stood great need of such an influence—the former, to remedy the continual ascerbity of his temper, and the other to refine the coarseness of his mind, have both of them said more against the study of Music than is consistent with men of wisdom. If I remember right, Mr. Cobbett, though it might be expected from a man who perceived not the beauties of Shakespere, felt more Music in the crying of a child than in all the music he ever heard. No one need to have envied him his taste. Chesterfield, in his endeavour to inculcate a pernicious system of morality into the minds of youth, considered it quite at variance with gentlemanly breeding to play upon any instrument—the practice of Music being only fit for vulgar minds. These and similar absurdities have not been propagated without finding several to adhere to his philosophy, and it is only by the strenuous exertions of greater and nobler minds than Dean Swift's, William Cobbett's, and Lord Chesterfield's that many false ideas and many an erroneous dogma will be rooted out and eradicated.

At present, when the subject of Education is likely to command the attention of the government and the people, this branch of it ought to be considered. Some efforts have been made to create a taste for Music amongst the masses. Hullah and his system have had plenty of disciples in the more populous districts of England and more copies of his instructions have been issued than of any other work except the bible : and I have no doubt that they have been instrumental in initiating many into the mysteries of Music. But I do not approve of his system on the whole, as I have seen it carried out. There appears to be too many voices in exercise at the same time. It always re-

minged me of congregational singing, which seems, at least to me, about the lowest state of Music. I admire the *blending* of many voices, but the discordant squalling of some congregations I have sat in has been far from pleasing to the ear.

Till congregations are sufficiently advanced to sing *in tune*, every place of worship, if possible, should be provided with an efficient choir. It is the want of musical education that causes the congregations of most of the dissenting chapels, and many of the churches, in England, to spend their time and breath over psalm and hymn tunes that would disgrace the mind of the most ordinary composer of the present day. It is time there was reformation here. It is time the taste, even of religious communities, was taking a higher stand, and excluding from their choirs and congregations many pieces of so called "sacred Music," that neither elevate the soul nor lead the mind to piety.

It is not long since the Wesleyan body set themselves against the greatest help to sacred Music that was ever invented: I mean the ORGAN:—and even now this noble instrument is not allowed in many of their chapels in England. They have also excluded nearly all the sacred music of the greatest composers. That magnificent and stupendous production, the "Creation," and the no less grand and sublime "Messiah," are seldom, if ever, heard within the walls of a Wesleyan edifice. This is the want of Musical Education.

This aversion to the best Music is, I believe, because it is of Catholic, that is, Roman Catholic origin. How foolish! Because Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, the musical Shakespere of Germany, and many others, wrote for the Catholic church, are we to reject their productions? Music belongs to no community, no sect, no party. The best Music ought to spread and

extend itself over the whole world. There ought to be no exclusiveness, no obstruction, no bias against it; but it ought to be received by the universal mind without opposition, and without prejudice.

An eminent writer observes, that "the highest and noblest compositions—even if we consider them merely as productions of art—are those consecrated to the service of religion. They are the works of those who have reached the very summit of excellence, of those in whose bosoms the fire of genius has burned with the most transcendent brightness. It is impossible to be conversant with such works without being imbued with something of the spirit which gave them birth."

There is want of music also in a social point of view. How seldom in the ordinary walks of life do we meet with a musical family—a little band, that after their separate labours of the day are finished, can sit down and either by voice or instrument, or perhaps both, are enabled to produce a harmony of sound, and a melody of expression, calculated to soften the rudest nature, and elevate the most degraded.

How often is it the case, that in a long winter evening, we find time wearying us with its seeming length, as we wish for recreation. Might not Music supply this vacuum, and lighten our studies with its agreeable and gladdening companionship if it was more understood and more cultivated? Yes, it is the want of mental recreations of this description that make so many desolate homes, that ruins many bright intellects, and produces so much evil in the world.

There is a want of Musical Education in our public schools. Other countries can bring even the peasant to a higher state of musical excellence than many or even most of the amateurs in England ever reach. You seldom meet with a German that has not a taste for Music or is not himself a musician—it seems to be

with the Germans a part of their education, and this accounts for their decided superiority over every other nation.

A writer on Music says:—"In Germany Music is generally taught—no schoolmaster is permitted to exercise his profession if he is not able to teach its elements; and if you hear a number of country girls singing in a harvest field, or a party of conscripts going to drill, you are sure to find them singing *in parts*; but what must interest every traveller in that land of Music, perhaps more than anything else he meets with, are the pleasant family parties, in which old and young assemble together, and father and son, mother and sister, friend and neighbour, pass long and cheerful evenings with no other resource than Music, and requiring no better."

In England Music is not considered as a part of education, or rather it may be considered as a part, but a superfluous one, which is too expensive to be gratified by those going through only a common course of education. But in Germany, I believe, Music is considered a necessary part of even an ordinary education. The only persons who seem in any degree instructed in this pleasing art in England are the ladies of the middle and higher classes, and few even of these get more than a superficial knowledge of it.

There is also the greatest want of musical education in our rural districts. In our poetical notions of rural life we naturally look for some substitution for the "pipe and taber" of former ages. Our pastoral poets have left us many pleasant pictures of rustic life—but they are pictures only. The Damons and Phythiases of the elder poets have either passed away like a race of fairies, or existed only in their imagination. The ancient shepherdesses and shepherds that rivalled the birds of the universe in their "wood notes wild"—

where are they? Echo answers, where? What a dream-like life has been created by the pen of the poet for the peasant—but it passes away like a dream before the sternness of reality. What has been substituted for the shèpherd's pipe? You may hear occasionally in your rambles over hill and dale the rude scraping of a fiddle—or some ruder voice extending itself with some ballad, plentifully interspersed with *walkings and talkings*, and a great degree of similar rhymings and chimings, which are all offered at the shrine of "sweet Betsy"; but where is the primitive simplicity that made us sigh for such a life? The peasant's condition must be wonderfully changed, or the descriptions we have read must be considered as nothing more nor less than romances. The peasant, though he has a natural inclination for Music, and time enough to gratify it, may sing from sunrise till sunset, as free as the bird above him, but he lacks instruction. His taste is confined to ballads he picks up or purchases at fairs and merry-makings.

A modern writer observes:—"There seems to exist in this country a notion, that nothing, strictly speaking, ought to be encouraged, but what embraces practical utility. This feeling, no doubt, derives its origin from the fact that the English are what Buonaparte designated them, "a nation of Shopkeepers," implying thereby that the great object of an Englishman's existence is buying and selling—profit and loss, rates of exchange, premiums and policies, being the staple commodities of the national brain, which considers all other matters unnecessary to the purpose of life that are not immediately connected with commercial advantages. To this may be attributed, he says, "the lamentable want of sympathy with the arts among the generality of our countrymen; a picture, a piece of music, or a play, not being considered with its reference to its intrinsic, but its marketable value."

This is but too true. The commercial part of this country forget too frequently the respect that is due to art. Immersed in the depths of speculation, scheming, plotting, thinking night and day on *gain* alone, they reject, and I may say, in many instances, despise the more elegant and refining occupations of those around them. The rage of late for railway speculation, which, in many instances, may be called swindling (as the man without a penny has changed places with the man of thousands) has now subsided ; but the principle is still existing. Is it not revolting to see statues erected, and testimonials of respect raised, for men who have but carried out their own selfish schemes, their sole object the amassing of wealth? while some poor yet benevolent individual, who has exercised the whole of his energies for the intellectual welfare of his species, is neglected and forgotten. The commercial speculator may do much for the prosperity of his country ; but he effects little for its moral and intellectual advancement.

This cannot be applied to all commercial men ; but it is undoubtedly their general characteristic.

The salutary influence of Music would do much to extinguish this absolute principle of selfishness amongst them—it would teach them to sympathise and assimilate with softening and more humanizing pursuits—to forget for awhile the sounds of gold and silver—in the contemplation of those which will lead them from the common, monotonous business of life into the purer region of thought and imagination. It would touch, with its enchanting power, the frozen icicles of their nature, and melt them as the sun of heaven melts the ice-bound river, and leaves no trace of frost upon its breast.

Shakespeare, the greatest analyser of human nature, seems to have been passionately fond of music, and has introduced it into a number of his plays. He has

emphatically said, that

“The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirits are dull as Night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted.”

This is going a great way, and may be liable to some restrictions ; but it shews more vividly than any other passage in his works, and there are many we could quote, the importance he must have attached to Music.

John Turner, a writer on Music, speaking of musical education, says :—“With no fixed principle to guide them, and few, if any, innocent means of amusement provided for them, the youth of the working classes, in their hours of leisure, are liable to be enticed into places of common resort for the idle and dissolute, where they are (almost unconsciously) drawn into the vortex of low pleasures. Let the habits and recreations, however, of the industrious classes of our own country, where Music does not prevail, be contrasted with those of other countries where it does, and it will be found that the balance of morality is much in favour of the latter.”

The simplicity of manners, and the bravery and independence of the Swiss are universally acknowledged ; and on no other people, perhaps, is the influence of Music so much exerted. The inhabitants of many other mountainous countries afford examples of the same kind. The empire of Music, where it exercises a salutary influence over the mind, is to be looked for, therefore, in those regions where vice and dissipation are the farthest removed ; where the gentler qualities which adorn the heart, and the nobler virtues which elevate and dignify the soul, more peculiarly abound.

In many parts of Germany, in the Tyrol and in the German cantons of Switzerland, Music is almost invariably cultivated. Under the sanction of the governments of these states, if not by their express authority, it forms a part of every regular system of education; and in schools more especially designed for general instruction, it ranks next to the Bible in importance. According to the emphatic words of Luther, "Next to theology, I give the place and highest honour unto music."

If then, it is found, that in countries where the evil passions have less sway, Music has taken a firmer hold on the affections, does it not become a question worthy of our serious thoughts whether a more general but judicious diffusion of Music amongst the industrious classes of England might not, so far from acting injuriously upon their morals as some sects and communities think it does, contribute largely to the rooting out of dissolute and debasing habits, and establishing the dominion of religion and virtue in their place?

Dr. Brown observes, that "the art of Music may possibly by degree be made to form a part of Education, and applied to the culture of the youthful mind in subjects religious and moral," and he further adds, that "he is not ashamed to follow the example of the greatest authors among the ancient Greeks in recommending the early practice of domestic Music, as tending powerfully to soothe the discordant passions, to influence the taste, and fix the morals of youth?"

Dr. Beattie, another able writer on the same subject, insists that "Every thing in art, nature, or common life, must give delight, which communicates delightful passions in the human mind, and because all the passions that Music can inspire are of the agreeable kind, it follows that all pathetic or expressive Music must be agreeable. Music may inspire devotion,

fortitude, compassion, benevolence, tranquillity; it may infuse a gentle sorrow that softens, without wounding the heart, or a sublime horror that expands and elevates, while it astonishes the imagination: but Music has no expression for impiety, cowardice, cruelty, hatred, or discontent. For every essential rule of the art tends to produce pleasing combinations of sound; and it is difficult to conceive how, from these, any painful or criminal affections should arise."

There is another feature in Music I would wish to draw attention to—its influence on Lunatics. The following extract goes to prove its humanising power in this respect:—"A concert given at the establishment for females suffering from mental alienation at Bourg, by the singers of the Pyrenees, proves the great power of Music on madness. During the performance which took place in the chapel, the greatest calm prevailed amongst the women, who listened to the music with a sort of amazement, and seemed under the influence of some powerful charm. At the conclusion of a rapid bolero, one of them began to dance. An invocation to the Virgin, of a highly religious and solemn tone, had the most astonishing effect. The singers then went into a room reserved for the mad women. They were received by cries and threats, and even missiles. But at the first sounds of the melodious tones they remained passive and listened attentively. The charm was of short duration; scarcely had the last note ceased when the tumult began anew. The musicians stopped short at the threshold, and began to sing again. As before, they were listened to with calm attention, which was succeeded by the most excited state of tumult."

I have myself noticed the effect of Music on Lunatics. Some time ago, when at Newcastle, I visited an extensive asylum, where I saw insanity in all its terrible forms—from the wild ravings of the madman

to the vague wanderings of the idiot. On passing through one room, I noticed an old cracked flute, and taking it up, run through the scale, and commanded the attention of those around me. One of them especially, to whom I suppose the instrument belonged, complimented me, in the most rational manner, on my musical skill, and requested I would favour him with some particular tune which he mentioned; but the flute was really so bad, that it was with difficulty I gratified him.

In another room, I met with a similar instance of the power of Music. A highly respectable female, whose parents I was well acquainted with, had been placed in this establishment in a most violent state of madness. She was a girl of uncommon beauty, and the system of the asylum being in every way lenient, her beauty had not been at all impaired, except in the vacant look of her eye. She was requested to sit to the piano, and though she produced nothing but discord, it was evident she felt pleased with the sound of the instrument, as a child is pleased with a noisy toy, and I was informed by the mistress of the establishment, that it was the only thing which could lull her into a state of quiet.

From this I inferred, that the power of music might be applied with great effect in restoring that light in the mind which by some casual circumstance had long been extinguished.

In conclusion, Music has been designated "Inarticulate Poetry," and true it is that it is capable of touching every pure passion of human nature. Love, hope, joy, mirth, pity, and the whole range of affections are within its compass. It can raise up the drooping spirit when brooding in sorrow, and give a gleam of sunshine to the most dreary bosom. In the hour of affliction it comes like a guardian spirit to cheer and elevate—a never-failing source of pure

enjoyment. With all its soft and gentle associations, it entwines itself around our being, and enchants us with its eloquence, creating a love of beauty and harmony for all things that Nature brings forth or art accomplishes.

MUSIC.

Thou purest source of human joy,
Creator of bliss without alloy,
 Music divine !
 What voice like thine
Can charm us in our hours of grief ?
 Or chase away
 Sad thoughts that prey,
And give the aching breast relief ?

What mortal eloquence like thine
Can chasten, purify, refine !
 Or melt the rude,
 Subdue the proud,
And bid the passion-tempest cease—
 Can still the strife
 That poisons life,
And bind with silver links of peace.

O call it not a light, vain thing,
That speeds the flight of Folly's wing,
 When angels bright
 From morn till night
Sing praises in the highest heaven ;
 Nor ever deem
 That Music's dream
Of dulcet sounds was vainly given.

Ye who have sought to brand the name
Of Music with ignoble fame ;
 To quench her fire,
 Destroy her lyre,

And raze her temples to the ground—
Ye little know
What pleasures flow
In homes where Music's hymning sound.

Go farther through her magic cells,
Look deeper in her sacred wells ;
Her inner shrine,
With thoughts divine
And pureness full, awhile explore,
And then confess
That she can bless
The heart that loves her evermore.

'Twas kind of God to give us light,
And eyes to see a world so bright ;
In realms afar
To set each star,
In speechless beauty still to dwell ;
But rapture stole
O'er sense and soul
When Music woke her sleeping shell.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee when Night's soft hour
Brings peace and gladness to the breast,
And heaven above and earth beneath
Seem mingled in eternal rest ;
When nothing but the soul's awake,
Whose pure and placid dreams reveal
The joy that in such tranquil hours
So few on earth's dark bosom feel.

I think of thee in Night's soft hour,
When fancies soothing, feelings dear,
Like dew on rose leaves gently steal
My bosom's solitude to cheer,

And many a gleaming thought will pass,
Such as mind alone may see,
To light the sleepless spirit's gloom,
When Memory bids me think of thee.

I think of thee, and all the joys
That but for thee I had not known,
Of days that went too fleetly by,
Departed hours too swiftly flown ;
Of words that have been kindly spoken,
Tears that have been warmly wept,
Of boyhood's pledges, still unbroken,
Faith and truth so firmly kept.

I think of thee when Morning breaks
Exulting from the thrall of Night,
And matin birds with early song
Unfurl their wings beneath the light :
When lilies spurn the sparkling dew
That lurks within their silver bells,
And flower on flower peeps blushing forth
To shew where virgin beauty dwells.

I think of thee as poets think
On Nature in her golden dress,
With sun-bright sky and flower-bright earth,
And love her for her loveliness ;
Whenever beauty meets mine eye,
On earth, in sky, or on the sea,
And fills my soul with ecstasy,
My heart still fondly turns to thee.

TO MARY.

One hour with thee can cancel all
The pain of other years,
And take from Memory's pensive dream
Its sadness and its tears ;

One hour alone—when not a soul
Is near to break the spell,
And coldly mock the words of truth
Which love can breathe so well.
One hour with thee, as sweet and fleet
Each moment flies away,
Is registered within the heart,
Untouched by time's decay :
Though every hour had joy to give
And pleasure to bestow,
Unshared by thee I'd spurn their gifts,
And heedless let them go.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair—'tis the motto of hearts
That brave every ill which misfortune can send,
That stem every torrent which seeks to o'erwhelm,
Still clinging to hope from beginning to end.
It nerves the strong arm, and gives strength to the
weak,
Brightens the tear in the eye of affection,
Brings back the deep flush of health to the cheek,
And lifts up the spirit when sunk in dejection.
Never despair—'tis the echo of minds
That have struggled and toiled for us late in the
night,
Who have lit up the beacons of Freedom and Truth,
That burn on for ever unceasingly bright.
'Tis the watchword of heroes, the cry of the brave,
As the tyrant invader comes ruthlessly on,
"Strike heart and soul, 'tis for country and home"—
Never despair, and the battle is won.
Never despair—though in poverty steeped
Still buffet misfortune with earnest endeavour,
Like a bark through the tempest bear manfully on,
The blasts of adversity last not for ever.

There is never a night, be it ever so dark,
Can shut out the light that steals into the mind ;
There is never a sunbeam that gleams through the
cloud,
But brings some glad tidings of joy to mankind.
Never despair—let its music be heard
Where the heart is found drooping, the spirit
opprest ;
In sickness or sorrow, in trouble or need,
Of all consolations this, this is the best.
'Tis the only true pilot that weathers the storm,
Undaunted in danger, in spirit the same,
The day-star that guides us from darkness to light,
The spring that impels us to fortune or fame.

STANZAS.

There is a time in early youth
When Truth and Love go hand in hand,
And life all purely fleets away
As in some fabled fairy land ;
When one unceasing stream of joy
Seems gliding sweetly on before us,
And not a thought intrudes to tell
That darker clouds may gather o'er us.

There is a time when the spirit droops,
When every hope seems dead that bound us,
The heart grows chill, and gloomy thoughts
Like withered leaves are falling round us :
When all the sunlight hours are gone,
That made existence truly bright,
And nought is left to brood upon
But shadows of the coming night.

There is a time when, wanting Love,
Life lingers on in changeless woe,
A frozen stream that needs the sun
To make its deepening waters flow ;

With not a ray of early truth
To bind affection link to link,
Life's but a path of dark deceit
That leads us to destruction's brink.

There is a time when Hope springs forth
All radiant as the morning sun,
To nerve the heart, to cheer the soul,
And guide the drooping spirit on :
Yes ! Hope is kindred with the sun,
Eternal in the human breast ;
It lives when every feeling dies,
And leads to an immortal rest.

LITTLE NELL.

Sweet, gentle, patient, angel Nell !
Earth doth not inherit,
Since she is dead, one human shape
That holds so pure a spirit ;
Hopeful, truthful, loving, kind,
Artless, graceful, mild,
Struggling through the ways of life,
A woman-thoughted child.

No childish joys her spirit knew—
No laughing playmates came,
With merry hearts and bounding steps,
To join in gladsome game ;
To break the gloom that seemed to hang
Around her dwelling place,
And take the sorrow from her heart,
The sadness from her face.

Without a mother's care to tend,
When most such care is needed ;
Growing, like a wild-wood rose,
Uncultured and unheeded :

No father's loving voice to teach,
Or loving hand to guide ;
But a lonely child in a lonely house,
And an old man by her side.

A feeble, care-worn, poor old man,
With sunken cheek and eye
That long had lost the light of thought,
And dwelt on vacancy :
White his thin hair as white could be—
And on his aged brow,
That bent beneath its inward weight,
The wrinkles gathered now.

With such a mate the child was left—
With such a poor old man,
Who held her dearer than his breath,
Her round of life began.
She seemed the genius of Spring,
With Winter looking o'er her,
Herself the rosy bud of life,
The leaf of age before her.

Yet, oh ! she loved this poor old man
Beyond imagining,
And hovered round his high-backed chair
Like bird upon the wing :
Went like a beam of light around
His home, a dreary place,
Till the very walls seemed giving back
The sweetness of her face.

Through many a trial, nobly borne,
The child of sorrow passed,
And traces sad of grief and care
Her sweet face overcast—
Yearning for all things pure and good,
With spirit still sublime,
She wandered on, temptation proof,
Mid poverty and crime.

Hunger and pain she heeded not—
But, toiling on her way,
She blest each moon encircled night
And sun-bright Summer day—
A pilgrim with unwearied feet
She struggled nobly on,
Nor drooped in heart, nor pined in woe,
Until the goal was won.

THE DRAMA.

THE first English dramatic representations that we have any account of were founded on the principal supernatural events recorded in the Old and New Testaments, and performed by the clergy of the Romish church, who considered them favorable to the diffusion of religious feeling. They were called Miracle Plays, and introduced the most sacred persons, not including the Deity. These personations, it may be supposed, were profane and out of character with Christianity; therefore, the history of the drama presents nothing but a mass of absurdities until the reign of Henry VIII, when *moral plays* were introduced and acting first became a profession.

These moral plays represented sentiments and abstract ideas—such as Mercy, Truth, and Justice, and the only scriptural character retained in them was the Devil. After this it was found, that Nature herself could supply the means of dramatic representation, and a human being with a human name was better calculated to awaken the sympathies, to keep alive the attention of an audience, and to impress them with moral truths, instead of representing abstract notions of the mind. The substitution of these for symbolical characters gradually took place during the sixteenth century, and thus with and from the Greek dramatic literature, which then began to be studied, and the improved theatres of Italy and Spain, the genuine English drama took its rise.

It was at this time that Tragedy and Comedy became divided into two distinct parts, as we have them in the present day—and shortly after historical plays and farces were performed.

In the reign of Elizabeth dramatic representations became more prevalent, and secured the attention of the court. In this age there was no moveable scenery, and to point out the place of action a board, containing the name painted in large letters, was hung out during the performance. The plays of Shakespere had little assistance from the hand of the painter and the skill of the musician in his own day. Moveable scenery was first introduced on the stage after the Restoration, when actresses, whose parts had before been performed by boys, or delicate looking young men, took part in the Drama. "This," observes a writer on the Drama, "may perhaps palliate the grossness of some of the language put into the mouths of females in the old plays, while it serves to point out more clearly the depths of that innate sense of beauty and excellence which prompted the exquisite pictures of loveliness and perfection in Shakespere's characters." Shakespere is considered the father of the English Drama, and, in the language of Henry Mackenzie, "None of his predecessors must be thought of along with him, when he appears before us like Prometheus, moulding the figures of men, and breathing into them the animation and all the passions of life." Contemporary with Shakespere were Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and George Chapman, the translator of Homer, who all have done much for the stage. Yet their plays are seldom any of them acted in the present day, while those of their great master are ever calling forth the highest efforts of histrionic art.

The reign of James produced Philip Massinger, John Ford, Thomas Heywood, "and the last of this great race" says Charles Lamb, "all of whom spoke the same language, and had a set of moral feelings in

common, was James Shirley." Yet none of the plays of these dramatists retain possession of the stage, except Massinger's "New Way to pay Old Debts."

After this come Otway and Southerne, who marred the morality of the stage by introducing licentious scenes. Then came Goldsmith, Johnson, Addison, and Dr. Young, John Home, the author of Douglas, and the comic writers, Colman, Vanbrigh, and Ferguson. Garrick now entirely modelled the English Stage, and gave additional lustre to the drama. With an original genius he knocked aside the unnatural readings of his predecessors, and gave truthful delineations of character and natural representations instead of rant and buffoonery.

The reign of George the Third developed the genius of Sheridan, who gave us the inimitable comedy of "the School for Scandal," and we have no more dramatists of any note till we come to our day, and number Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, and Talfourd.

The legitimate plays of the present day are remarkable for their pureness of thought and feeling. Many condemn every thing that bears the name of a play, without reading and judging for themselves. No one, I think, with any pretensions to intelligence and refinement, can witness the representation of Sheridan Knowles's Dramas without feeling the nobler attributes of his nature greatly elevated, and the course of his thought greatly purified and improved. If we look to the dramas of Talfourd we find nothing but chaste expression and classic elegance, coupled with a depth of feeling and pathos which even the great Shakspeare himself has seldom excelled. The plays of Bulwer are full of the finest perceptions of poetic mind, fraught with natures which none but the dramatist can delineate—and the keen, satirical pen of Douglas Jerrold, employed daily as it is against the follies and

bubbles of the day, has produced comedies which teach many a lesson of morality, and shew in the strongest light and shade all that is despicable in man, and all that is great and good.

The object of stage representation has been defined by Shakespere in a few words. It is—

"To hold as it were the mirror up to Nature;
To shew Virtue her own feature: Vice
Her own image; and the very age and
Body of the time his form and pressure."

And beautifully and truly has he defined it. With this motto before me I will endeavour to carry out my views of the moral tendency of the legitimate Drama. To those who look upon dramatic representations as a mere amusement it may not be in any way beneficial; yet the fault is not in the Drama, but in themselves. To those who consider and weigh the principles it inculcates, and the moral lessons it teaches, it will be found a powerful medium for exalting the true dignity of human nature. Let the true object of the drama be kept in view. Though we may condemn its abuses, and deprecate its licentiousness; yet, if properly used, rightly managed, and its full object accomplished, I believe it is calculated to work a great reformation in the hearts and minds of those who can appreciate virtue, and look with natural abhorrence on vice.

The Drama in all ages has had its advocates, and like every thing else where difference of opinion exists, it has had its enemies. Among those who have condemned the stage as injurious may be mentioned, Bishop Burnet, Bishop Babington, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Stillingfleet, and many others of equal learning and piety. But when we consider the loose state of morals in the age when these divines wrote, we need not wonder that the stage, carrying out its object of holding the mirror up to nature, should present many things to the spectator which were at variance with strict morality. As mankind advance

in mind and intelligence, we have reason to believe, that the stage, taking the form and pressure of the times, will advance also in moral improvement.

Life has been defined a stage whereon we play many parts. In our daily intercourse with the world we meet with villainy, deceit, and all that degrades the natural dignity of man; yet we meet with honesty, truth, and virtue. It is thus with the stage. No well-regulated mind can be enamoured with vice, and no just one be disgusted with virtue. Dr. Herreck, in speaking of the stage, says—"actor and spectator go away worse than they came." This is the opinion of a biased mind, and if true in individual case, I am certain, it cannot be applied generally. The principal objection of these divines to the stage is its representation of bad characters. In every thing we must have contrast. We have no true idea of beauty without comparison—we have no conception of greatness without the contrast of meanness, and in the same way we have no just estimate of virtue unless contrasted with vice.

If the enemies of dramatic representation would take a higher view of its capabilities, and a right view of its object—if they would, instead of condemning it as a sinful and dangerous amusement, seek by their influence to direct its energies to a purer source, they would do more good to mankind than seeking to destroy it altogether.

Among the advocates of the Drama, we have the pious Hannah More, whose tragedy of Percy was performed seventeen successive nights, and she received £150 for the copyright. The Rev. C. R. Maturin and Dr. Young were also writers for the stage, and it is singular to trace the great number of divines in the protestant church who have been dramatic authors. Dr. Johnson, James Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," and Dr. Channing, all great and good men, have advocated dramatic representations.

I could cite many passages from various authors of profound wisdom and strict piety who have not considered dramatic representations injurious to public morals.

The time may come when the Drama, throwing off the shackles of licentiousness, will promulgate its moral truths in all their native purity, and proclaim its true dignity to the world. The time may come when nature, human nature, will assume a fairer form, and the mirror of the stage reflect all that is lovely, pure, and good. If it has already progressed from a rude, unpolished state of existence, and kept pace with the refinement of the times, it may yet take a still higher standard as information and moral improvement increase; until it becomes the vehicle for promulgating more exalted feelings, and teaching lessons of morality and wisdom.

Bigotry and Intolerance have done much to stigmatise the stage—they have endeavoured to quench the brightest sparks of genius—they have sought to stifle the voice of poetical inspiration, and silence the true breathings of mighty intellect with the language of censure and condemnation—but in vain; the temple which the hand of genius has reared, and the hearts of thousands have revered, will endure to the end of Time, alike defying the machinations for its overthrow, and all the useless efforts for its destruction.

THE LIGHT OF THOUGHT.

There's a light which nought on earth can dim
That brightens Time's dark pages,
That sheds its beams o'er every land,
And shines through countless ages.
In darkest haunts, where the human race
Lament o'er Freedom's grave;
It shines like heaven's eternal sun
To freeman and to slave.

'Tis the LIGHT OF THOUGHT—the mental sun
That shines within the mind,
And casts its glorious beams afar,
Enfranchising mankind.
As the lightning's flash comes through the cloud
And rends the stalwart oak,
It comes through the night of Slavery
And breaks the bondman's yoke.

Through the days of gloom, in times gone by,
No tempest e'er could cloud it,
Though nations felt the earthquake's shock,
No darkness could enshroud it :
Though bigot's hate and zealot's curse,
And tyrant's power assail,
Its brightness will remain the same,
Its glory still prevail.

It gleams through the grief in the poor man's cot,
And fills his breast with gladness ;
It brings soft dreams to his pillow of rest,
And sweetens his hours of sadness ;
'Tis the soul of the good man's home,
It shuns not the rich man's door ;
But shines alike in the palace of gold
As it does in the cot of the poor.

Thousands have lived since the world began
And died for its sweet sake,
Who have prized it more than the light of life
As they perished at the stake ;
And thousands yet, as the world grows old,
Will worship at his shrine,
And strive with heart, and soul, and mind,
To spread its rays divine.

You may gaze on the beauteous flowers of earth,
On all that God has given,
And raise your eyes from the wonders there
To the placid face of heaven ;

You may look on all that God hath made
On this terraqueous ball ;
But the LIGHT OF THOUGHT must cast the spell
Of Beauty upon all.

THE VESPER STAR.

Mary ! when the vesper star
Looks kindly down from heaven above,
And seems, while yet it shines afar,
A beacon light for those who love ;
In that sweet time, when birds and flowers,
As though they meant to wake no more,
Are sleeping soft in shady bowers,
Thou'lt meet me where we met before.

And while its beams so gently steal
From purer realms than those of ours,
We'll tell our tales of love once more,
And dream away the fleeting hours :
But when the vesper star departs,
And lends to other climes its light,
We'll lingering leave the blessed spot,
And murmur both "Good night, good night !"

SONNET.

TO —

All-envious Time, with stealthy, silent tread,
With devastating breath, unfeeling hand,
Heedless alike of living and of dead,
Moves onward, and throws the life-destroying brand
Amidst exulting crowds, nor spares the cheek
Where Beauty glows with each attractive grace :
Yet, oh, to *thee* he hath been kind and meek,
A gentle spirit with no dull, dark trace

Of ruin in his pathway. Some have borne
 The weight of sorrow in their younger years,
 And lingered on from day to day forlorn,
 The children of Misfortune, steeped in tears ;
 But thou in Life's dark ills hath had no part,
 And Time hath spared the pure and early freshness of
 thy heart !

SONGS.

I.—SHE IS FAR FROM HER HOME.

She is far from her home, in the land of the stranger,
 With grief in her heart and blight on her name,
 No kindness to cheer her in sorrow and danger,
 But cold ones to chide her, and false ones to blame :
 Yet fondly she turns to the pure joys that bound her
 So closely and deeply in happier time,
 When sweet happy faces were smiling around her,
 Bright as the sun of her own native clime.
 Sadly she sighs, as Memory is telling
 Of kind ones who loved her so dearly at home,
 When she was the beautiful star of the dwelling,
 Ere all her young hopes were crushed in the bloom ;
 A penitent tear her cheek is bedewing,
 Chasing the roses of beauty away,
 Grief o'er her fair form her chaplets is strewing,
 As far from her kindred she sinks to decay.

II.—JESSY AROON.

O Jessy Aroon, do not leave me so soon ;
 For what must I do in the world when you're gone ;
 Sure I'll never once look on the beautiful sun
 When it rises and sets, if you leave me alone.
 The stars which you told me were angels of light,
 Sending rest to the weary, and cheering the lone,
 May keep watch in the sky all the long harvest night,
 But they'll sadden my spirit, Aroon, when you're
 gone.

Your eyes are so blue, and your heart is so true,
The voice of the bird is not sweeter than yours,
The rose of the cheek, and the snow of your brow,
Have taken their tinge from the fairest of flowers.
O life hath no sorrow, and joy no decay,
With you, love, beside me, I'll smile at all pain ;
Believe me, my darling, too brief is your stay—
Then call back the cold words of parting again.
O Jessy Aroon, you remember the day
When I took, like a thief, the first kiss from your
cheek,
How you pouted and frowned, yet you never said nay,
Though I've robbed you, my jewel, of thousands a
week.
Then Jessy Aroon, do not leave me so soon,
For I'll never get out of your debt if you do ;
The thousands of kisses I've stolen, Aroon,
Must be paid by instalments, and only by you.

III.—THE LILY OF LEVEN.

You may look upon roses
Where sunlight reposes
To heighten their fragrance and brighten their hue ;
The dew of the morning
May still be adorning,
All purely and hourly, the violet of blue ;
But, oh, if from heaven
Perfection is given,
And beauty exists, unimpaired, since the fall,
In vain in Love's bowers,
Assemble the flowers,
The Lily of Leven outrivals them all.
The rose is a flower
That blooms but an hour,
And wantons awhile with the breeze and the sun—
Its beauty soon blasted,
Its sweetness exhausted,
All sun-burnt and breeze-torn, it withers alone ;

But the sun hath no power
On the chaste little flower,
That lists to the stream-voice from morning to night,
No rude breeze comes hither,
Its freshness to wither,
Or touch the fair Lily of Leven with blight.

Soft, soft its repose
Where the Tees gently flows
With murmuring delight to its mother, the Ocean,
No worldly unrest
Ever visits the breast
Of the Lily that looks on its music-like motion.
Go seek, far away,
'Neath the shadowless ray
That lights up the face of an eastern-bright heaven,
From Love's sweetest bowers
Bring hither the flowers,
And match, if you can, the fair Lily of Leven.

IV.—COME TO ME.

Come to me, when the light of joy
Is beaming brightly in thy eyes ;
Come, when the smile is on thy face,
And sorrow from thy presence flies.
O I will near thee hover,
And all thy happy moments share,
Like some enraptured lover,
That dreams and doats on lady fair.

Come to me, when thy heart is full
Of sorrow thou wouldst fain dispel ;
Come, when thy spirit keenly feels
Its grief too deep for tongue to tell.
O I will soothe thy sadness
And from thy bosom take the sting
With honied words of gladness,
Such as love to love can bring.

Come to me, when the world hath lost
Its madd'ning hold upon thy heart,
Come, when all its glittering stars
Like Hope's delusive lights depart.
O I still true will be, love,
Though false and fickle all may seem,
My thoughts will flow to thee, love,
Like streamlet to its native stream.

V.—I'LL COME TO THEE.

I'll come to thee, when my spirit seeks
A kindred one, its joys to share,
And teach thee how affection speaks
From hearts untouched by lightest care.
Too cold may seem the love I deem
To shew thee 'mid the soulless throng ;
Love needs disguise, when watchful eyes
Are gazing as we pass along.

I'll come to thee, when the shadow falls
Upon the sunlight of my youth ;
For every word of thine recalls
The memory of all thy truth.
Then this believe, whene'er I grieve
My heart will fondly turn to thee,
And all I feel it will reveal,
Nor longer droop despondently.

I'll come to thee, when old friends forsake
The circle they so oft have met ;
Though each a last farewell may take,
And, long estranged, their love forget,
I still will find one bosom kind,
To beat responsive, true to mine,
And time shall prove how much I love,
When I my fate have bound with thine.

VI.—THE DREAM IS O'ER.

The dream is o'er—the vision's past—
Oh ! fondly, madly, I believed
Thy heart was mine—but wake, at last,
To find how deeply I'm deceived.
Yet think me not the passive thing
That brooks such change of truth unmoved ;
This bosom feels the silent sting,
And tells how truly I have loved.

I deemed not, when thine eyes were bright
As stars that burn in heaven above,
That falsehood lurked beneath the light
Which seemed to beam with earnest love.
Smile on, as the unmeaning smile,
Let others feel thy deadly power :
But beauty only blooms awhile,
Then withers like the blighted flower.

The time will come, when after years
Have left a shade upon thy brow,
Thy boasted smile may turn to tears,
Thy soul rebel as mine does now.
Thou, too, mayst feel the bitter pang,
Thy heart, like mine, with anguish move,
When once thy dream of passion's gone,
And some gay trifler scorns thy love.

VII.—DEEM NOT THAT LOVE.

Deem not that Love is a shadowy thought,
Whose raptures too quickly depart—
A ray o'er the Memory that fleeting will float,
Then leave but a gloom on the heart :
A vision that flits o'er the soul in a dream,
And fades like a Spring-woven wreath ;
A cup that contains only sweets at the brim,
While hemlock is lurking beneath.

For Love's the elixir that brightens despair,
Sip, sip of its sweets while you may ;
Though to-morrow we banquet with old wrinkled Care,
Let us feast on the joys of to-day.
Then wreath ye the goblet with Summer's bright
flowers,
They are types of the beauty before us :
For WOMAN's the Sun, in this bright world of ours,
We'll worship till darkness comes o'er us.

VIII.—THE BRIGHTER LAND.

I've dwelt beneath a brighter sky
A lovelier land afar—
Yet fickle, false, and changeable
Its blue-eyed maidens are.
It is not *there* that love endures,
Alike through change and time ;
Love's home is *here*—it nestles in
Our own sweet native isle.
'Tis like the bird that lingers round
Our homes in winter hours ;
It leaves us not—though dark and drear
Misfortune's tempest lowers.
Dream not of other lands—nor seek
The light of other eyes ;
One soul of truth is stedfast yet—
One heart in secret sighs.

IX.—JESSY WHITE.

Know you a maid whose glossy curl
Can match the raven's darkest feather,
Whose cheek so vermilion, brow so fair,
The rose and lily blend together ;
Whose lip is of temptation's hue,
With beaming eye, supremely bright :
O eye and lip, and cheek and brow,
Belong to gentle Jessie White.

Know you the maid whose voice is sweet
As fabled Andalusian lute,
Whose mind is pure as crystal streams
That from the mountain summit shoot ;
Whose heart is tender, loving, kind,
With soul as soft as sunset light :
O voice and mind, and heart and soul,
Are all the gifts of Jessy White.

X.—SMILES AND TEARS.

Memory brings both smiles and tears,
Light, light and darkness, too ;
Smiles, the light of other years,
Tears, the darkness now.
Flowers but bloom to fade away,
Types of joy and sorrow ;
The rose so beautiful to-day,
May wither by to-morrow.

Remember but the smiles of light,
Forget, forget the tears ;
Nor sigh because the gloom of night,
When daylight sets, appears :
For joy would not be half so sweet
Without some touch of sorrow ;
Then bide to-day the storm you meet
And hope for calm to-morrow.

XI.—WHEN FRIENDS ARE AROUND THEE.

When friends are around thee, and loved ones are near,
And bright is the beam of thine eye ;
When the bloom of thy cheek is untinged by a tear,
Thy bosom unfraught with a sigh—
O, turn then thy thoughts, in an hour like this,
Let them linger awhile on the past ;
And remember there's one, in such moments of bliss,
Who hath loved thee, and will to the last.

Remember how crushed were his hopes—and the
blight

That fell on his boyhood's young dream—
The visions that fancy was weaving so bright,
How sorrowful soon was their gleam ;
O, think, ere his form from thy mind shall depart,
Of his anguish, his hopes, and his fears ;
Of the rose that was nursed in the core of his heart,
And the thorn that will fester for years.

XII.—WOMAN'S SMILE.

There is a charm in woman's smile
That steals into the heart ;
A sweetness in her beaming face,
Angels alone impart ;
A language in her speaking eye,
That words in vain can tell ;
A loveliness that rivets us
With fascination's spell.

Long, long it lives within the mind,
Undimm'd its early light ;
Though Time the once illumined face
Robs of its lustre bright ;
Though Sorrow darken woman's brow,
Yet smiling through her tears,
O beauteous is that pensive gleam—
It haunts the soul for years.

XIII.—I LOVE THEE STILL.

I loved thee, when in Youth's first bloom
My soul awoke to Beauty's power,
And felt thy smile of love to me,
Like sunlight to the opening flower ;
Yet fairer forms, and brighter eyes,
Have met me as I wandered on ;—
Did none estrange this heart from thee ?
Ah, no ! till death 'tis thine alone.

I love thee still—though time and change
Have wrought their impress on my brow ;
In youth I knelt at Beauty's shrine,
But 'tis thy heart which holds me now ;
For only with the heart can dwell
The charm that lends to future years
The rainbow hues of Joy and Peace,
And brings us Age—without its tears.

XIV.—THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

One SMILE at our meeting is all that I ask—
'Tis the only true test of affection to me ;
Though forsaken by all, it is bliss if I gain
One dear look of rapture, of welcome from thee.
As the sun in his glory bursts forth through the cloud,
Dispelling the darkness that shadows his rays,
So the light of thy smile sheds its lustre around,
And thrills every pulse of my heart as I gaze.

One SIGH at our parting is all I would crave,
As I linger in sadness and silence beside thee ;
To treasure till death, in the depths of my soul,
Whate'er in this wide world of evil betide me :
Yet, oh ! if a TEAR should unconsciously steal
To dim for a moment the light of thine eye—
This, this gushing pure from the springs of the heart
Would be dearer to me than the SMILE or the SIGH.

XV.—I SEE THEE IN DREAMS.

I see thee in dreams, when Remembrance
Brings back to the wandering soul
The purest of joys, and the dearest,
That Pleasure from Time ever stole.
Though the shadows of Darkness are o'er me,
The Thought of my slumbers is blest ;
A vision of beauty's before me—
Thy spirit is guarding my rest.

And waking I muse on those pleasures
I've shared, dearest maiden, with thee,
When Music unfolded her treasures,
And lavished the choicest on me.
E'en now o'er my mind there is stealing
A melody breathing divine,
And, oh ! by the deep tones of feeling,
'Tis one of the past—it is thine.
Thus, maiden, or waking or dreaming,
The vision still haunts me you see ;
While the starlight of Memory is gleaming,
It guides me, in fancy, to thee.
And so may it thus be found shining,
Reflecting an image so fair,
Till the last ray of life is declining—
A quenchless, undying, bright star.

XVI.—THE MARINER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell awhile—to-morrow's sun
Shall light me o'er the sea ;
My bark shall bear me bravely on,
Far, far from home and thee.
Through stranger climes we'll sail along,
For swift must be our flight—
Yet let not those sweet eyes of thine
Lose one blest ray of light.
Weep not, though we stem the foam,
And track the pathless deep ;
We still have hearts to dream of home,
And thoughts that never sleep.
We've Memory, still, though far away,
To turn to such as thee ;
In danger's hour we still have Hope,
The anchor on the sea.
Farewell awhile—the breeze is up—
Our bark must brave the foam,
With many a gallant tar on board,
That sighs to part from home.

Farewell ! farewell ! this beating heart
Is firm when on the sea ;
But, like the ice beneath the sun,
It melts on leaving thee.

XVII.—BANISH, DEAR MAIDEN.

Banish, dear maiden, oh ! banish afar,
The grief that has lingered awhile in thy heart ;
O smile yet again, and the gloom of despair,
Like cloudlets in sunshine, will quickly depart.
This world was not given for grieving and pining,
Then away with the tear-drops, and smile once again ;
Turn, turn to the joy that around thee is shining,
And erase from thy bosom its anguish and pain.

Brood not on grief—'tis the wormwood of life ;
Like a vulture it preys on the heart—
Corroding its joy, and, with bitterness, rife,
Brings a gloom that may never depart,
Till the form it inhabits has withered away
'Neath the death-working power of its blight,
And lies, like a ruin in silent decay,
Lost, lost in the darkness of night.

XVIII.—LET US ALL BE FRIENDS TOGETHER.

Let us all be friends together,
And be happy while we may,
Like the clouds in sunny weather
All unkindness pass away ;
Let all scorn and malice vanish,
And the course of hate be run,
Every bitter feeling vanish,
Love alone must cheer us on.

May the kindred thoughts that bind us
Still unite as man to man,
And the world we live in find us
Ever true to Nature's plan ;
Freedom, Honour, prizing dearly,
Loving all that's pure and bright,
With proud hearts that beat sincerely
In the cause of Truth and Right.

Let us hope the good time coming,
As expectantly we wait,
May bring all that's fair and blooming,
And destroy the seeds of hate ;
Even now the dawn is stealing
On our long benighted way,
And one universal feeling
Shall enkindle when 'tis day.

THE END.

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